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NEW ELEGANT EXTRACTS.

POETRY.

VOL. VI.

Whittingham's Edition.

ELEGANT EXTRACTS

FROM THE MOST EMINENT

BRITISH POETS.

PART XI.

Translations.

To guard his slaughter'd friend Æneas flies,
His spear extending where the carcass lies. *p.* 5.

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MORAL, INSTRUCTIVE, AND ENTERTAINING,

FROM THE MOST EMINENT

British Poets, and Poetical Translators.

BY

R. A. DAVENPORT, ESQ.

EDITOR OF WHITTINGHAM'S EDITION OF THE BRITISH POETS.

IN SIX VOLUMES.

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ELEGANT EXTRACTS.

PART XI.

Translations.

THE

COMBAT OF DIOMED WITH ÆNEAS AND PANDARUS.

With deep concern divine Æneas view'd
The foe prevailing, and his friends pursued;
Through the thick storm of singing spears he flies,
Exploring Pandarus with careful eyes;
At length he found Lycaon's mighty son,
To whom the chief of Venus' race begun:
'Where, Pandarus, are all thy honours now,
Thy winged arrows and unerring bow,
Thy matchless skill, thy yet unrival'd fame,
And boasted glory of the Lycian name?
O, pierce that mortal! if we mortal call
That wondrous force by which whole armies fall;
Or god incensed, who quits the distant skies
To punish Troy for slighted sacrifice:
(Which oh avert from our unhappy state;
For what so dreadful as celestial hate?)

Whoe'er he be, propitiate Jove with prayer;
If man, destroy; if god, entreat to spare.'
To him the Lycian—'Whom your eyes behold,
If right I judge, is Diomed the bold:
Such coursers whirl him o'er the dusty field,
So towers his helmet, and so flames his shield.
If 'tis a god, he wears that chief's disguise;
Or if that chief, some guardian of the skies,
Involved in clouds, protects him in the fray,
And turns unseen the frustrate dart away.
I wing'd an arrow, which not idly fell,
The stroke had fix'd him to the gates of hell;
And, but some god, some angry god withstands,
His fate was due to these unerring hands.
Skill'd in the bow, on foot I sought the war,
Nor join'd swift horses to the rapid car.
Ten polish'd chariots I possess'd at home,
And still they grace Lycaon's princely dome:
There veil'd in spacious coverlets they stand;
And twice ten coursers wait their lord's command.
The good old warrior bade me trust to these,
When first for Troy I sail'd the sacred seas;
In fields, aloft, the whirling car to guide,
And through the ranks of death triumphant ride.
But vain with youth, and yet to thrift inclined,
I heard his counsels with unheedful mind,
And thought the steeds (your large supplies unknown)
Might fail of forage in the straiten'd town:
So took my bow and pointed darts in hand,
And left the chariots in my native land.
'Too late, O friend! my rashness I deplore;
These shafts, once fatal, carry death no more.
Tydeus' and Atreus' sons their points have found,
And undissembled gore pursued the wound.

In vain they bled: this unavailing bow
Serves, not to slaughter, but provoke the foe.
In evil hour these bended horns I strung,
And seized the quiver where it idly hung.
Cursed be the fate that sent me to the field
Without a warrior's arms, the spear and shield!
If e'er with life I quit the Trojan plain,
If e'er I see my spouse and sire again,
This bow, unfaithful to my glorious aims,
Broke by my hand, shall feed the blazing flames.'
To whom the leader of the Dardan race—
'Be calm, nor Phœbus' honour'd gift disgrace.
The distant dart be praised, though here we need
The rushing chariot and the bounding steed.
Against yon hero let us bend our course,
And, hand to hand, encounter force with force.
Now mount my seat, and from the chariot's height
Observe my father's steeds, renown'd in fight;
Practised alike to turn, to stop, to chase,
To dare the shock, or urge the rapid race:
Secure with these, through fighting fields we go;
Or safe to Troy, if Jove assist the foe.
Haste, seize the whip, and snatch the guiding rein:
The warrior's fury let this arm sustain;
Or, if to combat thy bold heart incline,
Take thou the spear, the chariot's care be mine.'
'O prince! (Lycaon's valiant son replied)
As thine the steeds, be thine the task to guide.
The horses, practised to their lord's command,
Shall hear the rein, and answer to thy hand;
But if, unhappy, we desert the fight,
Thy voice alone can animate their flight:
Else shall our fates be number'd with the dead,
And these, the victor's prize, in triumph led.

Thine be the guidance then: with spear and shield
Myself will charge this terror of the field.'
And now both heroes mount the glittering car;
The bounding coursers rush amidst the war.
Their fierce approach bold Sthenelus espied,
Who thus, alarm'd, to great Tydides cried—
'O friend! two chiefs of force immense I see,
Dreadful they come, and bend their rage on thee:
Lo the brave heir of old Lycaon's line,
And great Æneas, sprung from race divine!
Enough is given to fame. Ascend thy car;
And save a life, the bulwark of our war.'
At this the hero cast a gloomy look,
Fix'd on the chief with scorn; and thus he spoke—
'Me dost thou bid to shun the coming fight?
Me wouldst thou move to base inglorious flight?
Know, 'tis not honest in my soul to fear,
Nor was Tydides born to tremble here.
I hate the cumbrous chariot's slow advance,
And the long distance of the flying lance;
But while my nerves are strong, my force entire,
Thus front the foe, and emulate my sire.
Nor shall yon steeds, that fierce to fight convey
Those threatening heroes, bear them both away;
One chief at least beneath this arm shall die;
So Pallas tells me, and forbids to fly.
But if she dooms, and if no god withstand,
That both shall fall by one victorious hand.
Then heed my words; my horses here detain,
Fix'd to the chariot by the straiten'd rein;
Swift to Æneas' empty seat proceed,
And seize the coursers of etherial breed;
The race of those, which once the thundering god
For ravish'd Ganymede on Tros bestow'd,

The best that e'er on earth's broad surface run,
Beneath the rising or the setting sun.
Hence great Anchises stole a breed, unknown
By mortal mares, from fierce Laomedon:
Four of this race his ample stalls contain,
And two transport Æneas o'er the plain.
These, were the rich immortal prize our own,
Through the wide world should make our glory known.'

Thus while they spoke, the foe came furious on,
And stern Lycaon's warlike race begun: [sail'd,
'Prince, thou art met. Though late in vain as-
The spear may enter where the arrow fail'd.'

He said, then shook the ponderous lance, and flung;
On his broad shield the sounding weapon rung,
Pierced the tough orb, and in his cuirass hung.
'He bleeds! the pride of Greece! (the boaster cries)
Our triumph now the mighty warrior lies!'
'Mistaken vaunter! (Diomed replied)
Thy dart has err'd, and now my spear be tried;
Ye scape not both; one, headlong from his car,
With hostile blood shall glut the god of war.'

He spoke, and rising hurl'd his forceful dart,
Which, driven by Pallas, pierced a vital part;
Full in his face it enter'd, and betwixt
The nose and eyeball the proud Lycian fix'd;
Crash'd all his jaws, and cleft the tongue within,
Till the bright point look'd out beneath the chin.
Headlong he falls, his helmet knocks the ground:
Earth groans beneath him, and his arms resound;
The starting coursers tremble with affright;
The soul indignant seeks the realms of night.

To guard his slaughter'd friend, Æneas flies,
His spear extending where the carcass lies;

Watchful he wheels, protects it every way,
As the grim lion stalks around his prey.
O'er the fallen trunk his ample shield display'd,
He hides the hero with his mighty shade,
And threats aloud: the Greeks with longing eyes
Behold at distance, but forbear the prize.
Then fierce Tydides stoops; and from the fields,
Heaved with vast force, a rocky fragment wields.
Not two strong men the' enormous weight could raise,
Such men as live in these degenerate days:
He swung it round; and, gathering strength to throw,
Discharged the ponderous ruin at the foe.
Where to the hip the' inserted thigh unites,
Full on the bone the pointed marble lights;
Through both the tendons broke the rugged stone,
And stripp'd the skin, and crack'd the solid bone.
Sunk on his knees, and staggering with his pains,
His falling bulk his bended arm sustains;
Lost in a dizzy mist the warrior lies;
A sudden cloud comes swimming o'er his eyes.
There the brave chief, who mighty numbers sway'd,
Oppress'd had sunk to death's eternal shade;
But heavenly Venus mindful of the love
She bore Anchises in the' Idæan grove,
His danger views with anguish and despair,
And guards her offspring with a mother's care.
About her much loved son her arms she throws,
Her arms whose whiteness match the falling snows.
Screen'd from the foe behind her shining veil,
The swords wave harmless, and the javelins fail:
Safe through the rushing horse, and feather'd flight
Of sounding shafts, she bears him from the fight.

HOMER. POPE.

THE

DESCENT OF JUNO AND MINERVA.

The carnage Juno from the skies survey'd,
And, touch'd with grief, bespoke the blue-eyed maid—
'Oh, sight accursed! shall faithless Troy prevail,
And shall our promise to our people fail?
How vain the word to Menelaüs given
By Jove's great daughter and the queen of heaven,
Beneath his arms that Priam's towers should fall,
If warring gods for ever guard the wall?
Mars, red with slaughter, aids our hated foes:
Haste, let us arm, and force with force oppose!'
She spoke; Minerva burns to meet the war:
And now heaven's empress calls her blazing car.
At her command rush forth the steeds divine;
Rich with immortal gold their trappings shine.
Bright Hebè waits; by Hebè, ever young,
The whirling wheels are to the chariot hung.
On the bright axle turns the bidden wheel
Of sounding brass; the polish'd axle, steel.
Eight brazen spokes in radiant order flame;
The circles gold, of uncorrupted frame,
Such as the heavens produce: and round the gold
Two brazen rings of work divine were roll'd.
The bossy naves of solid silver shone;
Braces of gold suspend the moving throne:
The car, behind, an arching figure bore;
The bending concave form'd an arch before.
Silver the beam, the' extended yoke was gold,
And golden reins the' immortal coursers hold.

Herself, impatient, to the ready car
The coursers joins, and breathes revenge and war.
  Pallas disrobes; her radiant veil untied,
With flowers adorn'd, with art diversified
(The labour'd veil her heavenly fingers wove),
Flows on the pavement of the court of Jove.
Now heaven's dread arms her mighty limbs invest,
Jove's cuirass blazes on her ample breast;
Deck'd in sad triumph for the mournful field,
O'er her broad shoulders hangs his horrid shield,
Dire, black, tremendous! Round the margin roll'd,
A fringe of serpents hissing guards the gold:
Here all the terrors of grim War appear,
Here rages Force, here tremble Flight and Fear,
Here storm'd Contention, and here Fury frown'd,
And the dire orb portentous Gorgon crown'd.
The massy golden helm she next assumes,
That dreadful nods with four o'ershading plumes;
So vast, the broad circumference contains
A hundred armies on a hundred plains.
The goddess thus the' imperial car ascends;
Shook by her arm the mighty javelin bends,
Ponderous and huge; that when her fury burns,
Proud tyrants humbles, and whole hosts o'erturns.
  Swift at the scourge the' etherial coursers fly,
While the smooth chariot cuts the liquid sky.
Heaven's gates spontaneous opens to the powers,
Heaven's golden gates, kept by the winged Hours;
Commission'd in alternate watch they stand,
The sun's bright portals and the skies command,
Involve in clouds the' eternal gates of day,
Or the dark barrier roll with ease away.
The sounding hinges ring: on either side
The gloomy volumes, pierced with light, divide.

The chariot mounts, where deep in ambient skies,
Confused, Olympus' hundred heads arise;
Where far apart the thunderer fills his throne,
O'er all the gods superior and alone.
There with her snowy hand the queen restrains
The fiery steeds, and thus to Jove complains—
'O sire! can no resentment touch thy soul?
Can Mars rebel, and does no thunder roll?
What lawless rage on yon forbidden plain!
What rash destruction! and what heroes slain!
Venus, and Phœbus with the dreadful bow,
Smile on the slaughter, and enjoy my woe.
Mad, furious power! whose unrelenting mind
No god can govern, and no justice bind.
Say, mighty father! shall we scourge his pride,
And drive from fight the' impetuous homicide?'
To whom, assenting, thus the thunderer said—
'Go! and the great Minerva be thy aid.
To tame the monster-god Minerva knows,
And oft afflicts his brutal breast with woes.'
He said; Saturnia, ardent to obey,
Lash'd her white steeds along the' aerial way.
Swift down the steep of heaven the chariot rolls,
Between the' expanded earth and starry poles.
Far as a shepherd, from some point on high,
O'er the wide main extends his boundless eye;
Through such a space of air, with thundering sound,
At every leap the' immortal coursers bound:
Troy now they reach'd, and touch'd those banks divine,
Where silver Simoïs and Scamander join.
There Juno stopp'd, and (her fair steeds unloosed)
Of air condensed a vapour circumfused:

For these, impregnate with celestial dew
On Simoïs' brink ambrosial herbage grew.
Thence to relieve the fainting Argive throng,
Smooth as the sailing doves they glide along.

HOMER. POPE.

THE

PARTING OF HECTOR AND ANDROMACHE.

HECTOR, this heard, return'd without delay;
Swift through the town he trod his former way,
Through streets of palaces, and walks of state;
And met the mourner at the Scæan gate.
With haste to meet him sprung the joyful fair,
His blameless wife, Aëtion's wealthy heir:
(Cilician Thebè great Aëtion sway'd,
And Hippoplacus' wide extended shade)
The nurse stood near, in whose embraces press'd
His only hope hung smiling at her breast,
Whom each soft charm and early grace adorn,
Fair as the new-born star that gilds the morn.
To this loved infant Hector gave the name
Scamandrius, from Scamander's honour'd stream;
Astyanax the Trojans call'd the boy,
From his great Father, the defence of Troy.
Silent the warrior smiled, and pleased resign'd
To tender passions all his mighty mind;
His beauteous princess cast a mournful look,
Hung on his hand, and then dejected spoke;
Her bosom labour'd with a boding sigh,
And the big tear stood trembling in her eye.
'Too daring prince! ah, whither dost thou run?
Ah, too forgetful of thy wife and son!

And think'st thou not how wretched we shall be,
A widow I, a helpless orphan he!
For sure such courage length of life denies,
And thou must fall thy virtue's sacrifice.
Greece in her single heroes strove in vain;
Now hosts oppose thee, and thou must be slain!
O grant me, gods! ere Hector meets his doom,
All I can ask of Heaven, an early tomb!
So shall my days in one sad tenour run,
And end with sorrows as they first begun.
No parent now remains my griefs to share,
No father's aid, no mother's tender care.
The fierce Achilles wrapp'd our walls in fire,
Laid Thebè waste, and slew my warlike sire!
His fate compassion in the victor bred;
Stern as he was, he yet revered the dead,
His radiant arms preserved from hostile spoil,
And laid him decent on the funeral pile;
Then raised a mountain where his bones were burn'd:
The mountain-nymphs the rural tomb adorn'd,
Jove's silvan daughters bade their elms bestow
A barren shade, and in his honour grow.
'By the same arm my seven brave brothers fell;
In one sad day beheld the gates of hell:
While the fat herds and snowy flocks they fed,
Amid their fields the hapless heroes bled!
My mother lived to bear the victor's bands,
The queen of Hippoplacia's silvan lands:
Redeem'd too late, she scarce beheld again
Her pleasing empire and her native plain,
When ah! oppress'd by life-consuming woe,
She fell a victim to Diana's bow.
'Yet while my Hector still survives, I see
My father, mother, brethren, all in thee:

Alas! my parents, brothers, kindred, all
Once more will perish, if my Hector fall.
Thy wife, thy infant, in thy danger share:
O, prove a husband's and a father's care!
That quarter most the skilful Greeks annoy,
Where yon wild fig-trees join the wall of Troy:
Thou, from this tower defend the important post;
There Agamemnon points his dreadful host,
That pass Tydides, Ajax, strive to gain,
And there the vengeful Spartan fires his train.
Thrice our bold foes the fierce attack have given,
Or led by hopes, or dictated from Heaven.
Let others in the field their arms employ,
But stay my Hector here, and guard his Troy.'
The chief replied—'That post shall be my care,
Not that alone, but all the works of war.
How would the sons of Troy, in arms renown'd,
And Troy's proud dames, whose garments sweep the ground,
Attaint the lustre of my former name,
Should Hector basely quit the field of fame!
My early youth was bred to martial pains,
My soul impels me to the embattled plains;
Let me be foremost to defend the throne,
And guard my father's glories and my own.
'Yet come it will, the day decreed by fates;
(How my heart trembles while my tongue relates!)
The day when thou, imperial Troy! must bend,
And see thy warriors fall, thy glories end.
And yet no dire presage so wounds my mind,
My mother's death, the ruin of my kind,
Not Priam's hoary hairs defiled with gore,
Not all my brothers gasping on the shore;
As thine, Andromache! thy griefs I dread;
I see thee trembling, weeping, captive led!

In Argive looms our battles to design,
And woes, of which so large a part was thine!
To bear the victor's hard commands, or bring
The weight of waters from Hyperia's spring.
There, while you groan beneath the load of life,
They cry, "Behold the mighty Hector's wife!"
Some haughty Greek, who lives thy tears to see,
Imbitters all thy woes by naming me.
The thoughts of glory past, and present shame,
A thousand griefs shall waken at the name!
May I lie cold before that dreadful day,
Press'd with a load of monumental clay!
Thy Hector, wrapp'd in everlasting sleep,
Shall neither hear thee sigh, nor see thee weep.'
Thus having spoke, the' illustrious chief of Troy
Stretch'd his fond arms to clasp the lovely boy.
The babe clung crying to his nurse's breast,
Scared at the dazzling helm and nodding crest.
With secret pleasure each fond parent smiled,
And Hector hasted to relieve his child;
The glittering terrors from his brows unbound,
And placed the beaming helmet on the ground:
Then kiss'd the child, and, lifting high in air,
Thus to the gods preferr'd a father's prayer—
'O thou! whose glory fills the' etherial throne,
And all ye deathless powers! protect my son!
Grant him, like me, to purchase just renown,
To guard the Trojans, to defend the crown,
Against his country's foes the war to wage,
And rise the Hector of the future age!
So when triumphant from successful toils
Of heroes slain he bears the reeking spoils,
Whole hosts may hail him with deserved acclaim,
And say, "This chief transcends his father's fame:"

While pleased, amidst the general shouts of Troy,
His mother's conscious heart o'erflows with joy.'
He spoke, and fondly gazing on her charms,
Restored the pleasing burden to her arms;
Soft on her fragrant breast the babe she laid,
Hush'd to repose, and with a smile survey'd.
The troubled pleasure soon chastised by fear,
She mingled with a smile a tender tear.
The soften'd chief with kind compassion view'd,
And dried the falling drops, and thus pursued—
'Andromache! my soul's far better part,
Why with untimely sorrows heaves thy heart?
No hostile hand can antedate my doom,
Till fate condemns me to the silent tomb.
Fix'd is the term of all the race of earth;
And such the hard condition of our birth:
No force can then resist, no flight can save,
All sink alike, the fearful and the brave.
No more—but hasten to thy tasks at home,
There guide the spindle, and direct the loom:
Me glory summons to the martial scene,
The field of combat is the sphere for men.
Where heroes war, the foremost place I claim,
The first in danger as the first in fame.'
Thus having said, the glorious chief resumes
His towery helmet, black with shading plumes.
His princess parts, with a prophetic sigh,
Unwilling parts, and oft reverts her eye
That stream'd at every look: then, moving slow,
Sought her own palace, and indulged her woe.

HOMER. POPE.

THE SPEECH OF ACHILLES.

THEN thus the goddess-born—' Ulysses, hear
A faithful speech that knows nor art nor fear:
What in my secret soul is understood,
My tongue shall utter, and my deeds make good.
Let Greece then know my purpose I retain:
Nor with new treaties vex my peace in vain.
Who dares think one thing, and another tell,
My heart detests him as the gates of hell.
' Then thus in short my fix'd resolves attend,
Which nor Atrides nor his Greeks can bend;
Long toils, long perils in their cause I bore,
But now the' unfruitful glories charm no more.
Fight or not fight, a like reward we claim,
The wretch and hero find their prize the same;
Alike regretted in the dust he lies,
Who yields ignobly, or who bravely dies.
Of all my dangers, all my glorious pains,
A life of labours, lo! what fruit remains?
As the bold bird her helpless young attends,
From danger guards them, and from want defends;
In search of prey she wings the spacious air,
And with the' untasted food supplies her care;
For thankless Greece such hardships have I braved,
Her wives, her infants, by my labours saved;
Long sleepless nights in heavy arms I stood,
And sweat laborious days in dust and blood.
I sack'd twelve ample cities on the main,
And twelve lay smoking on the Trojan plain:

Then at Atrides' haughty feet were laid
The wealth I gather'd, and the spoils I made.
Your mighty monarch these in peace possess'd;
Some few my soldiers had, himself the rest.
Some present too to every prince was paid;
And every prince enjoys the gift he made:
I only must refund, of all his train;
See what preeminence our merits gain!
My spoil alone his greedy soul delights;
My spouse alone must bless his lustful nights:
The woman, let him (as he may) enjoy;
But what's the quarrel then of Greece to Troy?
What to these shores the' assembled nations draws,
What calls for vengeance, but a woman's cause?
Are fair endowments and a beauteous face
Beloved by none but those of Atreus' race?
The wife whom choice and passion doth approve,
Sure every wise and worthy man will love.
Nor did my fair one less distinction claim;
Slave as she was, my soul adored the dame.
Wrong'd in my love, all proffers I disdain;
Deceived for once, I trust not kings again.
Ye have my answer, what remains to do,
Your king, Ulysses, may consult with you.
What needs he the defence this arm can make?
Has he not walls no human force can shake?
Has he not fenced his guarded navy round
With piles, with ramparts, and a trench profound?
And will not these (the wonders he has done)
Repel the rage of Priam's single son?
There was a time ('twas when for Greece I fought)
When Hector's prowess no such wonders wrought;
He kept the verge of Troy, nor dared to wait
Achilles' fury at the Scæan gate:
He tried it once, and scarce was saved by Fate.

But now those ancient enmities are o'er;
To-morrow we the favouring gods implore;
Then shall you see our parting vessels crown'd,
And hear with oars the Hellespont resound.
The third day hence shall Phthia greet our sails,
If mighty Neptune send propitious gales;
Phthia to her Achilles shall restore
The wealth he left for this detested shore:
Thither the spoils of this long war shall pass,
The ruddy gold, the steel, and shining brass;
My beauteous captives thither I'll convey,
And all that rests of my unravish'd prey.
One only valued gift your tyrant gave,
And that resumed; the fair Lyrnessian slave.
Then tell him; loud, that all the Greeks may hear,
And learn to scorn the wretch they basely fear;
(For arm'd in impudence, mankind he braves,
And meditates new cheats on all his slaves;
Though shameless as he is, to face these eyes
Is what he dares not; if he dares, he dies)
Tell him, all terms, all commerce I decline,
Nor share his counsel, nor his battle join;
For once deceived, was his; but twice, were mine.
No—let the stupid prince, whom Jove deprives
Of sense and justice, run where frenzy drives;
His gifts are hateful: kings of such a kind
Stand but as slaves before a noble mind.
Not though he proffer'd all himself possess'd,
And all his rapine could from others wrest;
Not all the golden tides of wealth that crown
The many peopled Orchomenian town;
Not all proud Thebes' unrival'd walls contain,
The world's great Empress on the' Egyptian plain

(That spreads her conquests o'er a thousand states,
And pours her heroes through a hundred gates,
Two hundred horsemen and two hundred cars
From each wide portal issuing to the wars),
Though bribes were heap'd on bribes, in number more
Than dust in fields, or sand along the shore;
Should all these offers for my friendship call;
'Tis he that offers, and I scorn them all.
Atrides' daughter never shall be led
(An ill match'd consort) to Achilles' bed;
Like golden Venus though she charm'd the heart,
And vied with Pallas in the works of art:
Some greater Greek let those high nuptials grace,
I hate alliance with a tyrant's race.
If Heaven restore me to my realms with life,
The reverend Peleus shall elect my wife;
Thessalian nymphs there are, of form divine,
And kings that sue to mix their blood with mine.
Bless'd in kind love, my years shall glide away,
Content with just hereditary sway;
There, deaf for ever to the martial strife,
Enjoy the dear prerogative of life.
Life is not to be bought with heaps of gold;
Not all Apollo's Pythian treasures hold,
Or Troy once held, in peace and pride of sway,
Can bribe the poor possession of a day!
Lost herds and treasures we by arms regain,
And steeds unrival'd on the dusty plain:
But from our lips the vital spirit fled,
Returns no more to wake the silent dead.
My fates long since by Thetis were disclosed,
And each alternate, life or fame, proposed;

Here, if I stay, before the Trojan town,
Short is my date, but deathless my renown:
If I return, I quit immortal praise
For years on years, and long-extended days.
Convinced, though late, I find my fond mistake,
And warn the Greeks the wiser choice to make:
To quit these shores, their native seats enjoy,
Nor hope the fall of Heaven-defended Troy.
Jove's arm display'd asserts her from the skies;
Her hearts are strengthen'd, and her glories rise.
Go then, to Greece report our fix'd designs;
Bid all your counsels, all your armies join,
Let all your forces, all your arts conspire,
To save the ships, the troops, the chiefs, from fire.
One stratagem has fail'd, and others will:
Ye find, Achilles is unconquer'd still.
Go then—digest the message as ye may—
But here this night let reverend Phœnix stay:
His tedious toils and hoary hairs demand
A peaceful death in Phthia's friendly land.
But whether he remain, or sail with me,
His age be sacred, and his will be free.'

HOMER. POPE.

DESCRIPTION OF JUNO.

With joy the glorious conflict she survey'd,
Where her great brother gave the Grecians aid,
But placed aloft, on Ida's shady height
She sees her Jove, and trembles at the sight.
Jove to deceive, what methods shall she try,
What arts, to blind his all-beholding eye?

At length she trusts her power; resolved to prove
The old, yet still successful, cheat of love;
Against his wisdom to oppose her charms,
And lull the lord of thunders in her arms.
Swift to her bright apartment she repairs,
Sacred to dress and beauty's pleasing cares:
With skill divine had Vulcan form'd the bower,
Safe from access of each intruding power.
Touch'd with her secret key, the doors unfold:
Self-closed, behind her shut the valves of gold.
Here first she bathes; and round her body pours
Soft oils of fragrance, and ambrosial showers:
The winds, perfumed, the balmy gale convey
Through heaven, through earth, and all the' aerial
Spirit divine! whose exhalation greets [way:
The sense of gods with more than mortal sweets.
Thus while she breathed of heaven, with decent
Her artful hands the radiant tresses tied; [pride
Part on her head in shining ringlets roll'd,
Part o'er her shoulders waved like melted gold.
Around her next a heavenly mantle flow'd
That rich with Pallas' labour'd colours glow'd:
Large clasps of gold the foldings gather'd round,
A golden zone her swelling bosom bound.
Far beaming pendants tremble in her ear,
Each gem illumined with a triple star.
Then o'er her head she casts a veil more white
Than new fallen snow, and dazzling as the light.
Last her fair feet celestial sandals grace.
Thus issuing radiant with majestic pace,
Forth from the dome the' imperial goddess moves,
And calls the mother of the smiles and loves.

HOMER. POPE.

THE SHIELD OF ACHILLES.

THEN first he form'd the' immense and solid shield;
Rich various artifice emblazed the field;
Its utmost verge a threefold circle bound;
A silver chain suspends the massy round;
Five ample plates the broad expanse compose,
And godlike labours on the surface rose.
There shone the image of the master-mind:
There earth, there heaven, there ocean, he design'd;
The' unwearied sun, the moon completely round;
The starry lights that heaven's high convex crown'd;
The Pleiads, Hyads, with the northern team;
And great Orion's more refulgent beam;
To which, around the axle of the sky,
The Bear, revolving, points his golden eye,
Still shines exalted on the' etherial plain,
Nor bathes his blazing forehead in the main.
Two cities radiant on the shield appear,
The image one of peace, and one of war.
Here sacred pomp and genial feast delight,
And solemn dance, and hymeneal rite;
Along the streets the new-made brides are led,
With torches flaming, to the nuptial bed:
The youthful dancers in a circle bound
To the soft flute and cithern's silver sound:
Through the fair streets the matrons in a row
Stand in their porches, and enjoy the show.
There in the forum swarm a numerous train;
The subject of debate, a townsman slain:

One pleads the fine discharged, which one denied,
And bade the public and the laws decide:
The witness is produced on either hand:
For this, or that, the partial people stand:
The' appointed heralds still the noisy bands,
And form a ring, with sceptres in their hands:
On seats of stone, within the sacred place,
The reverend elders nodded o'er the case;
Alternate, each the' attesting sceptre took,
And rising solemn, each his sentence spoke:
Two golden talents lay amidst, in sight,
The prize of him who best adjudged the right.
Another part (a prospect differing far)
Glow'd with refulgent arms and horrid war.
Two mighty hosts a leaguer'd town embrace,
And one would pillage, one would burn the place.
Meantime the townsmen, arm'd with silent care,
A secret ambush on the foe prepare:
Their wives, their children, and the watchful band
Of trembling parents, on the turrets stand.
They march; by Pallas and by Mars made bold:
Gold were the gods, their radiant garments gold,
And gold their armour: these the squadron led,
August, divine, superior by the head!
A place for ambush fit they found, and stood
Cover'd with shields, beside a silver flood.
Two spies at distance lurk, and watchful seem
If sheep or oxen seek the winding stream.
Soon the white flocks proceeded o'er the plains,
And steers slow moving, and two shepherd swains;
Behind them, piping on their reeds, they go,
Nor fear an ambush, nor suspect a foe.
In arms the glittering squadron rising round
Rush sudden; hills of slaughter heap the ground;

Whole flocks and herds lie bleeding on the plains,
And, all amidst them, dead, the shepherd swains!
The bellowing oxen the besiegers hear;
They rise, take horse, approach, and meet the war;
They fight, they fall, beside the silver flood;
The waving silver seem'd to blush with blood.
There Tumult, there Contention stood confess'd;
One rear'd a dagger at a captive breast;
One held a living foe, that freshly bled
With new made wounds; another dragg'd a dead;
Now here, now there, the carcasses they tore:
Fate stalk'd amidst them, grim with human gore,
And the whole war came out, and met the eye;
And each bold figure seem'd to live, or die.
A field deep furrow'd next the god design'd,
The third time labour'd by the sweating hind;
The shining shares full many ploughmen guide,
And turn their crooked yokes on every side;
Still as at either end they wheel around,
The master meets them with his goblet crown'd;
The hearty draught rewards, renews their toil,
Then back the turning ploughshares cleave the [soil:
Behind, the rising earth in ridges roll'd;
And sable look'd, though form'd of molten gold.
Another field rose high with waving grain;
With bended sickles stand the reaper train:
Here stretch'd in ranks the level'd swarths are found, [ground.
Sheaves heap'd on sheaves here thicken up the
With sweeping stroke the mowers strow the lands;
The gatherers follow, and collect in bands;
And last the children, in whose arms are borne
(Too short to gripe them) the brown sheaves of corn.

The rustic monarch of the field descries
With silent glee the heaps around him rise;
A ready banquet on the turf is laid,
Beneath an ample oak's expanded shade.
The victim ox the sturdy youth prepare;
The reaper's due repast, the women's care.
Next, ripe in yellow gold, a vineyard shines,
Bent with the ponderous harvest of its vines;
A deeper dye the dangling clusters show,
And, curl'd on silver props, in order glow:
A darker metal mix'd intrench'd the place;
And pales of glittering tin the' enclosure grace.
To this, one pathway gently winding leads,
Where march a train with baskets on their heads,
(Fair maids and blooming youths) that smiling bear
The purple product of the' autumnal year.
To these a youth awakes the warbling strings,
Whose tender lay the fate of Linus sings;
In measured dance behind him move the train,
Tune soft the voice, and answer to the strain.
Here herds of oxen march, erect and bold,
Rear high their horns, and seem to low in gold,
And speed to meadows on whose sounding shores
A rapid torrent through the rushes roars:
Four golden herdsmen as their guardians stand,
And nine sour dogs complete the rustic band.
Two lions rushing from the wood appear'd,
And seized a bull, the master of the herd:
He roar'd: in vain the dogs, the men, withstood;
They tore his flesh, and drank his sable blood.
The dogs (oft cheer'd in vain) desert the prey,
Dread the grim terrors, and at distance bay.
Next this, the eye the art of Vulcan leads
Deep through fair forests, and a length of meads;

And stalls, and folds, and scatter'd cots between;
And fleecy flocks, that whiten all the scene.
A figured dance succeeds: such once was seen
In lofty Gnossus, for the Cretan queen,
Form'd by Dædalean art: a comely band
Of youths and maidens, bounding hand in hand.
The maids in soft simars of linen dress'd;
The youths all graceful in the glossy vest:
Of those the locks with flowery wreaths enroll'd:
Of these the sides adorn'd with swords of gold,
That, glittering gay, from silver belts depend.
Now all at once they rise, at once descend,
With well taught feet: now shape, in oblique ways,
Confusedly regular, the moving maze:
Now forth at once, too swift for sight, they spring,
And undistinguish'd blend the flying ring:
So whirls a wheel, in giddy circle toss'd,
And, rapid as it runs, the single spokes are lost.
The gazing multitudes admire around:
Two active tumblers in the centre bound;
Now high, now low, their pliant limbs they bend:
And general songs the sprightly revel end.
Thus the broad shield complete the artist crown'd
With his last hand, and pour'd the ocean round;
In living silver seem'd the waves to roll,
And beat the buckler's verge, and bound the whole.

HOMER. POPE.

THE DREAM OF ACHILLES.

He spoke; they hear him, and the word obey;
The rage of hunger and of thirst allay,
Then ease in sleep the labours of the day.
But great Pelides, stretch'd along the shore,
Where, dash'd on rocks, the broken billows roar,
Lies inly groaning; while on either hand
The martial Myrmidons confusedly stand.
Along the grass his languid members fall,
Tired with his chase around the Trojan wall;
Hush'd by the murmurs of the rolling deep,
At length he sinks in the soft arms of sleep.
When lo! the shade, before his closing eyes,
Of sad Patroclus rose, or seem'd to rise:
In the same robe he living wore, he came:
In stature, voice, and pleasing look the same.
The form familiar hover'd o'er his head,
'And sleeps Achilles (thus the phantom said),
Sleeps my Achilles, his Patroclus dead?
Living, I seem'd his dearest, tenderest care,
But now forgot, I wander in the air.
Let my pale corpse the rites of burial know,
And give me entrance in the realms below:
Till then, the spirit finds no resting place,
But here and there the' unbodied spectres' chase
The vagrant dead around the dark abode,
Forbid to cross the' irremeable flood.
Now give thy hand; for to the further shore
When once we pass, the soul returns no more:
When once the last funereal flames ascend,
No more shall meet Achilles and his friend;

No more our thoughts to those we loved make
Or quit the dearest, to converse alone. [known;
Me Fate has sever'd from the sons of earth,
The fate foredoom'd that waited from my birth:
Thee too it waits; before the Trojan wall
E'en great and godlike thou art doom'd to fall.
Hear then; and as in fate and love we join,
Ah, suffer that my bones may rest with thine!
Together have we lived; together bred,
One house received us, and one table fed;
That golden urn, thy goddess-mother gave,
May mix our ashes in one common grave.'

'And is it thou? (he answers) to my sight
Once more return'st thou from the realms of night?
O more than brother! Think each office paid,
Whate'er can rest a discontented shade;
But grant one last embrace, unhappy boy!
Afford at least that melancholy joy.'

He said, and with his longing arms essay'd
In vain to grasp the visionary shade;
Like a thin smoke he sees the spirit fly,
And hears a feeble lamentable cry.
Confused he wakes: amazement breaks the bands
Of golden sleep, and, starting from the sands,
Pensive he muses with uplifted hands:

''Tis true, 'tis certain; man, though dead, retains
Part of himself; the' immortal mind remains:
The form subsists without the body's aid,
Aerial semblance, and an empty shade!
This night my friend, so late in battle lost,
Stood at my side, a pensive, plaintive ghost;
E'en now, familiar, as in life, he came;
Alas! how different! yet how like the same!'

HOMER. POPE.

THE REPLY OF PROTEUS.

'HIGH wrapp'd in wonder of the future deed,
With joy impetuous to the port I speed:
The wants of nature with repast suffice,
Till night with grateful shade involved the skies,
And shed ambrosial dews. Fast by the deep,
Along the tented shore, in balmy sleep,
Our cares were lost. When o'er the eastern lawn,
In saffron robes the daughter of the dawn
Advanced her rosy steps; before the bay,
Due ritual honours to the gods I pay;
Then seek the place the seaborn nymph assign'd,
With three associates of undaunted mind.
Arrived, to form along the' appointed strand
For each a bed, she scoops the hilly sand;
Then from her azure car the finny spoils
Of four vast phocæ takes, to veil her wiles:
Beneath the finny spoils extended prone,
Hard toil! the prophet's piercing eye to shun;
New from the corse, the scaly frauds diffuse
Unsavoury stench of oil, and brackish ooze:
But the bright seamaid's gentle power implored,
With nectar'd drops the sickening sense restored.
'Thus till the sun had travel'd half the skies
Ambush'd we lie, and wait the bold emprise:
When thronging quick to bask in open air,
The flocks of ocean to the strand repair;
Couch'd on the sunny sand, the monsters sleep:
Then Proteus, mounting from the hoary deep,
Surveys his charge, unknowing of deceit
(In order told, we make the sum complete):
Pleased with the false review, secure he lies,
And leaden slumbers press his drooping eyes.

Rushing impetuous forth, we straight prepare
A furious onset with the sound of war,
And shouting seize the god: our force to' evade
His various arts he soon resumes in aid:
A lion now, he curls a surgy mane;
Sudden, our bands a spotted pard restrain;
Then arm'd with tusks, and lightning in his eyes,
A boar's obscener shape the god belies:
On spiry volumes, there a dragon rides;
Here, from our strict embrace a stream he glides:
And last, sublime his stately growth he rears,
A tree, and well dissembled foliage wears.
Vain efforts! with superior power compress'd,
Me with reluctance thus the seer address'd—
" Say, son of Atreus, say what god inspired
This daring fraud, and what the boon desired?"
' I thus—" O thou, whose certain eye foresees
The fix'd event of Fate's remote decrees;
After long woes, and various toil endured,
Still on this desert isle my fleet is moor'd;
Unfriended of the gales. All-knowing! say,
What godhead interdicts the watery way?
What vows repentant will the power appease,
To speed a prosperous voyage o'er the seas?"
" To Jove (with stern regard the god replies)
And all the' offended synod of the skies,
Just hecatombs with due devotion slain,
Thy guilt absolved, a prosperous voyage gain.
To the firm sanction of thy fate attend!
An exile thou, nor cheering face of friend,
Nor sight of natal shore, nor regal dome
Shalt yet enjoy, but still art doom'd to roam.
Once more the Nile, who from the secret source
Of Jove's high seat descends with sweepy force,

Must view his billows white beneath thy oar,
And altars blaze along his sanguine shore.
Then will the gods, with holy pomp adored,
To thy long vows a safe return accord."

'He ceased: heart-wounded with afflictive pain,
(Doom'd to repeat the perils of the main,
A shelfy tract, and long!) "O seer, (I cry)
To the stern sanction of the' offended sky
My prompt obedience bows. But deign to say,
What fate propitious, or what dire dismay,
Sustain those peers, the relics of our host,
Whom I with Nestor on the Phrygian coast
Embracing left? Must I the warriors weep
Whelm'd in the bottom of the monstrous deep?
Or did the kind domestic friend deplore
The breathless heroes on their native shore?"

"Press not too far, (replied the god) but cease
To know what known will violate thy peace:
Too curious of their doom! with friendly woe
Thy breast will heave, and tears eternal flow.
Part live! the rest, a lamentable train!
Range the dark bounds of Pluto's dreary reign.
Two, foremost in the roll of Mars renown'd,
Whose arms with conquest in thy cause were crown'd,
Fell by disastrous Fate: by tempests toss'd,
A third lives wretched on a distant coast.

'By Neptune rescued from Minerva's hate,
On Gyræ, safe Oilean Ajax sat,
His ship o'erwhelm'd: but frowning on the floods,
Impious he roar'd defiance to the gods:
To his own prowess all the glory gave,
The power defrauding who vouchsafed to save.
This heard the raging ruler of the main;
His spear, indignant for such high disdain,

He launch'd; dividing with his forky mace
The' aerial summit from the marble base:
The rock rush'd seaward with impetuous roar
Ingulf'd, and to the' abyss the boaster bore.
" By Juno's guardian aid, the watery vast,
Secure of storms, your royal brother pass'd;
Till coasting nigh the cape, where Malea shrouds
Her spiry cliffs amid surrounding clouds,
A whirling gust tumultuous from the shore,
Across the deep his labouring vessel bore.
In an ill fated hour the coast he gain'd,
Where late in regal pomp Thyestes reign'd;
But when his hoary honours bow'd to fate,
Ægisthus govern'd in paternal state.
The surges now subside, the tempest ends;
From his tall ship the king of men descends:
There fondly thinks the gods conclude his toil:
Far from his own domain salutes the soil:
With rapture oft the verge of Greece reviews,
And the dear turf with tears of joy bedews.
Him, thus exulting on the distant strand,
A spy distinguish'd from his airy stand:
To bribe whose vigilance, Ægisthus told
A mighty sum of ill persuading gold:
There watch'd this guardian of his guilty fear,
Till the twelfth moon had wheel'd her pale career;
And now admonish'd by his eye, to court
With terror wing'd conveys the dread report.
Of deathful arts expert, his lord employs
The ministers of blood in dark surprise;
And twenty youths in radiant mail incased,
Close ambush'd nigh the spacious hall he placed.
Then bids prepare the hospitable treat:
Vain shows of love to veil his felon-hate!

To grace the victor's welcome from the wars,
A train of coursers, and triumphal cars,
Magnificent he leads: the royal guest,
Thoughtless of ill, accepts the fraudful feast.
The troop forth issuing from the dark recess,
With homicidal rage the king oppress!
So, whilst he feeds luxurious in the stall,
The sovereign of the herd is doom'd to fall.
The partners of his fame and toils at Troy,
Around their lord, a mighty ruin! lie:
Mix'd with the brave, the base invaders bleed;
Ægisthus sole survives to boast the deed."

'He said; chill horrors shook my shivering soul,
Rack'd with convulsive pangs in dust I roll:
And hate, in madness of extreme despair,
To view the sun or breathe the vital air:
But when, superior to the rage of woe,
I stood restored, and tears had ceased to flow;
Lenient of grief, the pitying god began—
"Forget the brother, and resume the man:
To Fate's supreme dispose the dead resign,
That care be Fate's, a speedy passage thine.
Still lives the wretch who wrought the death deplored,
But lives a victim for thy vengeful sword;
Unless with filial rage Orestes glow,
And swift prevent the meditated blow:
You timely will return a welcome guest,
With him to share the sad funereal feast."

'He said: new thoughts my beating heart employ,
My gloomy soul receives a gleam of joy.
For hope revives; and eager I address'd
The prescient godhead to reveal the rest.
"The doom decreed of those disastrous two
I've heard with pain, but oh! the tale pursue;

What third brave son of Mars the fates constrain
To roam the howling desert of the main:
Or in eternal shade if cold he lies,
Provoke new sorrow from these grateful eyes."
" That chief (rejoin'd the god) his race derives
From Ithaca, and wondrous woes survives;
Laertes' son: girt with circumfluous tides,
He still calamitous constraint abides.
Him in Calypso's cave of late I view'd,
When streaming grief his faded cheek bedew'd.
But vain his prayer, his arts are vain, to move
The' enamour'd goddess, or elude her love:
His vessel sunk, and dear companions lost,
He lives reluctant on a foreign coast.
But oh, beloved by Heaven! reserved to thee
A happier lot the smiling Fates decree!
Free from that law, beneath whose mortal sway
Matter is changed and varying forms decay,
Elysium shall be thine; the blissful plains
Of utmost earth, where Rhadamanthus reigns.
Joys ever young, unmix'd with pain or fear,
Fill the wide circle of the' eternal year:
Stern winter smiles on that auspicious clime:
The fields are florid with unfading prime:
From the bleak pole no winds inclement blow,
Mould the round hail, or flake the fleecy snow;
But from the breezy deep the bless'd inhale
The fragrant murmurs of the western gale.
This grace peculiar will the gods afford [lord."
To thee, the son of Jove, and beauteous Helen's
' He ceased, and plunging in the vast profound,
Beneath the god the whirling billows bound.'

HOMER. POPE.

THE GROTTO OF CALYPSO.

THUS o'er the world of waters Hermes flew,
Till now the distant island rose in view;
Then swift ascending from the azure wave,
He took the path that winded to the cave.
Large was the grot in which the nymph he found
(The fair-hair'd nymph with every beauty crown'd),
She sat and sung; the rocks resound her lays:
The cave was brighten'd with a rising blaze:
Cedar and frankincense, an odorous pile,
Flamed on the hearth, and wide perfumed the isle;
While she with work and song the time divides,
And through the loom the golden shuttle guides.
Without the grot, a various silvan scene
Appear'd around, and groves of living green;
Poplars and alders ever quivering play'd,
And nodding cypress form'd a fragrant shade;
On whose high branches, waving with the storm,
The birds of broadest wing their mansion form,
The chough, the seamew, the loquacious crow,
And scream aloft, and skim the deeps below.
Depending vines the shelving cavern screen,
With purple clusters blushing through the green.
Four limpid fountains from the clefts distil,
And every fountain pours a several rill,
In mazy windings wandering down the hill:
Where bloomy meads with vivid greens were crown'd,
And glowing violets threw odours round.
A scene, where, if a god should cast his sight,
A god might gaze, and wander with delight!

HOMER. POPE.

THE PALACE OF ALCINOUS.

MEANWHILE Ulysses at the palace waits,
There stops, and anxious with his soul debates,
Fix'd in amaze before the royal gates.
The front appear'd with radiant splendours gay,
Bright as the lamp of night or orb of day.
The walls were massy brass: the cornice high
Blue metals crown'd, in colours of the sky:
Rich plates of gold the folding doors incase;
The pillars silver, on a brazen base;
Silver the lintels deep projecting o'er,
And gold the ringlets that command the door.
Two rows of stately dogs, on either hand,
In sculptured gold and labour'd silver, stand.
These Vulcan form'd with art divine, to wait
Immortal guardians at Alcinoüs' gate;
Alive each animated frame appears,
And still to live beyond the power of years.
Fair thrones within from space to space were raised,
Where various carpets with embroidery blazed,
The work of matrons: these the princes press'd,
Day following day, a long continued feast.
Refulgent pedestals the walls surround,
Which boys of gold with flaming torches crown'd;
The polish'd ore, reflecting every ray,
Blazed on the banquets with a double day.
Full fifty handmaids form the household train;
Some turn the mill, or sift the golden grain;
Some ply the loom; their busy fingers move
Like poplar leaves, when Zephyr fans the grove.

Not more renown'd the men of Scheria's isle,
For sailing arts and all the naval toil,
Than works of female skill their women's pride,
The flying shuttle through the threads to guide;
Pallas to these her double gifts imparts,
Inventive genius and industrious arts.

Close to the gates a spacious garden lies,
From storms defended and inclement skies.
Four acres was the' allotted space of ground,
Fenced with a green enclosure all around:
Tall thriving trees confess'd the fruitful mould;
The reddening apple ripens here to gold:
Here the blue fig with luscious juice o'erflows,
With deeper red the full pomegranate glows,
The branch here bends beneath the weighty pear,
And verdant olives flourish round the year.
The balmy spirit of the western gale
Eternal breathes on fruits untaught to fail:
Each dropping pear a following pear supplies,
On apples apples, figs on figs arise:
The same mild season gives the blooms to blow,
The buds to harden, and the fruits to grow.

Here order'd vines in equal ranks appear,
With all the' united labours of the year.
Some to unload the fertile branches run,
Some dry the blackening clusters in the sun,
Others to tread the liquid harvest join,
The groaning presses foam with floods of wine.
Here are the vines in early flower descried,
Here grapes discolour'd on the sunny side,
And there in autumn's richest purple dyed.

Beds of all various herbs, for ever green,
In beauteous order terminate the scene.

Two plenteous fountains the whole prospect
crown'd;
This through the gardens leads its streams around,
Visits each plant, and waters all the ground;
While that in pipes beneath the palace flows,
And thence its current on the town bestows:
To various use their various streams they bring,
The people one, and one supplies the king.
Such were the glories which the gods ordain'd,
To grace Alcinoüs, and his happy land!
E'en from the chief, who men and nations knew,
The' unwonted scene surprise and rapture drew;
In pleasing thought he ran the prospect o'er,
Then hasty enter'd at the lofty door.
Night now approaching, in the palace stand,
With goblets crown'd, the rulers of the land;
Prepared for rest, and offering to the god
Who bears the virtue of the sleepy rod.
Unseen he glided through the joyous crowd,
With darkness circled, and an ambient cloud.

HOMER. POPE.

DESCRIPTION OF SCYLLA.

High in the air the rock its summit shrouds
In brooding tempests and in rolling clouds;
Loud storms around and mists eternal rise,
Beat its bleak brow, and intercept the skies.
When all the broad expansion, bright with day,
Glows with the' autumnal or the summer ray,
The summer and the autumn glow in vain,
The sky for ever lours, for ever clouds remain.

Impervious to the step of man it stands,
Though borne by twenty feet, though arm'd with twenty hands;
Smooth as the polish of the mirror, rise
The slippery sides, and shoot into the skies.
Full in the centre of this rock display'd,
A yawning cavern casts a dreadful shade:
Nor the fleet arrow from the twanging bow,
Sent with full force, could reach the depth below.
Wide to the west the horrid gulf extends,
And the dire passage down to hell descends.
O fly the dreadful sight! expand thy sails,
Ply the strong oar, and catch the nimble gales:
Here Scylla bellows from her dire abodes,
Tremendous pest! abhorr'd by man and gods!
Hideous her voice, and with less terrors roar
The whelps of lions in the midnight hour.
Twelve feet, deform'd and foul, the fiend dispreads;
Six horrid necks she rears, and six terrific heads;
Her jaws grin dreadful with three rows of teeth;
Jaggy they stand, the gaping den of death;
Her parts obscene the raging billows hide;
Her bosom terribly o'erlooks the tide.
When stung with hunger she embroils the flood,
The seadog and the dolphin are her food;
She makes the huge leviathan her prey,
And all the monsters of the watery way;
The swiftest racer of the azure plain
Here fills her sails and spreads her oars in vain;
Fell Scylla rises, in her fury roars,
At once six mouths expands, at once six men devours.

HOMER. POPE.

THE DEATH OF ARGUS.

THUS, near the gates conferring as they drew,
Argus, the dog, his ancient master knew;
He, not unconscious of the voice and tread,
Lifts to the sound his ear, and rears his head!—
Bred by Ulysses, nourish'd at his board;
But ah! not fated long to please his lord!
To him, his swiftness and his strength were vain;
The voice of glory call'd him o'er the main.
Till then in every silvan chase renown'd,
With Argus, Argus, rung the woods around;
With him the youth pursued the goat or fawn,
Or traced the mazy leveret o'er the lawn.
Now left to man's ingratitude he lay,
Unhoused, neglected, in the public way;
And where on heaps the rich manure was spread,
Obscene with reptiles, took his sordid bed.
He knew his lord:—he knew, and strove to meet
(In vain he strove), to crawl, and kiss his feet;
Yet (all he could) his tail, his ears, his eyes,
Salute his master, and confess his joys.
Soft pity touch'd the mighty master's soul:
Adown his cheek a tear unbidden stole;
Stole unperceived; he turn'd his head, and dried
The drop humane:—then thus impassion'd cried—
'What noble beast in this abandon'd state
Lies here all helpless at Ulysses' gate!
His bulk and beauty speak no vulgar praise;
If, as he seems, he was in better days,
Some care his age deserves: or was he prized
For worthless beauty! therefore now despised?

Such dogs and men there are; mere things of state,
And always cherish'd by their friends, the great.'
'Not Argus so (Eumæus thus rejoin'd),
But served a master of a nobler kind:
Who never, never shall behold him more!
Long, long since perish'd on a distant shore!
O had you seen him, vigorous, bold, and young,
Swift as a stag, and as a lion strong!
Him no fell savage on the plain withstood,
None scaped him, bosom'd in the gloomy wood;
His eye how piercing, and his scent how true,
To wind the vapour in the tainted dew!
Such, when Ulysses left his natal coast;
Now years unnerve him, and his lord is lost!
The women keep the generous creature bare;
A sleek and idle race is all their care:
The master gone, the servants what restrains?
Or dwells humanity where riot reigns?
Jove fix'd it certain, that whatever day
Makes man a slave, takes half his worth away.'
This said, the honest herdsman strode before:
The musing monarch pauses at the door;
The dog, whom Fate had granted to behold
His lord, when twenty tedious years had roll'd,
Takes a last look, and, having seen him, dies;
So closed for ever faithful Argus' eyes!

HOMER. POPE.

THE REVEALING OF ULYSSES.

And now his well known bow the master bore,
Turn'd on all sides, and view'd it o'er and o'er;
Lest time or worms had done the weapon wrong
Its owner absent, and untried so long.
While some deriding—' How he turns the bow!
Some other like it sure the man must know,
Or else would copy; or in bows he deals:
Perhaps he makes them; or perhaps he steals.'
' Heaven to this wretch (another cried) be kind!
And bless, in all to which he stands inclined,
With such good fortune as he now shall find.'
Heedless he heard them:—but disdain'd reply;
The bow perusing with exactest eye.
Then, as some heavenly minstrel, taught to sing
High notes, responsive to the trembling string,
To some new strain when he adapts the lyre,
Or the dumb lute refits with vocal wire,
Relaxes, strains, and draws them to and fro;
So the great master drew the mighty bow:
And drew with ease. One hand aloft display'd
The bending horns, and one the string essay'd.
From his essaying hand the string let fly [cry.
Twang'd short and sharp, like the shrill swallow's
A general horror ran through all the race;
Sunk was each heart, and pale was every face.
Signs from above ensued:—the' unfolding sky
In lightning burst; Jove thunder'd from on high.
Fired at the call of heaven's almighty lord,
He snatch'd the shaft that glitter'd on the board
Fast by (the rest lay sleeping in the sheath,
But soon to fly, the messengers of death).

Now, sitting as he was, the cord he drew,
Through every ringlet leveling his view;
Then notch'd the shaft, released, and gave it wing;
The whizzing arrow vanish'd from the string,
Sung on direct, and threaded every ring.
The solid gate its fury scarcely bounds;
Pierced through and through the solid gate resounds.

Then to the prince—'Nor have I wrought thee [shame:
Nor err'd this hand unfaithful to its aim;
Nor proved the toil too hard; nor have I lost
That ancient vigour, once my pride and boast.
Ill I deserve these haughty peers' disdain:—
Now let them comfort their dejected train:
In sweet repast the present hour employ,
Nor wait till evening for the genial joy:
Then to the lute's soft voice prolong the night;—
Music, the banquet's most refined delight.'

He said, then gave a nod;—and at the word
Telemachus girds on his shining sword.
Fast by his father's side he takes his stand;
The beamy javelin lightens in his hand.

Then fierce the hero o'er the threshold strode;
Stripp'd of his rags, he blazed out like a god.
Full in their face the lifted bow he bore,
And quiver'd deaths, a formidable store;
Before his feet the rattling shower he threw,
And thus terrific, to the suitor crew—

'One venturous game this hand has won to-day;
Another, princes! yet remains to play:
Another mark our arrow must attain.
Phœbus, assist! nor be the labour vain.'

Swift as the word the parting arrow sings;
And bears thy fate, Antinoüs, on its wings.

Wretch that he was, of unprophetic soul!
High in his hands he rear'd the golden bowl;
E'en then to drain it lengthen'd out his breath;
Changed to the deep the bitter draught of death!
For fate who fear'd amidst a feastful band?
And fate to numbers, by a single hand?
Full through his throat Ulysses' weapon pass'd,
And pierced the neck. He falls, and breathes his last.
The tumbling goblet the wide floor o'erflows,
A stream of gore burst spouting from his nose;
Grim in convulsive agonies he sprawls:
Before him spurn'd, the loaded table falls,
And spreads the pavement with a mingled flood
Of floating meats and wine and human blood.
Amazed, confounded, as they saw him fall,
Uprose the throngs tumultuous round the hall:
O'er all the dome they cast a haggard eye:
Each look'd for arms: in vain; no arms were nigh:
'Aim'st thou at princes? (all amazed they said)
Thy last of games unhappy hast thou play'd;
Thy erring shaft has made our bravest bleed,
And death, unlucky guest, attends thy deed.
Vultures shall tear thee.'—Thus incensed they spoke:
While each to chance ascribed the wondrous stroke:
Blind as they were; for death e'en now invades
His destined prey, and wraps them all in shades!
Then grimly frowning with a dreadful look,
That wither'd all their hearts, Ulysses spoke—
'Dogs, ye have had your day:—ye fear'd no more
Ulysses vengeful from the Trojan shore;
While to your lust and spoil a guardless prey,
Our house, our wealth, our helpless handmaids lay:

Not so content, with bolder frenzy fired,
E'en to our bed, presumptuous, you aspired:
Laws or divine or human fail'd to move,
Or shame of men, or dread of gods above:
Heedless alike of infamy or praise,
Or Fame's eternal voice in future days:
The hour of vengeance, wretches! now is come;
Impending fate is yours, and instant doom.'
Thus dreadful he. Confused the suitors stood;
From their pale cheeks recedes the flying blood:
Trembling they sought their guilty heads to hide;
Alone the bold Eurymachus replied—
'If, as thy words import (he thus began),
Ulysses lives, and thou the mighty man,
Great are thy wrongs, and much hast thou sustain'd
In thy spoil'd palace, and exhausted land.
The cause and author of those guilty deeds,
Lo! at thy feet unjust Antinoüs bleeds.
Not love, but wild ambition, was his guide:
To slay thy son, thy kingdoms to divide,
These were his aims;—but juster Jove denied.
Since cold in death the' offender lies, O spare
Thy suppliant people, and receive their prayer!
Brass, gold, and treasures shall the spoil defray:
Two hundred oxen every prince shall pay;
The waste of years refunded in a day.
Till then thy wrath is just.'——Ulysses burn'd
With high disdain, and sternly thus return'd—
'All, all the treasures that enrich'd our throne
Before your rapines, join'd with all your own,
If offer'd, vainly should for mercy call:
'Tis you that offer, and I scorn them all.
Your blood is my demand! your lives the prize,
Till pale as yonder wretch each suitor lies.

Hence with those coward terms: or fight, or fly;
This choice is left ye, to resist or die:
And die I trust ye shall.'——He sternly spoke:
With guilty fears the pale assembly shook.

HOMER. POPE.

THE CREATION OF PANDORA.

FROM THE GREEK OF HESIOD.

THE food of man in deep concealment lies,
The angry gods have veil'd it from our eyes.
Else had one day bestow'd sufficient cheer,
And though inactive fed thee through the year;
Then might thy hand have laid the rudder by,
In blackening smoke for ever hung on high;
Then had the labouring ox foregone the soil,
And patient mules had found reprieve from toil;
But Jove conceal'd our food, incensed at heart
Since mock'd by wise Prometheus' wily art.
Sore ills to man devised the Heavenly Sire,
And hid the shining element of fire.
Prometheus, then, benevolent of soul,
In hollow reed the spark recovering stole,
Cheering to man, and mock'd the god whose gaze
Serene rejoices in the lightning's rays.
'Oh son of Japhet! with indignant heart
Spoke the Cloud-gatherer; oh! unmatch'd in art!
Exultest thou in this the flame retrieved,
And dost thou triumph in the god deceived?
But thou, with the posterity of man,
Shalt rue the fraud whence mighter ills began:

I will send evil for thy stealthy fire,
An ill which all shall love, and all desire."
The Sire who rules the earth and sways the pole
Had said, and laughter fill'd his secret soul;
He bade the crippled god his hest obey,
And mould with tempering water plastic clay;
Imbreathe the human voice within her breast,
With firm-strung nerves the' elastic limbs invest;
Her aspect fair as goddesses above,
A virgin's likeness with the brows of love.
He bade Minerva teach the skill that dyes
The web with colours as the shuttle flies:
He called the magic of love's charming queen
To breathe around a witchery of mien:
Then plant the rankling stings of keen desire,
And cares that trick the limbs with prank'd attire:
Bade Hermes last impart the craft refined
Of thievish manners and a shameless mind.
He gives command, the' inferior powers obey,
The crippled artist moulds the temper'd clay:
A maid's coy image rose at Jove's behest;
Minerva clasp'd the zone, diffused the vest;
Adored Persuasion and the Graces young
Her taper'd limbs with golden jewels hung;
Round her smooth brow the beauteous-tressed Hours
A garland twined of Spring's purpureal flowers;
The whole attire Minerva's graceful art
Disposed, adjusted, formed to every part;
And last the winged herald of the skies,
Slayer of Argus, gave the gift of lies;
Gave trickish manners, honey'd words instill'd,
As he that rolls the deepening thunder will'd:
Then by the feather'd messenger of Heaven,
The name Pandora to the maid was given;

For all the gods conferr'd a gifted grace
To crown this mischief of the mortal race.
  The Sire commands the winged herald bear
The finish'd nymph, the' inextricable snare:
To Epimetheus was the present brought;
Prometheus' warning vanish'd from his thought:
That he disclaim each offering from the skies,
And straight restore, lest ills to man arise.
But he received, and conscious knew too late
The' insidious gift, and felt the curse of fate.
  On earth of yore the sons of men abode
From evil free and labour's galling load;
Free from diseases that with racking rage
Precipitate the pale decline of age.
Now swift the days of manhood haste away,
And misery's pressure turns the temples gray.
The woman's hands an ample casket bear:
She lifts the lid—she scatters ills in air,
Hope sole remain'd within, nor took her flight,
Beneath the vessel's verge conceal'd from light;
Or ere she fled, the maid, advised by Jove,
Seal'd first the' unbroken cell, and dropp'd the lid above;
Issued the rest, in quick dispersion hurl'd,
And woes innumerous roam'd the breathing world:
With ills the land is full, with ills the sea;
Diseases haunt our frail humanity: [glide
Self-wandering through the noon, the night, they
Voiceless—a voice the power all-wise denied:
Know then this awful truth—it is not given
To' elude the wisdom of omniscient Heaven.

ELTON.

THE DEFEAT OF THE TITANS.

FROM THE GREEK OF HESIOD.

All on that day roused infinite the war,
Female and male: the Titan deities, [Jove
The Gods from Saturn sprung, and those whom
From subterraneous gloom released to light:
Terrible, strong, of force enormous; burst
A hundred arms from all their shoulders huge:
From all their shoulders fifty heads upsprang
O'er limbs of sinewy mould. They then array'd
Against the Titans in fell combat stood,
And in their nervous grasp wielded aloft
Precipitous rocks. On the' other side alert
The Titan phalanx closed: then hands of strength
Join'd prowess, and display'd the works of war.
Tremendous then the' immeasurable sea
Roar'd; earth resounded: the wide heaven throughout
Groan'd shattering: from its base Olympus vast
Reeled to the violence of gods: the shock
Of deep concussion rock'd the dark abyss
Remote of Tartarus: the shrilling din
Of hollow tramplings, and strong battle strokes,
And measureless uproar of wild pursuit.
So they reciprocal their weapons hurl'd
Groan-scattering; and the shout of either host
Burst in exhorting ardour to the stars
Of heaven; with mighty war cries either host
Encountering closed.
Nor longer then did Jove
Curb his full power; but instant in his soul

There grew dilated strength, and it was fill'd
With his omnipotence. At once he loosed
His whole of might, and put forth all the God.
The vaulted sky, the mount Olympian, flash'd
With his continual presence; for he pass'd
Incessant forth, and scatter'd fires on fires.
Hurl'd from his hardy grasp the lightnings flew
Reiterated swift; the whirling flash
Cast sacred splendour, and the thunderbolt
Fell: roar'd around the nurture-yielding earth
In conflagration, far on every side
The' immensity of forests crackling blazed:
Yea, the broad earth burn'd red, the streams that
With ocean, and the deserts of the sea. [mix
Round and around the Titan brood of earth
Roll'd the hot vapour on its fiery surge;
The liquid heat air's pure expanse divine
Suffused: the radiance keen of quivering flame
That shone from writhen lightnings, each dim orb
Strong though they were, intolerable smote,
And scorch'd their blasted vision. Through the
Of Erebus the preternatural glare [void
Spread, mingling fire with darkness. But to see
With human eye, and hear with ear of man,
Had been as if midway the spacious heaven,
Hurtling with earth, shock'd—e'en as nether earth
Crash'd from the centre, and the wreck of heaven
Fell ruining from high. So vast the din,
When, gods encountering gods, the clang of arms
Commingled, and the tumult roar'd from heaven:
Shrill rush'd the hollow winds, and roused through-
A shaking, and a gathering dark of dusk, [out
The crash of thunders and the glare of flames,
The fiery darts of Jove: full in the midst

Of either host they swept the roaring sound
Of tempest, and the shouting: mingled rose
The din of dreadful battle. There stern strength
Put forth the proof of prowess, till the fight
Declined: but first in opposite array
Full long they stood, and bore the brunt of war.
Amid the foremost towering in the van
The war-unsated Gyges, Briareus,
And Cottus bitterest conflict waged: for they
Successive thrice a hundred rocks in air
Hurl'd from their sinewy grasp: with missile storm
The Titan host o'ershadowing, them they drove
All haughty as they were, with hands of strength
O'ercoming them, beneath the' expanse of earth,
And bound with galling chains; so far beneath
This earth, as earth is distant from the sky:
So deep the space to darksome Tartarus,
A brazen anvil rushing through the sky
Through thrice three days would toss in airy whirl,
Nor touch this earth till the tenth sun arose:
Or down earth's chasm precipitate revolve,
Nor till the tenth sun rose attain the verge
Of Tartarus. A fence of massive brass
Is forged around: around the pass is roll'd
A night of triple darkness; and above
Impend the roots of earth and barren sea.
There the Titanic gods in murkiest gloom
Lie hidden, such the cloud assembler's will:
There in a place of darkness, where vast earth
Has end: from thence no egress open lies:
Neptune's huge hand with brazen gates the mouth
Has closed; a wall environs every side.
There Gyges, Cottus, high soul'd Briareus
Dwell vigilant, the faithful sentinels

Of ægis-bearer Jove. Successive there
The dusky earth and darksome Tartarus,
The sterile ocean and the starbright heaven,
Arise and end, their source and boundary,
A drear and ghastly wilderness, abhorr'd
Even by the gods; a vast vacuity:
Might none the space of one slow-circling year
Touch the firm soil, that portal enter'd once,
But him the whirl of vexing hurricanes
Toss to and fro. Even by immortals loathed
This prodigy of horror. There of night
Obscure the dismal dwellings rise, with mists
Of darkness overspread. Full in the front
Atlas upholding heaven his forehead rears
And indefatigable hands. There night
And day, near passing, mutual greeting still
Exchange, alternate as they glide athwart
The brazen threshold vast. This enters, that
Forth issues; nor the two can one abode
At once constrain. This passes forth, and roams
The round of earth; that in the mansion waits
Till the due season of her travel come.
Lo! from the one the far-discerning light
Beams upon earthly dwellers; but a cloud
Of pitchy blackness veils the other round,
Pernicious Night, aye leading in her hand
Sleep, Death's half-brother; sons of gloomy Night,
There hold they habitation, Death and Sleep,
Dread deities; nor them the shining sun
E'er with his beam contemplates, when he climbs
The cope of heaven, nor when from heaven descends.
Of these the one glides o'er the gentle space
Of earth and broad expanse of ocean waves,

Placid to men: the other has a heart
Of iron; in his breast a brazen soul
Is bosom'd, ruthless: whom of man he grasps
Stern he retains, e'en to immortal gods
A foe.——— ELTON.

THE OVERTHROW OF TYPHŒUS.

FROM THE GREEK OF HESIOD.

..... Now, when Jove from heaven
Had cast the Titans forth, huge Earth embraced
By Tartarus, through love's all golden queen,
Her youngest born Typhœus bore; whose hands
Of strength are fitted to stupendous deeds,
And indefatigable are the feet
Of the strong god; and from his shoulders rise
A hundred snaky heads of dragon growth,
Horrible, quivering with their blackening tongues.
In each amazing head from eyes that roll'd
Within their sockets fire shone sparkling; fire
Blazed from each head, the whilst he roll'd his glance
Glaring around him. In those fearful heads
Were voices of all sound, miraculous:
Now utter'd they distinguishable tones
Meet for the ear of gods; now of a bull
The cry, loud bellowing and untamable
In strength; and now the mighty roaring sound
As of a dauntless lion; now the yell [now
Of whelps most strange to hear; and breathed he
Shrill hissings, that the lofty mountains rang.
Then had a dread event that fatal day

Inevitably fallen, and he had ruled
O'er mortals and immortals; but the sire
Of gods and men the peril instant knew,
Intuitive, and vehement and strong
He thunder'd; instantaneous all around
Earth reel'd with horrible crash; the firmament
Roar'd of high heaven; the ocean, streams, and seas,
And uttermost caverns. While the king in wrath
Uprose, beneath his everlasting feet
Trembled Olympus; groan'd the steadfast earth.
From either side a burning radiance caught
The darkly rolling ocean, from the flash
Of lightnings, and the monster's darted flame,
Hot thunderbolts, and blasts of fiery winds.
Glow'd earth, air, sea, the billows heaved on high
Foam'd round the shores, and dash'd on every side
Beneath the rush of gods. Concussion wild
And unappeasable uprose: aghast
The gloomy monarch of the' infernal dead
Trembled; the subtartarean Titans heard
E'en where they stood, and Saturn in the midst;
They heard appall'd the unextinguish'd rage
Of tumult, and the din of dreadful war.
Now when the god, the fulness of his might
Gathering at once, had grasp'd his radiant arms,
The glowing thunderbolt and bickering flame,
He from the summit of the' Olympian mount
Leap'd at a bound, and smote him: hiss'd at once
The horrible monster's heads enormous, scorch'd
In one conflagrant blaze. When thus the god
Had quell'd him, thunder-smitten, mangled, prone,
He fell; beneath his weight earth groaning shook.
Flame from the lightning-stricken prodigy
Flash'd, midst the mountain hollows, rugged, dark,

Where he fell smitten. Bread earth glow'd intense
From that unbounded vapour, and dissolved:—
As fusile tin by art of youths above
The wide-brimm'd vase up bubbling foams with [heat;
Or iron, hardest of the mine, subdued
By burning flame, amid the mountain dells
Melts in the sacred caves beneath the hands
Of Vulcan,—so earth melted in the glare
Of blazing fire. He down hell's wide abyss
His victim hurl'd in bitterness of soul.

ELTON.

THE LOVE OF MEDEA.

FROM THE GREEK OF APOLLONIUS RHODIUS.

..... Mid the crowd alone,
In form and grace distinguish'd, Jason shone.
The' enraptured maiden held her veil askance,
And caught, beneath the shade, a sidelong glance.
She gazed, and gazed; while grief her soul subdued;
And thought in vain the lovely guest pursued;
As when we catch at objects in a dream,
That still beyond, yet ever near us seem.
While, sorrowing, from the palace they retire,
Chalciopé, to shun her father's ire,
Her inmost chamber with her children sought;
Medea follow'd, with distracted thought.
The cares of love within her bosom rise,
And absent Jason stands before her eyes,
His looks, his gestures, graved within her breast:
'Such his deportment—thus he wore his vest—

Such words he utter'd—thus, and there he sate—
Thus from the portal rush'd, unhappy fate!'
Possess'd, bewilder'd, her enamour'd mind
Finds not his parallel in humankind.
Still, still, in thought, his honey'd words she hears;
His tuneful accents vibrate on her ears.
Much for the youth her boding fears arise:
A ghastly corse he sinks before her eyes.
She sees him with the fiery bulls engage,
She sees him bleed beneath her father's rage.
She wept the victim, as already dead,
And piteous tears of soft compassion shed.
And mournful words to solitude she spoke;
While from her breast the smother'd anguish broke.
'What means the strange disorder of my heart?
Such tumult can a stranger's look impart?
In questionable shape, from distant climes,
Comes he a prince, or slave distain'd with crimes?
No matter. Let a chief or miscreant fall,
Why should the' event for wild emotions call?
Me it concerns not. Yet, renown'd or base,
In safety let him fly this fatal place.
Daughter of Perseus, venerable power *,
O guard the youth in that tremendous hour.
Protect him, guide him, to his native land;
Let him not perish on this Colchian strand!
But if the fates have destined him to fail,
And perish by the bulls that flames exhale;
Let him perceive there is a feeling heart,
That in his sufferings claims an equal part.'

* * * * *

While on her couch she sunk, in trance pro-
Medea's sorrows soft oblivion drown'd; [found,

* Hecate was daughter of Perseus, or Perses and Asteria.

Yet, fearful visions hover'd round her head,
Illusive forms, of mournful fancy bred.
The stranger seem'd, that trial to sustain,
Moved by no wish the wondrous fleece to gain;
But love and she the daring aim supplied;
He sought Medea for his virgin bride.
Greece he had left, at Beauty's powerful call,
And love allured him to her father's hall.
The fiery bulls she then appear'd to tame,
And yoke, uninjured by their breath of flame.
Her parents, then, their promises denied,
The labour finish'd, they withheld the bride.
Between her father and the strangers rose
A fierce debate. The warfare to compose,
The maid was call'd, as umpire of the strife;
And soon the daughter yielded to the wife.
Her kindred for that stranger thus resign'd,
What indignation fill'd each parent's mind!
Vast was their anguish, loud and shrill their cries—
Scared at the din, the virgin's slumber flies.
Pale from the couch she sprang, in wild amaze,
And round the chamber cast a vacant gaze.
She pants. Her bosom palpitates with dread.
Thought is absorb'd, and recollection fled.
'What forms of terror, miserable maid
(With feeble voice she cried), thy sleep invade?
Some dire misfortunes have these heroes brought.
With anxious doubts this stranger fills my thought.
Far let them fly, and wed some Grecian fair;
My parents and my virtue claim my care.
But why with cruelty my bosom steel?
A sister's anguish why refuse to feel?
Maternal terrors for her sons arise,
Wilt thou, relentless, mark her tears and cries?

Think, savage as thou art, 'tis thine to save,
Or doom her children to the untimely grave.
Oh nature! no, thy sacred ties shall bind;
In grief thine energies support the mind.'
In wild disorder from the couch she flew,
Unfolded wide the chamber door she threw.
Unshod and disarray'd, in eager haste
To seek her sister, she the threshold pass'd.
By conscious shame and timid awe restrain'd,
Long time before the portal she remain'd.
Fearful of entering, to and fro she paced;
Now forward rush'd, and now her steps retraced;
Her trembling steps, uncertain where they stray'd.
Her gait the conflict in her soul betray'd.
Impetuous love, with wild desire impell'd,
And bashful fear and modesty withheld.
Impassion'd now her sister's door she sought;
Her chamber now with deep despondence fraught.
Thrice she proceeds, and thrice her foot recalls;
Then prone upon her couch distracted falls.
As the young bride laments her blooming spouse,
Lord of her bosom, object of her vows;
In love united, and the hallow'd bands,
Knit by fraternal and parental hands;
She flies the soothings of the' attendant train,
She hides the fond expressions of her pain.
With grief, at once, and virgin shame oppress'd,
Her tears fall lonely on the' enamour'd breast;
When fates relentless the dear youth remove;
Untried the joys, the tender thefts of love;
From every tongue, that might impart relief,
She dreads a censure on her amorous grief;
In avarice of anguish hoards her care,
And eyes the widow'd couch in mute despair;

Thus mourn'd Medea; thus the cause suppress'd,
That bathed her eyes and heaved her throbbing breast.

* * * * *

Now Night o'er earth her ample veil display'd;
And sailors, from the deep, the stars survey'd,
Orion, and the greater Bear; that guide
The nightly path of vessels through the tide.
Sleep on the weary traveller's senses crept,
E'en in the tower the careful warder slept.
Subdued by rest, the mother ceased to mourn
Her darling infants closed within their urn.
The busy hum of crowded streets was still;
And still the watchdog's larum loud and shrill.
The queen of darkness trod her awful round,
Her ears untroubled by a vagrant sound.
Medea's couch refused the soft control,
For love and Jason agonized her soul.
The bulls that breathe intolerable fire,
Forebodings mortal to her love inspire;
The plain of Mars in dismal prospect lies,
In fancy there the youthful hero dies.
Distracting thought! she feels the fluttering heart
With feverish throbbings in her bosom dart.
As when, from caldron or capacious vase,
The trembling lymph reflects the solar face;
Uncertain glancing round some chamber walls,
Now here, now there, the darted radiance falls;
The dazzling species plays incessant round,
Strikes on the roof, or dances o'er the ground;
With pulse irregular, that knew no rest,
Medea's heart leap'd fluttering in her breast.
The streams of pity from her eyes distill'd.
Corroding pangs her inmost bosom fill'd,

Incessant anguish. The devouring flame
Glows in each nerve, and wastes the weary frame.
It rends the heartstrings—hurries in each vein;
Fills every sense, and fires the madding brain.
Within her mind confused ideas roll,
Discordant purposes distract the soul.
Now, she determines to supply the charms
Of power, to save the youth from fiery harms;
Now, to withhold; and seek in death to prove
A long oblivion of disastrous love.
Again, she hopes that reason force may give,
To sacrifice the youth, yet dare to live.
  Amid this conflict, mournful sounds express'd
The painful tumults of the' enamour'd breast.
'Ah, wretch! what end, what respite canst thou find
While choice of evil presses on the mind?
My thoughts are error, doubt, confusion all;
Certain in love alone, a wretched thrall.
Oh, had the shafts of virgin Dian fled,
And early join'd me to the silent dead!
Then had I slept in peace, nor seen this band,
For my perdition, reach the Colchian land.
Nor seen, Chalciopé, in evil day,
Thy sons for Greece the' adventurous sail display.
Some god, some fury urged these strangers' course,
To rend this heart with anguish and remorse.
But let him perish, if the fates ordain
That direful exit on the martial plain.
How might I scape a parent's watchful eye?
Or how my philtres and my charms apply?
What language might deceive the jealous ear?
Or what my purposes to Jason bear?
In privacy may succour be convey'd?
What arts, what stealth, the bold attempt shall aid?

In secret shall I own my fond alarms,
And boldly clasp the stranger in these arms?
Oh! were he lost—would that event bestow
A pause from love—a remedy for woe?
Would not the soul, enamour'd of her grief,
Pursue his image, and disclaim relief?
Farewell, decorum! farewell, every joy!
Let his existence all my thoughts employ.
Whatever destiny for me remains,
Fair youth, in safety fly where fate ordains.
Mayst thou but know, that from Medea's power
Protection follow'd in that fearful hour,
And I am satisfied. Pursue thy fate;
Leave thy deliverer to misfortune's hate.
His conflict over, death shall end my care;
Whether I perish pendulous in air,
Or rest from pain the' envenom'd potion give.
But shall not then the tale of shame survive?
Scorn and derision shall attend my fall,
And taunts resound within this peopled wall.
Each Colchian female shall her death deride,
Who, slave of passion, for a stranger died.
A wanton, heedless of her virgin fame,
Who stain'd her parents and her house with shame.
O foul offence, no language can defend!
Disgrace to womanhood, that ne'er shall end!
No; better here resign this hated breath,
And fly reproach, so multiplied, in death.
This very chamber, and this very time,
Present a refuge from the monstrous crime.'
She ceased—and rising for a coffer sought,
With potent drugs of various influence fraught;
Some genial; some, with operation dark,
Could sense perturb, and quench the vital spark.

Upon her knees the hoarded philtres rest;
While tears, a ceaseless torrent, bathed her breast:
From grief and love unequal'd they descend,
While for those sufferings she prepares an end.
The friendly bane determined now to taste,
She touch'd the bands that held the coffer fast;
And thought the balm of all her cares to find,
When sudden terrors rush'd upon her mind.
She paused astonish'd. For, before her eyes
The forms of death, in all their terrors, rise.
And in succession, blandishing, appears
All that allures the wish, and life endears;
Each darling child of hope and fancy bright,
That bids the senses teem with young delight;
And every joy that to the' expanded heart
The mutual wish and social hours impart.
Sudden a fairer face all nature show'd,
In streams more gay the solar radiance flow'd.
Again the coffer on her knees she placed,
While various objects in her soul she traced;
For Juno's influence in her bosom wrought,
And gave the final bias to her thought.
No more she doubts, by warring motives drawn,
With settled aim she wishes for the dawn;
That Jason she might meet, gaze on his charms,
And drugs impart to guard the youth from harms.
Oft she unbarr'd her portals through the night;
And look'd, and look'd, to mark approaching light.

* * * * *

Ah, wretched maid! nor song nor sport had power
To fix attention in the sportive hour.
Sport seem'd impertinent, and harsh the strain,
Through music's varied soul pursued in vain;

The varied melodies displease alike,
No chord composure to the soul can strike.
Scarce can her train allure the wandering eye,
To different objects thought and wishes fly.
Absent she sat, in meditation drown'd,
And gazed on all the distant pathways round;
Intent with eager eyes and head reclined,
At sound of trampling foot or sighs of wind;
The fluttering heart seem'd wing'd to leave her
breast.
And painful throbs the glowing breath suppress'd.
He comes—the subject of her fond alarms—
He comes in all the majesty of charms;
With footsteps light, exulting o'er the plain,
And bright as Sirius rising from the main;
All beauteous from the briny surge he springs,
But death and mourning to the fold he brings;
Such fatal splendour Jason's charms impart,
Joy to the sight, but sorrow to the heart:
Sad interview, from thee the maid shall know
A direful tissue of reproach and woe!
Her hurried heart within her bosom flies,
A sudden darkness veils her swimming eyes;
Her burning cheek the deepest blush suffused,
Her trembling knees to bear her frame refused.
To fly or to proceed, vain, vain her toil;
Her feet beneath are rooted to the soil.
Now quickly vanish'd all the' attendant train,
Silent the hero and the maid remain.
No limb they moved; but, in astonish'd mood,
With gaze delighted, near each other stood;
Nor sounds nor gestures animation show,
Like oaks or firs that on the mountains grow;
Whose peaceful heads all motionless arise,
While not a breeze is stirring in the skies;

But, when the tempests agitate the steep,
They wave, they bellow, as the whirlwinds sweep.
Thus stood the youthful pair, ordain'd to prove
A mighty change, beneath the storms of love;
Ordain'd that flowing eloquence to find,
That passion dictates to the' enamour'd mind.

PRESTON.

THE REWARD OF THE GOOD.

FROM THE GREEK OF PINDAR.

* * * * *

THE happy mortal who these treasures shares,
Well knows what fate attends his generous cares;
Knows that beyond the verge of life and light,
In the sad regions of infernal night,
The fierce, impracticable, churlish mind,
Avenging gods and penal woes shall find;
Where strict inquiring justice shall bewray
The crimes committed in the realms of day.
The' impartial judge the rigid law declares,
No more to be reversed by penitence or prayers.

But in the happy fields of light,
Where Phœbus with an equal ray
Illuminates the balmy night,
And gilds the cloudless day,
In peaceful unmolested joy,
The good their smiling hours employ.
Them no uneasy wants constrain
To vex the' ungrateful soil,
To tempt the dangers of the billowy main,
And break their strength with unabating toil,
A frail disastrous being to maintain.

But in their joyous calm abodes,
The recompense of justice they receive;
And in the fellowship of gods
Without a tear eternal ages live.
While, banish'd by the Fates from joy and rest,
Intolerable woes the impious soul infest.
But they who, in true virtue strong,
The third purgation* can endure;
And keep their minds from fraudful wrong
And guilt's contagion pure;
They through the starry paths of Jove
To Saturn's blissful seat remove;
Where fragrant breezes, vernal airs,
Sweet children of the main,
Purge the bless'd island from corroding cares,
And fan the bosom of each verdant plain;
Whose fertile soil immortal fruitage bears:
Trees, from whose flaming branches flow,
Array'd in golden bloom, refulgent beams;
And flowers of golden hue that blow
On the fresh borders of their parent streams.
These by the bless'd in solemn triumph worn,
Their unpolluted hands and clustering locks adorn.

WEST.

* Pindar in this follows the opinion of Pythagoras, who held the transmigration of the soul; according to which doctrine the several bodies, into which the soul successively passes, were so many purgatories, that served to refine and purify it by degrees, till it was at last rendered fit to enter into the Fortunate Islands, the Paradise of the Ancients.

TO THE LYRE.

FROM THE GREEK OF PINDAR.

HAIL, golden lyre! whose heaven-invented string
  To Phœbus and the black-hair'd Nine belongs;
Who in sweet chorus round their tuneful king
  Mix with their sounding chords their sacred
    songs.
The dance, gay queen of pleasure, thee attends;
  Thy jocund strains her listening feet inspire:
And each melodious tongue its voice suspends
  Till thou, great leader of the heavenly quire,
With wanton art preluding givest the sign—
Swells the full concert then with harmony divine.

Then, of their streaming lightnings all disarm'd,
  The smouldering thunderbolts of Jove expire:
Then, by the music of thy numbers charm'd,
  The birds' fierce monarch* drops his vengeful ire;
Perch'd on the sceptre of the' Olympian king,
  The thrilling darts of harmony he feels;
And indolently hangs his rapid wing,
  While gentle sleep his closing eyelid seals;
And o'er his heaving wings in loose array
To every balmy gale the' ruffling feathers play.

E'en Mars, stern god of violence and war,
  Soothes with thy lulling strains his furious breast,
And, driving from his heart each bloody care,
  His pointed lance consigns to peaceful rest.

* The eagle.

Nor less enraptured each immortal mind
  Owns the soft influence of enchanting song,
When, in melodious symphony combined,
  Thy son, Latona, and the tuneful throng
Of Muses, skill'd in wisdom's deepest lore,
The subtle powers of verse and harmony explore.

WEST.

MARTIAL ELEGY.

FROM THE GREEK OF TYRTÆUS.

How glorious fall the valiant, sword in hand,
In front of battle for their native land!
But oh! what ills await the wretch that yields
A recreant outcast from his country's fields!
The mother whom he loves shall quit her home,
An aged father at his side shall roam;
His little ones shall weeping with him go,
And a young wife participate his woe;
Whilst scorn'd and scowl'd upon by every face,
They pine for food, and beg from place to place.
  Stain of his breed! dishonouring manhood's form,
All ills shall cleave to him:—Affliction's storm
Shall blind him wandering in the vale of years,
Till, lost to all but ignominious fears,
He shall not blush to leave a recreant's name,
And children, like himself, inured to shame.
  But we will combat for our father's land,
And we will drain the life-blood where we stand
To save our children:—fight ye side by side,
And serried close, ye men of youthful pride,
Disdaining fear, and deeming light the cost
Of life itself in glorious battle lost.

Leave not our sires to stem the' unequal fight,
Whose limbs are nerved no more with buoyant
might;
Nor lagging backward, let the younger breast
Permit the man of age (a sight unbless'd)
To welter in the combat's foremost thrust,
His hoary head dishevel'd in the dust,
And venerable bosom bleeding bare.
But youth's fair form, though fallen, is ever fair,
And beautiful in death the boy appears,
The hero boy, that dies in blooming years:
In man's regret he lives and woman's tears,
More sacred than in life, and lovelier far,
For having perish'd in the front of war.

CAMPBELL.

THE CRETAN WARRIOR.

FROM THE GREEK OF HYBRIAS CRETENSIS.

My spear, my sword, my shaggy shield!
With these I till, with these I sow:
With these I reap my harvest field;
No other wealth the gods bestow.
With these I plant the fertile vine;
With these I press the luscious wine.

My spear, my sword, my shaggy shield!
They make me lord of all below,
For those that dread my spear to wield
Before my shaggy shield must bow:
Their fields, their vineyards, they resign;
And all that cowards have is mine.

DR. LEYDEN.

ODES.

FROM THE GREEK OF ANACREON.

WHILE we invoke the wreathed spring,
Resplendent rose! to thee we'll sing;
Resplendent rose! the flower of flowers,
Whose breath perfumes Olympus' bowers;
Whose virgin blush, of chasten'd dye,
Enchants so much our mortal eye.
When pleasure's bloomy season glows,
The Graces love to twine the rose;
The rose is warm Dione's bliss,
And flushes like Dione's kiss!
Oft has the poet's magic tongue
The rose's fair luxuriance sung;
And long the Muses, heavenly maids,
Have rear'd it in their tuneful shades.
When, at the early glance of morn,
It sleeps upon the glittering thorn,
'Tis sweet to dare the tangled fence,
To cull the timid floweret thence,
And wipe with tender hand away
The tear that on its blushes lay!
'Tis sweet to hold the infant stems,
Yet dropping with Aurora's gems,
And fresh inhale the spicy sighs
That from the weeping buds arise.
When revel reigns, when mirth is high,
And Bacchus beams in every eye,
Our rosy fillets scent exhale,
And fills with balm the fainting gale!

Oh! there is nought in nature bright,
Where roses do not shed their light!
When morning paints the orient skies,
Her fingers burn with roseate dyes;
The nymphs display the rose's charms,
It mantles o'er their graceful arms;
Through Cytherea's form it glows,
And mingles with the living snows.
The rose distils a healing balm,
The beating pulse of pain to calm;
Preserves the cold inurned clay,
And mocks the vestige of decay:
And when at length, in pale decline,
Its florid beauties fade and pine,
Sweet as in youth, its balmy breath
Diffuses odour e'en in death!
Oh! whence could such a plant have sprung?
Attend—for thus the tale is sung.
When, humid, from the silvery stream,
Effusing beauty's warmest beam,
Venus appear'd, in flushing hues,
Mellow'd by ocean's briny dews;
When, in the starry courts above
The pregnant brain of mighty Jove
Disclosed the nymph of azure glance,
The nymph who shakes the martial lance!
Then, then in strange eventful hour,
The earth produced an infant flower,
Which sprung, with blushing tinctures dress'd,
And wanton'd o'er its parent breast.
The gods beheld this brilliant birth,
And hail'd the rose, the boon of earth!
With nectar drops, a ruby tide,
The sweetly orient buds they dyed,

And bade them bloom, the flowers divine
Of him who sheds the teeming vine;
And bade them on the spangled thorn
Expand their bosoms to the morn.

T. MOORE.

BEST of painters! now dispense
All thy tinted eloquence:
Master of the roseate art,
Paint the mistress of my heart.
Paint her, absent though she be,
Paint her, as described by me.
  Paint her hair in tresses flowing:
Black as jet her ringlets glowing:
If the pallet soar so high,
Paint their humid fragrancy.
Let the colour smoothly show
The gentle prominence of brow;
Smooth as ivory let it shine,
Under locks of glossy twine.
  Now her eyebrows lengthening bend;
Neither sever them, nor blend:
Imperceptible the space
Of their meeting arches trace:
Be the picture like the maid;
Her dark eyelids fringed with shade.
Now the real glance inspire;
Let it dart a liquid fire:
Let her eyes reflect the day,
Like Minerva's, hazel-gray,
Like those of Venus, swimming bright,
Brimful of moisture and of light.
Now her faultless nose design
In its flowing aquiline:

Let her cheeks transparent gleam,
Like to roses strew'd in cream:
Let her lips, seduce to bliss,
Pouting to provoke the kiss.
  Now her chin minute express,
Rounded into prettiness:
There let all the Graces play;
In that dimpled circle stray;
Round her bended neck delay:
Marble pillar, on the sight
Shedding smooth its slippery white.
  For the rest, let drapery swim
In purplish folds o'er every limb;
But, with flimsy texture, show
The shape, the skin, that partial glow:
Enough—herself appears; 'tis done;
The picture breathes; the paint will speak anon.

ELTON.

CUPID once upon a bed
Of roses laid his weary head;
Luckless urchin, not to see
Within the leaves a slumbering bee!
The bee awaked—with anger wild
The bee awaked, and stung the child.
Loud and piteous are his cries;
To Venus quick he runs, he flies!
'Oh mother! I am wounded through—
I die with pain—in sooth I do!
Stung by some little angry thing,
Some serpent on a tiny wing—
A bee it was—for once, I know
I heard a rustic call it so.'

Thus he spoke, and she the while
Heard him with a soothing smile;
Then said, "My infant, if so much
Thou feel the little wild bee's touch,
How must the heart, oh, Cupid! be,
The hapless heart that's stung by thee!'

T. MOORE.

FLY not, because revolving time
Hath silver'd o'er Anacreon's brow,
Nor, glorying in thy flowery prime,
Reject the incense of his vow!

Think'st thou my winter ill agrees
With the young charms thy spring discloses?
Remember, how those garlands please,
Where lilies mingle with the roses!

M.

SAD Niobe, in cold despair,
Was fix'd a stone on Phrygia's shore:
And through the boundless fields of air
'Twas given Pandion's child to soar.

But I, a different change requiring,
Make every vow for thee, my fair;
Sometimes a mirror's form desiring,
Thine image on my breast to bear;

Or, as a robe, with soft embraces,
About thy snowy limbs to fold;
Or, as a crystal stream, thy graces
In mine encircling arms to hold;

A golden chain, with many a kiss
Around thy snowy neck to twine;
Or on thy breast, that heaven of bliss
And love, a radiant pearl to shine:

Or with an humbler fate delighted,
A sandal for thy feet I'd be:
Trampled upon, neglected, slighted,
Even this would be felicity.

M.

ODE.

FROM THE GREEK OF SAPPHO.

Bless'd as the immortal Gods is he,
The youth who fondly sits by thee,
And hears and sees thee, all the while,
Softly speak and sweetly smile.

'Twas this deprived my soul of rest,
And raised such tumults in my breast;
For, while I gazed, in transport toss'd,
My breath was gone, my voice was lost;

My bosom glow'd; the subtle flame
Ran quick through all my vital frame;
O'er my dim eyes a darkness hung;
My ears with hollow murmurs rung.

In dewy damps my limbs were chill'd;
My blood with gentle horrors thrill'd;
My feeble pulse forgot to play;
I fainted, sunk, and died away.

A. PHILIPS.

HYMN TO VENUS.

FROM THE GREEK OF SAPPHO.

O VENUS, beauty of the skies,
To whom a thousand temples rise,
Gaily false in gentle smiles,
Full of love-perplexing wiles:
O goddess, from my heart remove
The wasting cares and pains of love.

If ever thou hast kindly heard
A song in soft distress preferr'd,
Propitious to my tuneful vow,
Oh, gentle goddess! hear me now:
Descend, thou bright immortal guest,
In all thy radiant charms confess'd.

Thou once didst leave almighty Jove,
And all the golden roofs above,
The car thy wanton sparrows drew:
Hovering in air they lightly flew:
As to my bower they wing'd their way
I saw their quivering pinions play.

The birds dismiss'd (while you remain)
Bore back their empty car again:
Then you, with looks divinely mild,
In every heavenly feature smiled,
And ask'd what new complaints I made,
And why I call'd you to my aid:

What frenzy in my bosom raged,
And by what cure to be assuaged,
What gentle youth I would allure,
Whom in my artful toils secure:

Who does thy tender heart subdue,
Tell me, my Sappho, tell me who?

Though now he shuns thy longing arms,
He soon shall court thy slighted charms:
Though now thy offerings he despise,
He soon to thee shall sacrifice:
Though now he freeze, he soon shall burn,
And be thy victim in his turn.

Celestial visitant, once more
Thy needful presence I implore!
In pity come and ease my grief,
Bring my distemper'd soul relief,
Favour thy suppliant's hidden fires,
And give me all my heart desires.

A. PHILIPS.

THE DESPAIRING LOVER.

FROM THE GREEK OF THEOCRITUS.

An amorous shepherd loved a cruel maid;
And breathed vain wishes, all with scorn repaid.
Her beauteous figure but belied her mind—
A form too lovely, with a soul unkind!
She knew not Cupid, or his bitter dart;
She knew not Cupid's power to tame the heart.
No blush of love in soft suffusion bloom'd,
Nor pity's dewy light her eyes illumed.
His raging wound she ne'er assay'd to calm;
Nor pour'd, in kisses or in sighs, a balm!
But savage as the wildest beast that prowls,
That on the forest-hunters grimly scowls,

No parley could her fiery spirit brook;
Lour'd her dark eyes, and death was in her look!
Oft from her face the roseate colour flew,
And her whole soul in anger rush'd to view!
Yet was she fair, and e'en disdain had charms—
He sigh'd to snatch her frowning to his arms!
At length, bewilder'd in the gloom of Fate,
He sought with trembling steps the virgin's gate;
Kiss'd the bare threshold, hung his throbbing head;
And, his tears gushing in a torrent, said—
"Ah, cruel fair! in some wild forest born!
Thy hatred—love; and all thy pleasure—scorn!
Thy nurse—the bloody lioness alone:
Thy cold, cold heart—impenetrable stone!
Take—take this cord—'tis all I now can give—
I go (nor longer will thy torment live)
To where the wretched find relief I go—
Where lovers drink oblivion of their woe!
Yet what—this scorching fever—what can tame?
Alas! all Lethe could not quench the flame!
Adieu, ye gates, to meet these eyes no more;
Farewell! I see what time reserves in store!
Fair is the rose, yet soon its beauty flies!
Soon the sweet violet, soon the lily, dies!
Soon melts the whiteness of the fleeting snow;
Thus passes youth! thus fades its vernal glow!
The time will come, when e'en thy heart shall prove,
While stream thy bitter tears, the pangs of love!
Yet grant this prayer, alas! I ask no more,
When thou shalt see me pendent at thy door,
Oh pass not—pass not by—but kindly shed
A tear of pity to embalm the dead!
And loose the cord; and o'er me lightly throw
Your shading robe; and then one kiss bestow;

At least refuse not such a boon in death—
Fear not, no kisses can restore my breath;
Oh! fear not—I shall never more arise!
E'en though thou kiss with soft relenting sighs!
Last, duly dug, my sepulchre provide,
My love and me its hollow cell shall hide!
And thrice 'Here rests my friend!' departing say;
Or rather cry, 'Here lies my true love's clay!'
Then let this simple epitaph be mine
(My trembling hand now traces the faint line),
'Love slew him, traveller!—stop—to soothe his shade!
And pitying say, he loved a ruthless maid!"
This said, and in despairing frenzy bold,
High by the wall a ponderous stone he roll'd;
Then, climbing, fix'd the cord above, and tied
The fatal noose, and spurn'd the stone aside—
Quivering in death! the fair one, when she saw
Her pendent lover, show'd no signs of awe,
Nor shed one tear; but scornful glances cast,
And her light robe polluted, as she pass'd;
Then ran to view the wrestlers in the grove;
Thence visiting the bath devote to love:
There Cupid's image on a marble base
Stood frowning o'er the consecrated place;
And, instant, as he saw the fair one lave,
He fell, and crush'd her in the fountain wave!
Life's purple current spouted at the blow,
And these last words came faltering from below—
"Lovers, adieu! behold the scorner dies!
Love those that love! for Heaven's decrees are wise."

POLWHELE.

THE HONEY STEALER.

FROM THE GREEK OF THEOCRITUS.

As Cupid once, the arrant'st rogue alive,
Robb'd the sweet treasures of the fragrant hive,
A bee the frolic urchin's finger stung—
With many a loud complaint his hands he wrung,
Stamp'd wild the ground, his rosy finger blew,
And straight, in anguish, to his mother flew:
'Mother (he cried, in tears all frantic drown'd),
'Twas but a little bee! and what a wound!'
But she with smiles her hapless boy survey'd,
And thus, in chiding accents, sweetly said—
'Of thee a truer type is no where found—
Who, though so little, givest so great a wound!'

POLWHELE.

HYMN TO THE EVENING STAR.

FROM THE GREEK OF BION.

Mild star of Eve, whose tranquil beams
Are grateful to the Queen of Love,
Fair planet, whose effulgence gleams
More bright than all the host above,
And only to the moon's clear light
Yields the first honours of the night!

All hail, thou soft, thou holy star,
Thou glory of the midnight sky!
And when my steps are wandering far,
Leading the shepherd minstrelsy,
Then, if the moon deny her ray,
Oh guide me, Hesper, on my way!

No savage robber of the dark,
  No foul assassin claims thy aid,
To guide his dagger to its mark,
  Or light him on his plundering trade;
My gentler errand is to prove
The transports of requited love.

M.

CUPID AND THE FOWLER.

FROM THE GREEK OF BION.

ONCE a youth, as he fowl'd in the midst of a grove,
On the branch of a boxtree saw fugitive Love:
In triumph he leap'd; and in hopes of a prize
(For he thought it a bird of a wonderful size),
Selected and join'd his best twigs for a snare;
Then mark'd Cupid hopping, now here and now
  there.
Impatient, at length, at so vain a delay,
He flung all his twigs, in a passion, away;
And, eager his marvellous tale to impart,
Ran up to the man who had taught him his art:
And while the old rustic stood holding the plough,
Pointed out the strange bird that had perch'd on
  a bough.
The countryman shaking his head, with a smile,
Said archly—'Ah, try not with twigs to beguile
Such dangerous game—O, avoid it, my boy!
'Tis a fell bird of prey, and but form'd to destroy.
Thrice happy, if never you catch him!—then shun
A frolic, whose end will have nothing of fun!

For, believe me, ere long, when to manhood you rise,
Though now, simple youth, as you follow, he flies;
His pinions around you he'll suddenly spread;
And familiarly flutter, and perch on your head.'

POLWHELE.

IDYLL.

FROM THE GREEK OF MOSCHUS.

O'ER the smooth main, when scarce a zephyr blows
To break the dark blue ocean's deep repose,
I seek the calmness of the breathing shore,
Delighted with the fields and woods no more.
But when, white-foaming, heave the deeps on high,
Swells the black storm, and mingles sea with sky,
Trembling, I fly the wild tempestuous strand,
And seek the close recesses of the land.
Sweet are the sounds that murmur through the wood
While roaring storms upheave the dangerous flood;
Then, if the winds more fiercely howl, they rouse
But sweeter music in the pine's tall boughs.
Hard is the life the weary fisher finds,
Who trusts his floating mansion to the winds,
Whose daily food the fickle sea maintains,
Unchanging labour, and uncertain gains.
Be mine soft sleep, beneath the spreading shade
Of some broad leafy plane inglorious laid,
Lull'd by a fountain's fall, that, murmuring near,
Soothes, not alarms, the toil-worn labourer's ear.

M.

THE STRAY CUPID.

FROM THE GREEK OF MOSCHUS.

As Cupid from his mother Venus stray'd,
Thus, crying him aloud, the goddess said—
'If any one a wandering Cupid see,
The little fugitive belongs to me.
And if he tell what path the rogue pursues,
My kisses shall reward him for the news:
But if he bring me back the boy I miss,
I'll give him something sweeter than a kiss.
So plain—so numerous are his marks, you'll own
That even among a score he may be known.
Flame colour'd is his glowing skin—not white;
Fierce are his eyes, that flash malignant light.
Smooth are his words, his voice as honey sweet,
Yet war is in his heart, and dark deceit!
Provoke him—and his rage all check defies—
Frantic, in other's woe his pastime lies.
Bright clustering locks his lovely forehead grace,
But insolent expression marks his face.
Though little are his hands, those hands can fling
Darts e'en to Acheron, and the' infernal king.
Though bare his body, yet no art can find
A clue to trace the motions of his mind.
As the fleet bird, on airy pinions light,
From men to sighing maids he wings his flight;
Now here, now there, in many a circle strays,
Yet perching, on their vitals inly preys.
Lo! ready from his little bow to fly—
His arrow, swift though slight, can pierce the sky.
A golden quiver on his shoulder glows,
And holds the' imbitter'd darts for friends or foes.

E'en I their frequent wounds would vainly shun!
But his fell torch—its blaze e'en dims the sun!
If you secure the wanderer, bring him bound;
Nor mind him, though he cry and stamp the ground!
And trust him not, though smiling he appears;
Alike deceitful are his smiles and tears.
To kiss you, sweetly laughing, should he try,
Fly him—there's poison in his kisses—fly!
But if he say: 'How idle your alarms!
Here, take my darts—my arrows—take my arms!'
Ah! touch them not—beware the treacherous aim;
His darts, his arrows, all are tipp'd with flame.

POLWHELE.

THE SACKING OF A CITY.

FROM THE GREEK OF ÆSCHYLUS.

BEFORE my sad presaging soul
What scenes of imaged horror roll!
I see the tender virgin's woe,
Ere yet her ripen'd beauties glow;
The hateful way I see her tread,
  Forcibly torn from her sweet home:
Happier, far happier are the dead;
  They rest within the silent tomb.
But, the walls humbled to the ground,
What dreadful miseries rage around!
Furious one leads the vengeful bands;
One stains with blood his reeking hands;
Wide roll, outrageous to destroy,
  The dusky smoke, and torrent fires;
Whilst slaughtering Mars with hideous joy
  The heaven-contemning rage inspires.

From house to house, from street to street*,
The crashing flames roar round, and meet;
  Each way the fiery deluge preys,
  And girds us with the circling blaze.
  The brave, that midst these dire alarms
    For their lost country greatly dare,
  And fired with vengeance rush to arms,
    Fall victims to the blood-stain'd spear.
  The bleeding babe, with innocent cries,
  Drops from his mother's breast, and dies.
  See Rapine rushes, bent on prey,
  His hasty step brooks no delay.
  The spoiler, loaded with his store,
    Envious the loaded spoiler views;
  Disdains another should have more,
    And his insatiate toil renews.

  Thick on the earth the rich spoil lies:
For the rude plunderers' restless rolling tide,
  Their worthless numbers waving wide,
Drop in their wild haste many a glittering prize.
  Whilst, in her chaste apartment bred,
  The trembling virgin, captive led,
Pours, in the anguish of her soul, the tear:
  And, torn from all her heart holds dear,
The youthful bride, a novice yet in woe,
  Obeys the haughty happy foe.
  But ere such horrors blast my sight,
May these sad eyes close in eternal night!

POTTER.

* The translator makes no apology for adopting the interpretation of Pauw. Periti sciunt.

ELECTRA TAKING THE URN OF ORESTES.

FROM THE GREEK OF SOPHOCLES.

During the absence of Agamemnon, Ægysthus was left regent, and protector of his wife and children. Faithless to his trust, he intrigues with Clytæmnestra: she murders her husband on his return; marries Ægysthus, and admits him as partner of her throne. To secure their power, they are bent on the murder of Orestes, heir to the crown, who would have fallen a sacrifice in his infancy, but for the affection of his sister Electra, who rescues him from death by privately sending him to Phocis. Meanwhile she hears frequent accounts of him, and cherishes a hope that when he has arrived at manhood he will return and be the avenger of his father. After the lapse of twenty years he arrives for that purpose, in company with his protector. To lull Clytæmnestra into a fatal security, his companion relates to her that Orestes has been killed in a chariot race. A meeting between the brother and sister takes place, without any remembrance on either side. Orestes, mistaking Electra for one of the domestics, and desirous to keep his arrival a secret until the hour for vengeance should arrive, carries on the delusion by producing an urn in which his ashes are supposed to rest. Electra, believing him to be really dead, takes the urn in despair, and discovers herself by this passionate and beautiful address.

MOURNFUL remembrancer, whose orb contains
Whate'er of dear Orestes now remains,
How dead my hopes in thee, but lately sent
A blooming boy to happy banishment;
For now I bear whatever lived of thee
In this small record of mortality!
Oh had I died, before to foreign lands
I sent thee rescued from the murderer's hands!
Then had we shared one melancholy doom,
And peaceful slumber'd in thy father's tomb.

Afar from home, beneath another sky
Thou diedst—and ah! no sister then was nigh
To bathe thy corse, and from the greedy fire
Collect thy ashes, as the dead require;
But strangers paid the debt: who now return
Thy cherish'd dust within this little urn.
And have I watch'd thine infancy in vain
With lengthen'd hope, and love that sweeten'd pain?
Shielded thine innocence from dangers rude
With more than parents' fond solicitude?
Ta'en thee from menial hands, myself thy slave,
And rear'd thee, brother—only for the grave?
Now barren all my hopeful cares are made,
Lost with thy life, unfruitful as thy shade.
Oh thou hast gone, and like the whirlwind's force
Swept all away together in thy course.
Dead is my sire, and I, who lived alone
In thee, no longer live, since thou art gone.
Our foes exult—our mother wild with joy
(Alas, no mother) hails her lifeless boy,
For whom I waited as my sorrow's friend,
Avenger of his father's timeless end;
But now, instead, o'er this sad urn I weep,
Where his poor ashes cold and silent sleep.
Oh piteous corse!—oh brother, sent to tread
Before this wretch the regions of the dead,
How hast thou left me to my foes a prey,
How has thy funeral swept my hopes away?
Yet take me, gentle brother—give me room
To rest beside thee in this narrow tomb,
That, as we shared affliction when alive,
Our boundless love may in the shades survive,
While our dust slumbers, mix'd by friendly fate,
Dull and unconscious of a mother's hate.

BLAND.

THE

FAREWELL OF ADMETUS TO ALCESTIS.

FROM THE GREEK OF EURIPIDES.

Admetus, a prince of Thessaly, was married to Alcestis, of whom he was passionately enamoured. Their happiness was interrupted by the declining health of Admetus, who was fast approaching to the grave. The infernal powers, however, grant him a reprieve, on condition of finding a substitute, who would, by a voluntary death, pay the price of his recovery. After the refusal of his aged parents, who are represented to have outlived the sense of those pleasures, which among barbarous nations can alone make life acceptable, his wife Alcestis prepares to devote herself, that the husband might survive to be the protector of their children. To reconcile the seeming cowardice of Admetus with the noble affection displayed for his wife, and the generosity of his disposition, we must suppose him forbidden by the Fates from preventing the sacrifice of his wife by his own devotion. A parting scene of the most exquisite tenderness ensues. Alcestis exhorts her husband to live, and be guardian of their offspring; but requests him to bear her in his memory, and never to surrender that place in his heart to another which was once hers alone. He promises never to forget her, to pass his days in mourning for her loss, and to devote the remnant of his life to the contemplation of her virtues and her last act of heroic affection.

I GRANT thee all—distrust not, gentle wife—
Dead thou art mine, thou only, as in life;
No bride of all Thessalia's blooming race
Shall call me husband second in thy place,
Not though she mate thy high nobility,
Nor yield in angel loveliness to thee.
Enough of children—guard them, Heaven, I pray,
For her ye only lent, and tore away;
Not for a year, but while my pulses beat,
In this poor heart while memory holds a seat,

So long I'll mourn thee on this hateful earth,
Curse my gray sire, and her who gave me birth,
Who fear'd to die, though bow'd by grief and time,
But sent thee dress'd in smiles, and in thy prime,
Torn from the joys of youth and nuptial bed,
A ransom for thy lord, to join the dead.
Farewell to revel, and the festive throng,
To wanton garlands, dance, and social song;
Henceforth to me, sweet instruments, be mute,
The harp's wild raptures, and the Libyan flute,
All that was pleasure once my thoughts resign,
For all my joys are buried in thy shrine.
I'll have thee moulded as in life, and bear
To my lone couch thy image sadly dear;
Fall on the semblance, clasp it in my arms,
Name it from thee—and, circling fancied charms,
Gaze on the fair deceit, nor e'er forsake
The death-cold statue, till it seems to wake.
Poor comfort—but in trifles light as these
My aching heart shall idly ask for ease.
Yet in the dead still hour of night arise,
When troubled phantoms flit before my eyes,
Thou shalt not fright me, but my senses close
In dreams of gentleness and lost repose.
Oh, had I voice and power of song to melt
The prince of night, who once for Orpheus felt,
Pleased would I journey o'er these dreary coasts,
And bear thee, dearest, from the land of ghosts;
Ne'er should I tremble at that fearful way,
But wake thy eyes to smile upon the day.
Vain, idle thoughts! In those sad realms await
Thy husband's coming when released by fate;
One common mansion for our shades prepare,
That our rent loves may join eternal there:

And when I die, to friendship I entrust
In one small urn to mix our kindred dust;
For as we loved on earth, the grave shall be
Dearer than life in thy society.

BLAND.

A CHORUS.

FROM THE GREEK OF EURIPIDES.

The rites derived from ancient days
With thoughtless reverence we praise,
The rites that taught us to combine
The joys of music and of wine;
That bade the feast, the song, the bowl
O'erfill the saturated soul,
But ne'er the lute nor lyre applied
To soothe despair or soften pride,
Nor call'd them to the gloomy cells
Where Madness raves and Vengeance swells,
Where Hate sits musing to betray,
And Murder meditates his prey.
To dens of guilt and shades of care,
Ye sons of melody, repair,
Nor deign the festive hour to cloy
With superfluity of joy!
Ah, little needs the minstrel's power
To speed the light convivial hour;
The board with varied plenty crown'd
May spare the luxury of sound.

JOHNSON.

REPROOF OF DISCONTENT.

FROM THE GREEK OF MENANDER.

HADST only thou, of all mankind, been born
To walk in paths untroubled by a thorn,
From the first hour that gave thee vital air
Consign'd to pleasure, and exempt from care,
Heedless to wile away the day and night
In one unbroken banquet of delight,
Pamper each ruling sense, secure from ill,
And own no law superior to thy will;
If partial Heaven had ever sworn to give
This happy right as thy prerogative,
Then blame the gods, and call thy life the worst,
Thyself of all mankind the most accursed!
But if with us the common air you draw,
Subject alike to Nature's general law,
And on thy head an equal portion fall
Of life's afflicting weight imposed on all,
Take courage from necessity, and try
Boldly to meet the foe thou canst not fly.
Thou art a man, like others, doom'd to feel
The quick descent of Fortune's giddy wheel;
Weak human race! we strive to soar from sight
With wings unfitted to the daring flight;
Restless each fleeting object to obtain,
We lose in minutes what in years we gain:
But why shouldst thou, my honour'd friend, repine?
No grief peculiar or unknown is thine!
Though Fortune smile no more as once she smiled,
Nor pour her gifts on thee, her favourite child,
Patient and firm, the present ill redress,
Nor, by despairing, make thy little less.

BLAND.

Translations from the Minor Greek Poets.

THE COMPLAINT OF DANAE.

When the wind resounding, high,
Bluster'd from the northern sky,
When the waves, in stronger tide,
Dash'd against the vessel's side,
Her care-worn cheek with tears bedew'd,
Her sleeping infant Danaë view'd.
And trembling still with new alarms,
Around him cast a mother's arms.
'My child! what woes does Danaë weep!
But thy young limbs are wrapp'd in sleep.
In that poor nook all sad and dark,
While lightnings play around our bark,
Thy quiet bosom only knows
The heavy sigh of deep repose.
The howling wind, the raging sea
No terror can excite in thee;
The angry surges wake no care,
That burst above thy long deep hair;
But couldst thou feel what I deplore,
Then would I bid thee sleep the more!
Sleep on, sweet boy! still be the deep!
Oh could I lull my woes to sleep!
Jove, let thy mighty hand o'erthrow
The baffled malice of my foe;
And may this child, in future years,
Avenge his mother's wrongs and tears!'

SIMONIDES. D.

HYMN

TO HARMODIUS AND ARISTOGEITON.

WITH myrtle will I braid my sword,
  Such as the brave Harmodius bore;
When Athens hail'd her rights restored,
  And proud Hipparchus was no more:

Nor art thou, dear Harmodius, dead!
  Thine are the islands of the bless'd,
Where Heroes old, stout Diomed,
  And the swift son of Peleus rest.

My sword with myrtle will I braid,
  Such as Aristogeiton bore;
When, at Minerva's shrine, the blade
  Dropp'd with the victim tyrant's gore.

Dear patriot pair! your fame shall bloom
  Immortal in the poet's strain;
Who, by the tyrant's righteous doom,
  Bade Athens flourish free again.

CALLISTRATUS. F. LAURENCE.

HYMN TO HEALTH.

HEALTH, brightest visitant from heaven,
  Grant me with thee to rest!
For the short term by Nature given
  Be thou my constant guest!
For all the pride that wealth bestows,
The pleasure that from children flows,
Whate'er we court in regal state
That makes men covet to be great,

Whatever sweets we hope to find
  In Love's delightful snare,
Whatever good by Heaven assign'd,
  Whatever pause from care,
All flourish at thy smile divine;
The spring of loveliness is thine,
And every joy that warms our hearts
With thee approaches and departs.

ARIPHRON. BLAND.

ON A DAUGHTER WHO DIED YOUNG.

SWEET maid, thy parents fondly thought
  To strew thy bride-bed, not thy bier;
But thou hast left a being fraught
  With wiles and toils and anxious fear.
  For her remains a journey drear,
For thee a bless'd eternal prime,
  Uniting, in thy short career,
Youth's blossom with the fruit of time.

PAUL THE SILENTIARY. BLAND.

THE OFFERING OF A DESERTED LOVER.

To thee the reliques of a thousand flowers,
Torn from the chaplet twined in gayer hours,
To thee the goblet carved with skill divine,
Erewhile that foam'd with soul-subduing wine,
The locks, now scatter'd on the dusty ground,
Once dropping odours and with garlands crown'd,
Outcast of pleasure, and of hope bereft,
Lais! to thee thy Corydon has left.
  Oft on thy threshold stretch'd at close of day,
He wept and sigh'd the cheerless night away,

Nor dared invoke thy name, nor dared aspire
To melt thy bosom with his amorous fire,
Or plead a gracious respite to his pain,
Or speak the language of a happier swain.
Alas! alas! 'now cold and senseless grown,'
These last sad offerings make his sorrows known,
And dare upbraid those scornful charms which gave
His youth unpitied to the cheerless grave.

PAUL THE SILENTIARY. M.

BEAUTY COMPARED WITH FLOWERS.

We ask no flowers to crown the blushing rose,
Nor glittering gems thy beauteous form to deck,
The pearl, in Persia's precious gulf that glows,
Yields to the dazzling whiteness of thy neck.
Gold adds not to the lustre of thy hair,
But, vanquish'd, sheds a fainter radiance there.

The Indian hyacinth's celestial hue
Shrinks from the bright effulgence of thine eye,
The Paphian cestus bathed thy lips in dew,
And gave thy form ambrosial harmony.
My soul would perish in the melting gaze,
But for thine eyes, where Hope for ever plays.

PAUL THE SILENTIARY. M.

REMEMBRANCE AND FORGETFULNESS.

All hail, Remembrance and Forgetfulness!
Trace, Memory, trace whate'er is sweet or kind—
When friends forsake us, or misfortunes press,
Oblivion, rase the record from our mind.

MACEDONIUS. BLAND.

A MOTHER ON THE DEATH OF HER SON.

Ah! dear hapless boy, art thou gone?
  Sole support of my languishing years!
Hast thou left thy fond mother alone
  To wear out life's evening in tears?

To forsake me thus old and forlorn,
  Ere thy youth had attain'd its gay bloom!
Thy sun was scarce risen at morn,
  When it set in the night of the tomb.

Alas! the fresh beam of the day
  Happy mortals with thankfulness see;
But I sicken, O sun, at thy ray:
  It brings sadness and wailing to me!

Oh! might the dear child but return,
  From despair his lost mother to save!
Or might I but share in his urn!
  Might I flee in his arms to the grave!

LEONIDAS OF TARENTUM. WAKEFIELD.

HOME.

Cling to thy home! If there the meanest shed
Yield thee a hearth and shelter for thine head,
And some poor plot, with vegetables stored,
Be all that Heaven allots thee for thy board,
Unsavoury bread, and herbs that scatter'd grow,
Wild on the river's brink or mountain's brow,
Yet e'en this cheerless mansion shall provide
More heart's repose than all the world beside.

LEONIDAS OF TARENTUM. BLAND.

ANACREONTIC.

THE laughing women call me old,
And bid me in the glass behold
  The ruins of my former state;
But let the locks my temples bear
Be gray or black, I little care,
  And leave it to the will of Fate.

Yet this I know—though Nature's call
Subjects me to the lot of all,
  Still, as my ebbing days decline,
I'll make the most of my short hours,
Be bathed in odours, crown'd with flowers,
  And drown old care in floods of wine.

PALLADAS. M.

CONJUGAL AFFECTION.

SEE yonder blushing vine tree grow,
  And clasp a dry and wither'd plane,
And round its youthful tendril throw
  A shelter from the wind and rain.

That sapless trunk in former time
  Gave covert from the noontide blaze,
And taught the infant shoot to climb,
  That now the pious debt repays.

And thus, kind Powers, a partner give
  To share in my prosperity;
Hang on my strength while yet I live,
  And do me honour when I die.

ANTIPATER. BLAND.

ON THE DEATH OF HELIODORA.

THESE tears be thine, O lost in early bloom!
(All, all that now affection can bestow)
Tears wept in anguish: o'er thy honour'd tomb
Love, in fond memory, pours the streams of woe.

Yes, my dead Heliodora, ever dear!
Long, long for thee shall Meleager grieve;
Still shall thy shade, while yet he lingers here,
These empty gifts to Acheron receive.

Ah! where is now my lovely blossom? torn,
By death untimely torn, in dust to fade,
But this fair flower, which all admired and mourn,
O Earth, fold softly, in thy bosom laid!

MELEAGER. F. LAURENCE.

MUSIC AND BEAUTY.

BY the God of Arcadia, so sweet are the notes
That tremulous fall from my Rhodope's lyre,
Such melody swells in her voice, as it floats
On the soft midnight air, that my soul is on fire.

Oh where can I fly? the young Cupids around me
Gaily spread their light wings, all my footsteps pursuing;
Her eyes dart a thousand fierce lustres to wound me,
And Music and Beauty conspire my undoing.

MELEAGER. M.

EPITAPH.

Hail, Universal Mother! Lightly rest
  On that dead form,
Which, when with life invested, ne'er oppress'd
  Its fellow worm.

MELEAGER. M.

OLD AGE.

Ye gods! how easily the good man bears
His cumbrous honours of increasing years.
Age, oh my father, is not, as they say,
A load of evils heap'd on mortal clay,
Unless impatient folly aids the curse,
And weak lamenting makes our sorrows worse.
He, whose soft soul, whose temper ever even,
Whose habits, placid as a cloudless heaven,
Approve the partial blessings of the sky,
Smooths the rough road, and walks untroubled by;
Untimely wrinkles furrow not his brow,
And graceful wave his locks of reverend snow.

ANAXANDRIDES. M.

LOVE UNEXTINGUISHED BY AGE.

Oh, how I loved, when, like the glorious sun
Firing the orient with a blaze of light,
Thy beauty every lesser star outshone!—
Now o'er that beauty steals the approach of night—
Yet, yet I love! though in the western sea
Half sunk, the day-star still is fair to me!

STRATO. M.

FUNERAL HONOURS.

Oh, think not that, with garlands crown'd,
  Inhuman near thy grave we tread,
Or blushing roses scatter round
  To mock the paleness of the dead!

What though we drain the fragrant bowl,
  In flowers adorn'd, and silken vest,
Oh, think not, brave departed soul,
  We revel to disturb thy rest!

Feign'd is the pleasure that appears,
  And false the triumph of our eyes;
Our draughts of joy are dash'd with tears,
  Our songs imperfect end in sighs.

We inly mourn; o'er flowery plains
  To roam in joyous trance is thine:
And pleasures unallied to pains,
  Unfading sweets, immortal wine.

UNCERTAIN. BLAND.

THE HOPE OF IMMORTALITY.

Thou art not dead, my Rosa, though no more
Inhabitant of this tempestuous shore,
Fled to the peaceful islands of the bless'd,
Where Youth and Love, for ever blooming, rest,
Or joyful wandering o'er Elysian ground,
Among soft flowers where not a thorn is found.
No winter freezes there, no summer fires,
No sickness weakens, and no labour tires;

No longer poverty nor thirst oppress,
Nor envy of man's boasted happiness;
But spring for ever glows serenely bright,
And bliss immortal hails the heavenly light.

UNCERTAIN. M.

EPIGRAM.

His shafts, the terror of the skies,
No more the God of Love discover;
Now from fair Anna's azure eyes
With surer aim they wound the lover.

For Venus he mistook the maid,
And laughing ran his arms to give her:
The bow she bent; her skill essay'd;
And emptied at my heart the quiver.

UNCERTAIN. F. LAURENCE.

LOVE AND WINE.

While for my fair a wreath I twined,
Of all the flowers which spring discloses,
It was my evil fate to find
Cupid lurking in the roses.

I seized the little struggling boy,
I plunged him in the mantling cup,
Then pledged it with a rapturous joy,
And, mad with triumph, drank him up.

But ever since, within my breast,
All uncontroll'd the urchin rages,
Disturbs my labour, breaks my rest,
And an eternal warfare wages.

JULIAN THE PREFECT. M.

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THE CONDITION OF PRIMITIVE MANKIND.

FROM THE LATIN OF LUCRETIUS.

THEN hardier, as beseem'd, the race of earth,
Since the hard ground had usher'd them to birth;
More vast their solid bones, and firm within [skin.
Were strung the nerves that branch'd within their
No change of skies impair'd that giant mould,
Proof 'gainst the heat, and braced to feel the cold.
No unknown aliment their frames diseased,
No plagues infectious on their bodies seized;
While rolling lustres round the heavens had fled,
Wild as the beasts their wandering lives they led.
No swain, robust, had turn'd with guiding hand
The crooked plough, no iron delved the land;
None then to set the tender sapling knew,
Or from tall trees the wither'd branches hew;
What earth spontaneous gave, and sun and shower
Matured, sufficed them for the passing hour;
Midst oaks, whose rustling mast bestrew'd the ground,
Nourish'd they lay, their feasts with acorns crown'd.
Then wintry arbutes, that allure the sight,
With blushing hue of ripen'd scarlet bright,
Earth pour'd more plenteous, and of ampler size;
For the new world, in fresh varieties,
Blossom'd with genial fruits, abundant then
To sate the wants of miserable men.
Rivers and fountains, with their gurgling sound,
Call'd them to slake their thirst, in crowds around;
As now upon the mountain torrent's brink, [drink.
By the shrill roar allured, the beasts impending
With nightly wandering step they sought the cells,
Where, in her haunt, the fabled woodnymph dwells;

Where sliding waters stealing from the cave,
Crept o'er the humid rocks, with smoothly spreading
The humid rocks, that drop by drop distil [wave;
Through their green moss the slowly trickling rill;
Or where swift springs, in gushes, broke away,
And laved the open plains in bubbling play.
Nor fire to them its uses had reveal'd,
Nor did the skin of beasts a vesture yield; [cave,
With uncouth limbs they crouch'd in mountain
Or groves and woodland glens a shelter gave:
And close in thickets, till the storm were pass'd,
They shunn'd the pelting shower and beating blast.
No common weal the human tribe allied;
Bound by no laws, by no fix'd morals tied,
Each snatch'd the booty which his fortune brought;
And, wise in instinct, each his welfare sought.
With rudest nature loved the youth and maid,
And Venus join'd them in the forest shade:
The man's fierce strength or passion forced the rite,
Or acorns, arbutes, pears, obtain'd the bribed delight.
With wondrous force of feet and hands endued,
They the wild race of woodland beasts pursued;
With missile stones and ponderous clubs oppress'd,
Full many fell, deep lairs conceal'd the rest;
And when the chase was done, in night's dark shade,
Like bristly boars beneath the forest laid,
They stretch'd their naked limbs upon the ground,
With broken boughs and leaves enveloped round.
Nor yet with howlings, through the glooms of night
Sought they the sun, nor trembling call'd the light.
But silent, drown'd in sleep, were fain to lie
Till morning's rosy torch should gild the sky.
From early time accustom'd to survey
The' alternate interchange of night and day,

No cause was left for distrust or amaze,
Lest when the sun withdrew his fading rays,
For ever sink the glory of his light,
And earth be wrapp'd in one eternal night.
  But far more pressing fears their thoughts possess'd;
Wild beasts would steal upon their harass'd rest;
The shaggy boar or lion, rushing nigh,
Would force them from their rocky cells to fly;
Quit to their savage guests the leaf-strewn bed,
And face the storm of night with bare unshelter'd head.
  Nor then did more forsake life's pleasing ray,
Than perish now with swiftly gliding day:
Though caught by teeth of beast, their panting food,
They fill'd with shrieks each glen and echoing wood
And mountain round, while beasts their limbs inter,
Alive, within a living sepulchre;
And others, saved by flight, yet bore away
A body mangled, a half eaten prey;
And o'er their mortifying wounds they press'd
Their tremulous hands, and from their groaning breast,
With cries of horror, call'd on lingering death,
Till worms, fierce-gnawing, stopp'd their tortured breath;
As destitute of human aid they lay,
Nor knew what meant the wounds that gnaw'd their lives away.
Yet then no banner'd hosts, by thousands led,
In one short day were mingled with the dead;
Yet then no turbid seas, with whirlpool shock,
Dash'd men and ships upon the sunken rock.
Oft, with roused billows heaved the raging main;
But idly chafed, and roused its rage in vain;

And none its placid harlotry beguiled, [smiled.
When, treacherous smooth, its waters glittering
The rudder's mischief undiscover'd lay,
And blind the science of the watery way.
Then death would oft the pining frame consume;
Now bloated plenty sinks us to the tomb.
Then, for themselves, would simple men infuse
Herbs in their cups, that reek'd with deadly dews:
For others now with meditated skill
The hands of men the venom'd juice distil.

C. A. ELTON.

THE POWER OF CONSCIENCE.

FROM THE LATIN OF LUCRETIUS.

And oh! how deep our shuddering spirits feel
A dread of Heaven through every member steal;
When the strong lightning strikes the blasted ground,
And thunder rolls the murmuring clouds around,
Shake not the nations? and the monarch's nod
Bows it not low before the present God;
Lest for foul deeds or haughty words, be sent
His hurried hour of awful punishment?
So when the rushing storm has burst its chain,
And sweeps in lawless fury o'er the main,
Bearing some conqueror's fleet to realms afar,
With his brave troops, and all the pomp of war,
Does he not then in eager terror crave
Peace from the wind, and pardon from the wave?
Does he not then confess the God he dreads?
In vain!—the tempest darkens o'er their heads,
The scatter'd wrecks are whirl'd and dash'd around,
And unavailing prayers from dying hosts resound.

Some secret force o'erturns the bravest plan,
The pride, the glory, and the strength of man!
Laughs him to scorn, with all his power display'd,
And tramples on the work itself has made.
So when wide earthquakes rock the crazy ball,
And tottering cities threat a doubtful fall,
Man's empty boldness well may pass away,
And mortal things despise their own decay.
The power and presence of the godhead know,
And see the hand that governs all below.

HODGSON.

TO THE PENINSULA OF SIRMIO.

FROM THE LATIN OF CATULLUS.

SIRMIO! the lovely eye of every isle,
And green peninsula, where'er they smile;
Whether the fresh or briny wave surround
The floating lake, or ocean's blue profound;
With what a joyous willingness of mind
I thee revisit! leaving far behind,
Still half-incredulous, Bithynia's plain,
And gaze, in safety, on thy scenes again!
Oh! what more blissful than to loose the breast
From cares, and bid the' unburthen'd spirit rest?
Sit by our home fireside; forget the toil
Of weary wanderings on a foreign soil;
And on the long'd for bed sink down at last
In full felt ease; o'erpaid for hardships pass'd!
Hail, pleasant Sirmio! for thy master's sake
Rejoice! ye waters of the Lydian lake,
Brighten in joy! and each remember'd thing,
That laughs of home, shall smile my welcoming!

C. A. ELTON.

DIRGE AT HIS BROTHER'S TOMB.

FROM THE LATIN OF CATULLUS.

O'ER many a realm, o'er many an ocean toss'd,
I come, my brother, to salute thy ghost!
Thus, on thy tomb, sad honour to bestow,
And vainly call the silent dust below,
Thou too art gone, e'en thee I must resign,
My more than brother—ah! no longer mine.
The funeral rites to ancient Romans paid
Duly I pay to thy lamented shade.
Take them—these tears their heartfelt homage tell,
And now—all hail for ever, and farewell!

REV. F. HODGSON.

TO LESBIA.

FROM THE LATIN OF CATULLUS.

WHY will my wanton maid inquire,
How many kisses I desire?
Go, count the conscious stars, that see
How fond I nightly steal to thee;
Count every beaming glance that flies
From those more radiant stars—thy eyes;
Count every pant that heaves thy breast,
When to my panting bosom press'd;
Go, count the loves, that ambush'd dwell
In every dimple's rosy dell;
Or, fluttering, play on frolic wings
Through every tress that drops in rings;
Count every charm of every kind,
That decks thy face, thy form, thy mind;
Then, Lesbia, nor till then, inquire
How many kisses I desire.

F. LAURENCE.

PASTORAL ELEGY.

FROM THE LATIN OF TIBULLUS.

LET others pile their yellow ingots high,
  And see their cultured acres round them spread;
While hostile borderers draw their anxious eye,
  And at the trumpet's blast their sleep is fled.

Me let my poverty to ease resign;
  While my bright hearth reflects its blazing cheer;
In season let me plant the pliant vine,
  And, with light hand, my swelling apples rear.

Hope, fail not thou! let earth her fruitage yield;
  Let the brimm'd vat flow red with virgin wine;
For, still, some lone bare stump that marks the field,
  Or antique crossway stone, with flowers I twine,

In pious rite; and, when the year anew
  Matures the blossom on the budding spray,
I bear the peasant's God his grateful due;
  And firstling fruits upon his altar lay.

Still let thy temple's porch, oh Ceres! wear
  The spiky garland from my harvest field;
And, midst my orchard, gainst the birds of air,
  His threatening hook let red Priapus wield.

Ye too, once guardians of a rich domain,
  Now of poor fields, domestic gods! be kind!
Then, for unnumber'd herds, a calf was slain;
  Now to your altars is a lamb consign'd.

The mighty victim of a scanty soil,
  A lamb alone shall bleed before your shrine;
While round it shout the youthful sons of toil,
  'Hail! grant the harvest! grant the generous wine!'

Content with little, I no more would tread
  The lengthening road, but shun the summer day
Where some o'erbranching tree might shade my
    head;
  And watch the murmuring rivulet glide away.

Nor could I blush to wield the rustic prong,
  The lingering oxen goad; or some stray lamb,
Embosom'd in my garment, bear along,
  Or kid forgotten by its heedless dam.

Spare my small flock! ye thieves and wolves, assail
  The wealthier cotes that ampler booty hold;
Ne'er for my shepherd due lustrations fail;
  I soothe with milk the goddess of the fold.

Be present, Deities! nor gifts disdain
  From homely board; nor cups with scorn survey,
Earthen, yet pure; for such the ancient swain
  Form'd for himself, and shaped of ductile clay.

I envy not my sires their golden heap;
  Their garners' floors with sheafy corn bespread;
Few sheaves suffice: enough, in easy sleep
  To lay my limbs upon the' accustom'd bed.

How sweet! to hear, without, the howling blast,
  And strain a yielding mistress to my breast?
Or, when the gusty torrent's rush has pass'd,
  Sink, lull'd by beating rains, to shelter'd rest!

Be this my lot; be his the' unenvied store,
  Who the drear storm endures, and raging sea;
Ah! perish emeralds and the golden ore,
  If the fond anxious nymph must weep for me!

Messala! range the earth and main, that Rome
May shine with trophies of the foes that fell;
But me a beauteous nymph enchains at home,
At her hard door a sleepless sentinel.

I heed not praise, my Delia! while with thee;
Sloth brand my name, so I thy sight behold;
Let me the oxen yoke; oh come with me!
On desert mountains I will feed my fold.

And, while I press'd thee in my tender arms,
Sweet were my slumber on the rugged ground;
What boots the purple couch, if cruel charms
In wakeful tears the midnight hours have drown'd?

Not the soft plume can yield the limbs repose,
Nor yet the broider'd covering soothe to sleep;
Not the calm streamlet that in murmurs flows,
With sound oblivious o'er the eyelids creep.

Iron is he, who might thy form possess,
Yet flies to arms, and thirsts for plunder's gains;
What though his spear Cilician squadrons press,
What though his tent be pitch'd on plunder'd plains:

In gold and silver mail conspicuous he [sand;
May stride the steed, that, pawing, spurns the
May I my last looks fondly bend on thee,
And grasp thee with my dying, faltering hand!

And thou wilt weep when, cold, I press the bier
That soon shall on the flaming pyre be thrown;
And print the kiss, and mingle many a tear;
Not thine a breast of steel, a heart of stone.

Yes—thou wilt weep. No youth shall thence return
With tearless eye; no virgin homeward wend;
But thou forbear to violate my urn, [rend.
Spare thy soft cheeks, nor those loose tresses

Now Fate permits; now blend the sweet embrace;
Death, cowl'd in darkness, creeps with stealing tread;
Ill suits with sluggish age love's sprightly grace,
And murmur'd fondness with a hoary head.

The light amour be mine; the shiver'd door;
The midnight fray; ye trumps and standards, hence!
Here is my camp; bleed they who thirst for ore:
Wealth I despise in easy competence.

C. A. ELTON.

TO NEÆRA.

FROM THE LATIN OF TIBULLUS.

Why should my vows, Neæra, fill the sky,
And the sweet incense blend with many a prayer?
Not forth to issue on the gazing eye
From marble vestibule of mansion fair.

Not that unnumber'd steers may turn my field,
And the kind earth its copious harvests lend;
But that with thee the joys of life may yield
Their full satiety, till life has end.

And, when my days have measured out their light;
And, naked, I must Lethe's bank survey;
I on thy breast may close my fading sight,
And feel my dying age fall soft away.

For what avails the pile of massive gold?
What the rich glebe by thousand oxen plough'd?
Roofs, that the Phrygian pillars vast uphold,
Tænarian shafts, Carystian columns proud?

Mansions, whose groves might seem some temple's wood;
The gilded cornice, or the marble floor?
Pearls glean'd from sands of Persia's ruddy flood,
Sidon's red fleece, and all the crowd adore?

For envy clings to these: the crowd still gaze,
Charm'd with false shows, and love with little skill:
Not wealth the cares of human souls allays,
Since Fortune shifts their happiness at will.

With thee, oh sweet Neæra! want were bliss;
Without thee I the gifts of kings disdain:
Oh clear the light! bless'd day, that brings me this;
Thrice bless'd, that yields thee to my arms again!

If to my vows for this thy sweet return,
Love's God kind listen, nor avert his ear;
Then Lydia's river, rolling gold, I'll spurn:
Kingdoms and wealth of worlds shall poor appear.

Seek these who may: a frugal fare be mine:
With my dear consort let me safely dwell:
Come, Juno! to my timid prayers incline!
Come, Venus! wafted on thy scallop'd shell!

But if the Sister Fates refuse my boon,
Who draw the future day with swift-spun thread,
Hell to its gulfy rivers call me soon,
To sluggish lurid lakes, where haunt the dead.

C. A. ELTON.

THE PRAISE OF A COUNTRY LIFE.

FROM THE LATIN OF VIRGIL.

Ah! happy swain! ah! race beloved of heaven!
If known thy bliss, how great the blessing given!
For thee just Earth from her prolific beds
Far from wild war spontaneous nurture sheds.
Though nor high domes through all their portals wide
Each morn disgorge the flatterer's refluent tide;
Though nor thy gaze on gem-wrought columns rest,
The brazen bust, and gold-embroider'd vest;
Nor poisoning Tyre thy snowy fleeces soil,
Nor casia taint thy uncorrupted oil;
Yet peace is thine, and life that knows no change,
And various wealth in Nature's boundless range,
The grot, the living fount, the' umbrageous glade,
And sleep on banks of moss beneath the shade;
Thine, all of tame and wild, in lawn and field,
That pastured plains or savage woodlands yield:
Content and patience youth's long toils assuage,
Repose and reverence tend declining age:
There gods yet dwell, and, as she fled mankind,
There Justice left her last lone trace behind.
Me first, ye Muses! at whose hallow'd fane
Led by pure love I consecrate my strain,
Me deign accept! and to my search unfold
Heaven and her host in beauteous order roll'd:
The' eclipse that dims the golden orb of day,
And changeful labours of the lunar ray; [main
Whence rocks the earth, by what vast force the
Now bursts its barriers, now subsides again;

Why wintry suns in ocean swiftly fade,
Or what delay retards night's lingering shade.
But if chill blood restrain the' ambitious flight,
And Nature veil her wonders from my sight,
Oh, may I yet, by fame forgotten, dwell
By gushing fount, wild wood, and shadowy dell!
Oh loved Sperchean plains, Taygetian heights,
That ring to virgin choirs in Bacchic rites!
Hide me some god, where Hæmus' vales extend,
And boundless shade and solitude defend!
How bless'd the sage! whose soul can pierce each cause
Of changeful Nature, and her wondrous laws:
Who tramples fear beneath his foot, and braves
Fate and stern death and hell's resounding waves.
Bless'd too, who knows each god that guards the swain,
Pan, old Sylvanus, and the Dryad train.
Not the proud fasces, nor the pomp of kings,
Discord that bathes in kindred blood her wings;
Not arming Istrians that on Dacia call,
Triumphant Rome, and kingdoms doom'd to fall,
Envy's wan gaze, or pity's bleeding tear,
Disturb the tenor of his calm career.
From fruitful orchards and spontaneous fields
He culls the wealth that willing Nature yields,
Far from the tumult of the maddening bar,
And iron justice, and forensic war.
Some vex with restless oar wild seas unknown,
Some rush on death, or cringe around the throne;
Stern warriors here beneath their footstep tread
The realm that rear'd them, and the hearth that fed,
To quaff from gems, and lull to transient rest
The wound that bleeds beneath the Tyrian vest.

These brood with sleepless gaze o'er buried gold,
The rostrum these with raptured trance behold,
Or wonder when repeated plaudits raise
'Mid peopled theatres the shout of praise:
These with grim joy, by civil discord led,
And stain'd in battles where a brother bled,
From their sweet household hearth in exile roam,
And seek beneath new suns a foreign home.
The peasant yearly ploughs his native soil;
The lands that bless'd his fathers bound his toil,
Sustain his herd, his country's wealth increase,
And see his children's children sport in peace.
Each change of seasons leads new plenty round;
Now lambs and kids along the meadow bound,
Now every furrow loads with corn the plain,
Fruits bend the bough, and garners burst with grain;
Or where with purple hues the upland glows,
Autumnal suns on mellowing grapes repose.
His swine return at winter's evening hours,
Gorged with the mast that every forest showers:
For him the arbute reddens on the wood,
And mills press forth the olive's gushing flood;
Chaste love his household guards, and round his knees
Fond infants climb the foremost kiss to seize;
Kine from their gushing udders nectar shed,
And wanton kids high toss their butting head.
He too, at times, where flames the rustic shrine,
And, ranged around, his gay compeers recline,
In grateful leisure on some festive day
Stretch'd on the turf delights his limbs to lay,
To loose from care his disencumber'd soul,
And hail thee, Bacchus! o'er the circling bowl:

Or on the elm the javelin's mark suspend,
Where for the prize his hardy hinds contend,
Bare their huge bodies, and, untaught to yield,
To wrestling toils provoke the challenged field.

SOTHEBY.

THE CORCYRIAN SWAIN.

FROM THE LATIN OF VIRGIL.

Yes, I remember where Galæsus leads
His flood dark-winding through the golden meads,
Where proud Œbalia's towers o'erlook the plain,
Once I beheld an old Corcyrian swain;
Lord of a little spot, by all disdain'd,
Where never labouring yoke subsistence gain'd,
Where never shepherd gave his flock to feed,
Nor Bacchus dared to trust the' ungrateful mead;
He there with scanty herbs the bushes crown'd,
And planted lilies, vervain, poppies round;
Nor envied kings, when late, at twilight close,
Beneath his peaceful shed he sought repose,
And cull'd from earth, with changeful plenty stored,
The' unpurchased feasts that piled his varied board.
At springtide first he pluck'd the full-blown rose,
From autumn first the ripen'd apple chose;
And e'en when winter split the rocks with cold,
And chain'd the' o'erhanging torrent as it roll'd,
His blooming hyacinths, ne'er known to fail,
Shed sweets unborrow'd of the vernal gale,
As mid their rifled beds he wound his way,
Chid the slow sun and zephyr's long delay.
Hence first his bees new swarms unnumber'd gave,
And press'd from richest combs the golden wave:

Limes round his haunts diffused a grateful shade,
And verdant pines with many a cone array'd;
And every bud, that gemm'd the vernal spray,
Swell'd into fruit beneath the' autumnal ray;
He lofty elms transposed in order placed,
Luxuriant pears at will his alleys graced,
And grafted thorns that blushing plums display'd,
And planes that stretch'd o'er summer feasts their shade.

SOTHEBY.

ORPHEUS AND EURYDICE.

FROM THE LATIN OF VIRGIL.

Yet, not forgetful of his art, the god,
In wondrous change of monster, fire, and flood,
Strove to elude the' indissoluble yoke,
Then rose in human form, and sternly spoke—
'Rash youth! what frenzy urged thy impious feet
To rush unbidden on my lone retreat?" [returns,
'Proteus, thou know'st, thou know'st, the youth
None can deceive thy power that all discerns;
Cease the vain strife; by Heaven's high mandate
I claim relief from thy prophetic aid.' [sway'd,
He said, and, fill'd with fate, the struggling sire
Roll'd his green eyes that flash'd indignant fire;
From his pale lip reluctant accents broke,
And his teeth clatter'd as the godhead spoke.
'Great is thy guilt; on thy devoted head
Indignant gods no common vengeance shed;
Sad Orpheus, doom'd, without a crime, to mourn
His ravish'd bride that never shall return,
Wild for her loss, calls down the' inflicted woes,
And deadlier threatens, if no fate oppose.

When urged by thee along the marshy bed,
The' unhappy nymph in frantic terror fled,
She saw not, doom'd to die, across her way,
Where, couch'd beneath the grass, the serpent lay.
But every Dryad, their companion dead,
O'er the high rocks their echoed clamour spread,
The Rhodopeian mounts with sorrow rung,
Deep wailings burst Pangæa's cliffs among,
Sad Orithyia, and the Getæ wept,
And loud lament down plaintive Hebrus swept.
He, lonely on his harp, 'mid wilds unknown,
Soothed his sad love with melancholy tone:
On thee, sweet bride! still dwelt the' undying lay,
Thee first at dawn deplored, thee last at close of day;
For thee he dared to pass the jaws of hell,
And gates where death and darkness ever dwell,
Trod with firm foot in horror's gloomy grove,
Approach'd the throne of subterraneous Jove,
Nor fear'd the manes and stern host below,
And hearts that never felt for human woe.
Drawn by his song from Erebus profound
Shades and unbodied phantoms flock around,
Countless as birds that fill the leafy bower
Beneath pale eve, or winter's driving shower.
Matrons and sires and unaffianced maids,
Forms of bold warriors and heroic shades,
Youths and palé infants laid upon the pyre,
While their fond parents saw the' ascending fire:
All whom the squalid reeds and sable mud
Of slow Cocytus' unrejoicing flood,
All whom the Stygian lake's dark confines bounds,
And with nine circles maze in maze surrounds.
On him astonish'd Death and Tartarus gazed,
Their viper hair the wondering Furies raised:

Grim Cerberus stood, his triple jaws half closed,
And fix'd in air Ixion's wheel reposed.
'Now every peril o'er, when Orpheus led
His rescued prize in triumph from the dead,
And the fair bride, so Proserpine enjoin'd,
Press'd on his path, and follow'd close behind,
In sweet oblivious trance of amorous thought
The lover err'd, to sudden frenzy wrought.
Ah, venial fault! if hell had ever known
Mercy, or sense of suffering not its own.
He stopp'd, and ah! forgetful, weak of mind,
Cast as she reach'd the light one look behind.
There die his hopes; by love alone betray'd,
He broke the law that hell's stern tyrant made.
Thrice o'er the Stygian lake a hollow sound
Portentous murmur'd from its depth profound;
"Alas! what fates our hapless love divide,
What frenzy, Orpheus, tears thee from thy bride!
Again I sink; a voice resistless calls;
Lo! on my swimming eye cold slumber falls;
Now, now farewell! involved in thickest night,
Borne far away, I vanish from thy sight,
And stretch towards thee, all hope for ever o'er,
These unavailing arms; ah! thine no more."
She spoke, and from his gaze for ever fled,
Swift as dissolving smoke through ether spread;
Nor more beheld him, while he fondly strove
To catch her shade, and pour the plaints of love.
Deaf to his prayer, no more stern Charon gave
To cross the Stygian lake's forbidden wave.
What shall he do? Where dead to hope reside,
Reft of all joy, and doubly lost his bride?
What tears shall soothe the' inexorable god!
Pale swam her spirit to its last abode.

Ah! many a month he wept in lofty caves,
By frozen Strymon's solitary waves,
With melting melodies the beasts subdued,
And drew around his harp the listening wood.
Thus Philomel beneath the poplar spray
Mourns her lost brood untimely snatch'd away,
Whom some rough hind, that watch'd her fostering nest,
Tore yet unfledged from the maternal breast;
She on the bough all night her plaint pursues,
Fills the far woods with woe, and each sad note renews.
No earthly charms had power his soul to move,
No second hymeneal lured to love.
'Mid climes where Tanais freezes as it flows,
'Mid deserts hoary with Riphæan snows,
Lone roam'd the bard, his ravish'd wife deplored,
And the vain gift of hell's relenting lord.
Scorn'd of the youth whom grief alone could charm,
Rage and revenge the Thracian matrons arm;
Mid the dark orgies of their god they tore
His mangled limbs, and toss'd along the shore;
Ah! at that time, while roll'd the floating head,
Torn from his neck, down Hebrus' craggy bed,
His last, last voice, his tongue now cold in death,
Still named Eurydice with parting breath.
Ah, poor Eurydice! his spirit sigh'd,
And all the rocks Eurydice replied.'
Thus Proteus spoke, and with impetuous bound
Plunged in the circling waves that foam'd around.

SOTHEBY.

THE VISION OF HECTOR.

FROM THE LATIN OF VIRGIL.

'Twas now the time when Heaven on labour throws
Sleep's dearest blessing in the first repose:
When in a dream, behold! before my eyes
Hector in gushing sorrow seem'd to rise.
Such he appear'd as when, in battle slain,
The victor's chariot rapt him o'er the plain.
Black bloody dust his lineaments defaced;
And through his wounded feet the cords were braced.
Ah me! the Hector then that met my sight,
How changed from him who, glorious in the fight,
Blazed in Achilles' spoils; or, arm'd with brands,
Hurl'd flaming ruin on the Grecian bands!
His beard and hair were stiff with clotted gore;
And red the wounds his patriot bosom bore.
While streaming tears my anguish'd heart con-
I thus the melancholy shade address'd: [fess'd,
'O light! O hope of Troy! her surest stay!
Where hast thou linger'd? why this long delay?
When Fate has here been busy to destroy,
What has withheld our Hector from his Troy?
And whence, so many toils and slaughters past,
Comes he to cheer his longing friends at last?
But, ah!—why thus?—say whence the wounds I trace?
What outrage this that blots thy noble face?"
To these vain questions deigning no replies,
With deep-drawn groans the vision'd Sorrow cries:
'Fly, Goddess-born! O fly! and haste to save
Thy better fates from Ilion's fiery grave.

The foe has gain'd the walls: and, stooping low,
Troy humbles in the dust her towery brow.
Enough is done: thy patriot work is o'er:
Priam and Troy can ask of thee no more.
If Ilion by a mortal's force could stand,
Still had she stood by this protecting hand.
To thee she now her country gods commends:
Them, as companions of thine exile, sends,
With them range seas, and, all thy toils fulfill'd,
Found the great walls which Heaven by thee will
build.' SYMMONS.

THE DEATH OF PRIAM.

FROM THE LATIN OF VIRGIL.

HAPLY, you now may ask the monarch's fate,
When he beheld his captured city's state,
And his own palace storm'd; with arms, disused
For many a year, his age-worn limbs he bruised.
Then, with an idle falchion girt, the sire
Went feebly, not to combat but expire.
Where the mid dome unfolded to the sky,
A spacious altar rear'd its sanctity.
O'er it, and o'er the gods that held the place,
An ancient laurel threw its wide embrace.
Here Hecuba, in vain imploring aid,
Sat with her daughters in the hallow'd shade.
Like doves collected in a flock, when driven
By a black storm that rides the clouds of heaven,
They cower'd around the shrine; and fondly press'd
The gods' cold statues to the beating breast.
But when the wretched queen beheld her lord,
Like a young warrior, arm'd with spear and sword,

'Ah! what dire impulse this?' she cried, 'Ah! why
These arms? and whither haste you thus to die?
No! my lost Consort! this disastrous hour
Asks other arms, and more availing power.
Even my own Hector, were my Hector here,
Vainly would now exert his deathful spear.
Then hither come: this shrine will guard us all:
Here be our safety one; or one our fall.'
She spoke; and gently, as her words entreat,
Placed the lorn senior on the hallow'd seat.
But, lo! escaped from Pyrrhus' slaughtering arm,
Polites, Priam's son, in wild alarm
Flies, wounded, through the storm of darts and foes;
Through the wide halls, and galleries' long rows.
Him Pyrrhus follows with his lifted death,
Ardent to strike, and fans him with his breath.
Now, now the spear just touches on its prey:
When, forcing to his sire his bleeding way,
The hapless boy, extended on the floor,
Pours out his spirit in a flood of gore.
Then, though within the pale of death he stood,
Priam restrain'd not his impatient blood.
'Wretch!' he exclaim'd, 'the gods for this offence,
If gods be just, will give the recompense.
Yes! they will strike the hand that thus could stain
A father's vision with his offspring slain.
Achilles, slander'd by thy filial claim,
Respected in his foe a father's name.
He, to the rights of pleading nature true,
Felt what to suppliant wretchedness was due:
Gave the son's body to the funeral fire;
And safely to his throne dismiss'd the sire.'
Thus spake the reverend king; then feebly threw
His lance, which fluttering and unwounding flew.

Faintly upon the impassive brass it rung;
Nor on the surface of the buckler hung.
To him thus Pyrrhus:—'Then thyself shalt go,
And bear these tidings to my sire below.
Tell him what Neoptolemus has done;
And wound his ear with his degenerate son.
Now die!' Thus speaking, to the shrine he tore
The father, faltering through the son's warm gore.
By the white locks of age his left hand held
The panting victim, while his right impell'd
His flaming blade, that with the force impress'd
Plunged, and was lost within the monarch's breast.

SYMMONS.

FAME.

FROM THE LATIN OF VIRGIL.

But Fame, alarm'd, o'er Libya's cities flies;
Fame, the most fleet of mischief's progenies:
Who gathers speed from every passing hour;
Grows as she moves, and travels into power.
Timid and small at first, at length she shrouds,
While treading on the ground, her forehead in the clouds.
Offended at the gods, great parent Earth,
'Tis said, in vengeance gave the monster birth,
Of all her giant family the last;
A swift-wing'd portent, foul, deform'd, and vast.
Beneath each numerous plume, that lifts her flight,
An active eye extends her scope of sight.
As many ears and mouths and tongues she moves,
To catch and spread the rumours as she roves.
Midway 'twixt heaven and earth, through night she flies
Clanging, nor bathes in dewy sleep her eyes.

By day she keeps on watch, and takes her stand
On some high roof or tower of wide command;
And thence, alike for truth or falsehood loud,
She shakes the city and distracts the crowd.

SYMMONS.

THE DEATH OF DIDO.

FROM THE LATIN OF VIRGIL.

And now, with cloven ash and pine built high,
In the court's inner space, beneath the sky,
The pyre of fate, as gloomily it stands, [bands;
The queen, encircling, wreathes with flowery
And, thoughtful of the event her soul decreed,
Crowns it with leaves devoted to the dead;
And places all the relics on its head. [plays;
There plants the sword, the conscious bed dis-
And on the bed the hero's image lays.
Altars are raised around: the priestess there,
With raving act and wildly streaming hair,
Thundering, thrice summons from their dread
Orcus and Chaos, and the hundred gods, [abodes
And threefold Hecate,—Diana trine,
In hell, on earth, in heaven, of power divine:
Strews drops, pretended from the Avernian well;
And herbs, whose veins with dusky poisons swell;
Fed with black dews from night's disastrous noon,
With brazen sickles reap'd beneath the moon;
And then, to give the maddening power to move,
Robs the foal's forehead of its mother's love.
The queen before the solemn altars bends:
The salted cakes her pious hand extends.
One foot was bare, and zoneless was her vest:
Her dying lips the gods and stars attest:

The stars and gods that, conscious of her state,
Look'd idly on, nor would avert her fate:
And if there be upon the thrones above
Some Powers, who visit for the wrongs of love;
To these, whose pity woes like hers can feel,
Her prayers for justice and revenge appeal.
'Twas night; and slumber's soft and balmy hand
Threw healing influence o'er the weary land.
The woods repose: the lull'd waves murmur low:
In their mid course the stars serenely glow:
Hush'd are the fields: the tenants of the brake,
The mead, the forest, and the limpid lake,
Beasts and gay-cinctured birds, in sleep's delight
Forget their labours, and enjoy the night.
Not so the unhappy queen: with transient rest
Night cannot seal her eyes, or calm her breast.
Contending cares distract her: love returns
To war with anger, and the conflict burns.
'What shall I do? ah! what is now the part
My fortunes prompt?' she questions thus her heart:
'Shall I my former suitors try to move?
Beg, where I would not give, the boon of love?
Court Libyan nuptials with submitting pride?
And, scorning oft, now sue—and be denied?
Or shall I go, and seek the Trojan bands,
A suppliant, crouching for their last commands?
Yes!—truly, those I succour'd will be kind!
Already have they shown their grateful mind!
But, grant my soul could stoop thus meanly low,
Would their proud ships receive me as I bow?
Ah wretch! yet know'st thou not that falsehood runs,
From false Laomedon, through all his sons?
Then—shall I singly go, prepared to meet
The taunts and pity of the shouting fleet?

Or shall I bring my Tyre to swell their train;
A second host of exiles on the main?
And, whom from Sidon's shores I hardly drew,
Throw to the perils of the sea anew?
No! die, fond wretch!—to die is thy desert:
The sword must still the throbbings of thy heart.
From thee, my sister!—thee derived my woe:
Moved by my tears, thou gavest me to the foe.
Ah! wherefore was I not allow'd to prove
The life of nature, free from nuptial love,
And far from cares like these? I suffer now
For wrong'd Sychæus, and my broken vow.'
While thus her bursting sorrows found their way,
Æneas in his ship securely lay,
Prepared to sail and certain now of flight:
When lo! the god, once more reveal'd in light,
Flash'd sudden on his dream, and to his ear
Address'd this warning, and alarm'd his fear
(In all like Mercury the vision came:
His voice, his air, his roseate youth, the same):
'And sleep'st thou, goddess-born! thus urged by Fate;
Blind to the dangers that around thee wait?
Mad as thou'art! nor hear'st the western gales,
That breathe auspicious and provoke thy sails?
Toss'd by wild passions, and on death intent,
Her breast now labours with some dire event.
And wilt thou not, when fraud or force is nigh,
Fly hence, while yet it is indulged to fly?
Soon shalt thou see the waves convulsed with oars,
And bright with hostile fires the seas and shores,
If morn surprise thee here. Haste! hence! away!
Burst from the land, for death is in delay.
Woman is various, mutable, and light.
Beware!' He spoke, and mingled with the night.

Æneas, startled by the god's alarm,
Springs from his sleep, and calls his host to arm.
'Wake! rouse, my men! be vigilant! extend
The strenuous oar, and all your canvass bend!
The god again, descending from the sky,
Chides our delay and stimulates to fly;
Bless'd Power! again we hear thee, and obey;
And gladly follow as thou lead'st the way.
Whoe'er thou art of all the thrones divine,
Be present still! and still, as now, benign!
With stars propitious guide us o'er the seas!
Breathe favouring winds, and all the fierce appease!'
Instant he drew his sword, and with a stroke
The steel through the retaining cable broke.
The leader's soul shot ardent through the host.
They rush—they seise their oars, and leave the coast.
The vessels hide the main: the seamen sweep,
With strength united, o'er the foamy deep.
Now, rising from Tithonus' saffron bed,
Her earliest rays o'er earth Aurora spread.
When, from her watch-tower, with the dawning light
The queen beheld the sails arranged in flight;
Remark'd the mournful silence of the shore,
And the lone port, that stirr'd with life no more,
She rent her golden hair,—her beauteous breast
Madly she struck, and thus her soul express'd:—
'Great God! and shall he!—shall this stranger brave
My baffled power, and safely ride the wave?
Rush not my troops? pours not my town its swarms
To launch my navy, and pursue with arms?

Haste! scatter fires! spread all your sails, and row,
To bear my vengeance headlong on the foe!
What do I say? where am I? In my brain
Distraction wanders, and the Furies reign.
This had been well, when yet thou couldst command;
Ere, fool! thou gavest the sceptre from thy hand.
Behold his faith, who bore his aged sire!
His piety, who saved his gods through fire!
Could I not tear, and scatter on the main
His mangled limbs? not slaughter all his train?
Ascanius too? and place, with horrid joy,
Even on the father's board the sever'd boy?
But doubtful still had been the event of arms:
Well! the secure of death had mock'd alarms.
Yes!—I had fill'd his decks with bursting flame:
Destroy'd the sire, the son, the race—the name:
Then thrown myself upon the pile of death;
And, pleased with vengeance, smiled away my breath.
Thou Sun, whose eye of fire sees all below!
Thou, nuptial Juno, conscious of my woe!
Thou, Hecate, severe nocturnal Power,
Invoked with howlings in the midnight hour!
Ye, Furies of revenge! ye Gods, who wait
On Dido's death, the ministers of Fate!
Attend! your righteous deities incline
To wrongs so deep, and prayers so just as mine!
If this dire man must struggle to the land;
Must gain the port, as Jove and Fate command;
So let it be:—but let him joy no more!
Wreck him, the billow's fugitive, on shore!
Oppress'd by nations of unyielding war,
Torn from Iülus, from his confines far,

An exile, let him sue for aid in vain;
And see his comrades strew the ensanguined plain.
And, when at last beneath injurious peace
He stoops,—O, let not then his labours cease!
Then, cheated of the hopes he bought so dear,
Power's tranquil reign and life's soft fading year,
Oh! let him fall in gore before his day,
Unburied on the sands, the vulture's prey!
This is my prayer: and, O ye Gods! make good
These my last words, that issue with my blood!
And you, my Tyrians! to my manes just,
Cherish my hatred as a sacred trust!
Pursue to death the whole detested line!
No love, no leagues the hostile people join!
Rise, too, some great avenger from my tomb,
To urge with steel and fire the Dardan's doom!
Now and hereafter, as the strength may grow,
Still let our vengeance strike, our battle glow!
Theirs still our shores, waves, arms, opposing face;
And one vast hate inspirit all our race!'

'She spoke; and anxiously explored the way
How soonest she might break from hated day.
Then thus to Barce (who, with tender fears,
Had fondly watch'd Sychæus' infant years;
His honor'd nurse: her own was now no more,
In peace reposing on her native shore:)

'Haste, Barce! call my Anna! bid her bring,
To bathe my limbs, pure waters from the spring:
And here the victims of atonement lead:
Thy hand the sacred fillets on my head
Shall bind: to Stygian Jove I now prepare
To' absolve the destined rites, and close my care:
And now the Dardan pyre must flame.' She said:
With tottering haste the time-worn dame obey'd.

But wild,—aghast at what her soul decreed;
Shuddering, yet rushing to the dreadful deed;
With sanguine eyes that roll, and cheeks that glow
With spots of red, emerging from the snow
Shed by approaching death, with frantic haste
The court's interior threshold Dido pass'd.
Then, mounting on the pyre, by fury driven
She drew—ah! not for this sad purpose given,
The Dardan sword: but, faltering as she view'd
On the known bed the Trojan vestments strew'd,
Her soul relented,—into tears she broke;
And, thrown upon the couch, her last she spoke:
'Sweet, precious trophies of my happy state,
While Jove was kind, and smiled indulgent Fate!
Receive my streaming life, and aid the blow
That greatly rids me of incumbent woe.
Yet have I lived!—and lived for noble ends!
My shade in glory to the shades descends.
Rear'd by my care a monarch-city stands:
My eyes have seen this triumph of my hands.
My brother, who could bid my consort bleed,
Has felt my vengeance for the direful deed.
Happy!—too happy! had disastrous gales
Not wafted to my shores the Trojan sails!' [bed;
She paused, and press'd with frenzied lip the
'And shall I die? and unrevenged?' she said:
'Yes! let me die! thus—thus I plunge in night:
This flame shall reach the cruel Dardan's sight;
And be the withering ómen of his flight.'
While yet the attendants listen'd as she spoke,
They saw her sink beneath the fatal stroke;
Beheld the sword with gushing lifeblood warm,
Her hands distain'd;—and all is loud alarm.

The dismal clamour through the court resounds:
Then, spreading, rages through the city's bounds.
With female cries and howlings of lament
The streets reecho, and the skies are rent.
Not less than if, beneath the storming foe,
Carthage or venerable Tyre should bow:
O'er towers and temples roll the tide of fire;
And a whole people in one blaze expire.

Half dead and horror-struck, the sister caught
The dreadful tidings by the tumult brought.
Raving she beats her breast and tears her cheeks;
And, wildly as the obstructing crowd she breaks,
Calls on the dying: 'Couldst thou this intend?
Ah! Sister! couldst thou thus betray thy friend?
Were then these altars, fires, and pyre design'd
To cheat my feelings and mislead my mind?
Deserted as I am,—undone and lost,
Of what shall I complain the first and most?
Hast thou then scorn'd me with thy latest breath?
Denied me e'en the partnership of death?
Ah! equal, surely, should have been our doom;
And the same pang have sent us to the tomb.
And did I then this fatal pile prepare,
Invoke my gods with mockery of prayer,
To find thee thus?—Ah me! this frantic blow
Has laid thy sister, senate, people, low—
Has overturn'd thy state!—Haste! let me lave
Her gory bosom with the living wave:
If yet she breathe, my lips to hers apply,
And catch the etherial spirit ere it fly.'

Speaking, the summit of the pyre she press'd;
And warm'd her dying sister in her breast:
Groan'd, and with softest hand her robe applied
To dry the black drops trickling down her side.

The expiring queen essays to lift with pain
Her heavy lids, but soon they fall again.
Deep in her bosom stream'd the inflicted wound;
And the torn vessels yield a bubbling sound.
Thrice, on her elbow raised, she heaves her head;
And, fainting, thrice relapses on the bed:
With wandering vision strives to gain the light;
Finds it at length, and sighs, and loathes the sight.
But heaven's great Empress saw her labouring
Detain'd in anguish by suspended death; [breath
And, pitying, sent fleet Iris from the skies,
To free the soul that struggled with its ties.
For, since not Nature's death, or struck for crime
She died, but fell by frenzy ere her time,
Proserpina had yet not shorn her head
Of the due lock, and doom'd her to the dead.
Now therefore, radiant with a thousand dyes
Drawn from the sun, the dewy Iris flies;
And, o'er her head—'This I, as Heaven commands,
To Pluto bear, and loose thy mortal bands;'
Says, and divides the lock. At once expires
Life's spark; and into air the unbodied soul retires.

SYMMONS.

THE ENTRANCE TO THE SHADES.

FROM THE LATIN OF VIRGIL.

Ye Gods, who rule the shades with awful might!
Chaos! and Phlegethon! and silent Night!
Grant me unblamed to speak what Fame has told;
And your deep world of darkness to unfold.
O'er shadowy realms, controll'd by Pluto's sway,
Through the dun gloom they press their lonely way:

Like him who traverses the forest shade,
By the false moon not lighted, but betray'd:
When Jove in clouds withdraws the heavens from view;
And Night robes Nature in one sable hue.
On hell's black threshold, by its yawning gate,
Sorrows and vengeful Cares reclining wait.
There wan Diseases dwell and mournful Age:
There Fear and Want and ghastly Famine rage;
Forms dire to sight! and there, of kindred race,
Pale Death and Sleep, with Labor, hold their place:
There too the Joys of mind that spring from guilt;
And War, all horrid in the blood he spilt.
There stand the Furies' iron beds, and there
Discord with gory bands compels her snaky hair.
High in the midst an elm expands its arms,
Old, dark, immense; beneath whose boughs in swarms
Cluster light dreams, the mockeries of sleep;
And by each leaf their fluttering station keep.
The region teems with monsters huge and foul:
There Centaurs stable; twofold Scyllas howl;
Vast Briareus his hundred-arm'd assault
Threats; and fell Hydra's hisses shake the vault:
Chimæra pours her flames: dire Gorgons glare:
The wings of Harpyies rend the lurid air;
And, grandly in his pomp of might display'd,
Scowls, with dark rage, the fierce tricorporate shade*.
Here, suddenly alarm'd, the hero's hand
Shook his broad falchion at the monstrous band:
And, unadmonish'd by his sapient guide
That the vain lives in forms of shadow glide,

* Geryon.

Madly his rage had dealt its blows around;
And at impassive phantoms aim'd the wound.
Hence leads their path to Acheron's dark waves.
Turbid and foul the flood in eddies raves;
And with fierce influx on Cocytus pours.
Guard of the stream and master of the shores,
In squalid horror Charon here attends.
Clustering in tangled hoariness, descends
His mass of beard: his eyes are fix'd in flame:
A rusty garb hangs foully on his frame.
With a protruded pole and canvass spread,
He works the sable bark that wafts the dead.
Old, but without decay, the god is seen,
In age's winter, vivid still and green.
Here rush to gain the bank, a bloodless throng,
Matrons, men, boys, and chiefs in battle strong;
Maidens, and youths, the prey of funeral fires
In the sad view of their distracted sires:
As numerous as the leaves in forest glades,
When boisterous autumn shatters first their shades:
Or thick as birds, when their assembled host
In fluttering myriads settle on the coast;
O'er seas prepared for sunny realms to steer,
And fly the rigors of the wintry year.
The crowds, with longing for the further shore,
Press for their passage, and with prayers implore.
Now these, now those the surly boatman takes;
But drives the rest to distance from the lakes.

SYMMONS.

TARTARUS.

FROM THE LATIN OF VIRGIL.

He spoke, and turn'd his step: when stretch'd immense,
With bulwarks circled and a triple fence,
A mighty structure, whose enormous mounds
With flaming torrents Phlegethon surrounds,
Rose on the left; and, as Æneas threw
His glance around, broke sudden on his view,
Its massy gates on adamant sustain'd,
The assault of men or gods alike disdain'd;
And near, high-raised, an iron fortress stood.
On the dread threshold, in a robe of blood,
Tisiphone, with eyes that never slept,
By day, by night, her vengeful station kept,
Hence groans are heard, and torture's horrid strains;
The steel whip's clangor, and the clash of chains.
Aghast the hero stands; and, as he draws
With trembling ears the sounds, inquires their cause:
'Say, holy Virgin! whence this rending peal?
What the dire crimes, and what the pains they feel?'
'Illustrious chief of Troy!' the priestess said,
'That guilty threshold no chaste foot must tread:
But, when great Hecate's distinguish'd love
Enthroned me priestess of the Avernian grove,
She led me through yon regions of affright;
And show'd me all the gods' avenging might.
Those realms of woe stern Rhadamanthus awes:
Hears and determines by eternal laws:
Wrings the black secret from the grasping breast:
And bares the villain till he stands confess'd:

Who, vainly glorying in successful art,
Had left till death atonement's healing part.
Straight o'er the wretch the sovereign Fury stands,
Succinct for torture, and with lifted hands:
In one she rears the scourge: with one she shakes
The fiercer terrors of her twisted snakes;
And to the vengeful task, with thrilling yell,
Calls her dread sisters from the blackest hell:
Then, back upon their thundering hinges roll'd,
Those portals of the fiends at length unfold.
Seest thou what guard upon the threshold waits?
What form of horror threatens at the gates?
Within, a hydra, more than Lerna's dire,
From fifty jaws emits Tartarean fire:
And Tartarus itself as deep beneath
The floor of hell extends its yawning death,
As twice the travel of the toiling eye
Thence to the summit of the Olympian sky.
In this dire gulf, with thunder overthrown,
Earth's ancient sons, the brood of Titan groan.
There the Aloëian twins with wondering eyes
I saw, and gazed upon their monstrous size:
Whose force assail'd the heavens, and proudly strove
To storm (mad impotence!) the throne of Jove.
There too I saw Salmoneus' cruel doom;
Who durst the Almighty's state and arms assume.
Rapt by four steeds, and wielding flames, he rode,
In impious pomp, through Elis as the god.
Fool! to believe that hoofs on echoing brass
Could for the inimitable thunder pass.
But, throned upon the storm, the almighty Sire,
Not smoky flames, but heaven's authentic fire
Hurl'd, and despatch'd him with the dazzling blow,
In fierce combustion, to the abyss below.

There also Tityos, earth's vast son, I found,
Spread o'er nine acres of the incumber'd ground.
A monstrous vulture, ever fierce for gore,
With ravening beak his deathless liver tore:
Dwelt in the house of blood within his breast;
And, gorged, still revell'd on the immortal feast.
Strong to suffice their pains the fibres grew;
And, ever wasted, were for ever new.
Why should I on the Lapithæ dilate?
Why speak Ixion's or Pirithöus' fate?
O'er these, in trembling poise, a sable rock,
Now now to fall, intends the crushing shock.
To those, on whom eternal famine preys,
A regal feast its luxuries displays.
Around the pompous hall in shining rows,
Couches of gold delude with vain repose.
Close at the board the Queen of Furies stands:
Thundering forbids the taste, and lifts her brands
To awe the graspings of their quivering hands.
In this sad place their doom of torture wait
They, who their brothers once pursued with hate;
And they whose hands against their sires were heaved;
And they whose fraud their client's trust deceived:
They too (most numerous these) whose lonely heart
Hung o'er their wealth, nor gave their own a part;
And they who on the adulterous couch were slain;
And they who, banded on the atrocious plain,
Fear'd not the majesty of law betray'd;
But stood against their country's cause array'd.
Seek not their several lots of pain to know;
What each sustains of heaven-adjusted woe.
Some up a steep a huge rock heave: some feel,
Stretch'd on the spokes, an ever circling wheel.

Unhappy Theseus on his penal stone
Sits, and will ever sit and ever groan:
And Phlegyas, conscious now of guilt's event,
Suffers severer pangs that ne'er relent;
And loudly cries, alarming night's dull ear,
'Learn to be just, O man! and Heaven revere!'
One wretch his country to a master sold;
Made laws and cancell'd them, for guilty gold.
One with dire incest stain'd his daughter's bed:
All dared some mighty crime, and, daring, sped.
Had I a hundred mouths, and each a tongue;
An iron voice, and more than human strong;
Yet all their crimes, and all their pains to speak,
Those tongues would be too few, that voice too weak.'

SYMMONS.

LETHE.

FROM THE LATIN OF VIRGIL.

Now in the vale's retreat Æneas sees
A grove, whose foliage whisper'd to the breeze;
And Lethe's placid wave, that, stealing round,
Lull'd, as it warbled, all the enchanted ground.
Thither, in crowds the shadowy hosts repair;
Thick as the bees in summer's noontide air:
When, eager to supply their fragrant cells,
The myriad spoilers sack the lily bells;
And through the field the busy murmur swells.
Struck at the sudden sight, Æneas stood, [flood?
And ask'd, why throng'd the crowds, and what the
To him Anchises: 'Souls, by Fate decreed
To other bodies, there to Lethe speed;

And from the potent stream securely drain
Oblivious draughts of life's preceding pain.
Long have I wish'd thee here, my son! to trace
The rising glories of our destined race:
That thus thou mayst, elate with all my joy,
Plant in thine Italy our root of Troy.'
'And can it be, my sire! that souls sublime
Would for our skies exchange this blissful clime;
And wish, with wretched preference, again
For tardy bodies and life's dragging chain?"
'All will I tell thee, son!' the sire rejoin'd:
'Nor leave suspense with darkness on thy mind.
First, heaven, earth, seas, the moon's resplendent zone
And the bright stars that circle Titan's throne,
One mighty spirit, one informing soul
Pervades, and blending animates the whole.
Hence men and beasts, the life that wings the skies,
And that which ocean's monstrous brood supplies:
All from one fountain draw celestial flame;
The primal energy in all the same.
But, by dull matter blunted and suppress'd,
The fire burns dimly in its mortal vest.
Thus souls feel joy and fear, desire and pain;
And, bound in darkness, gasp for light in vain.
Nor, e'en when death dissolves the mortal ties,
The gross contagion with the body dies:
But in the soul, the growth of sensual years,
By Nature's strict necessity, inheres.
Hence are they sentenced to atoning pains;
Till just infliction shall erase their stains.
Some are suspended in the viewless wind:
Some deep in roaring waters are confined;
And some are exercised with fire's sharp power:
Each soul must suffer expiation's hour.

Then are we sent to range Elysium's sweets:
And few we are who gain these blissful seats,
Till, his full orb complete, long toiling Time
Has cleansed the foulness of concreted crime;
And left, in all its native radiance bright,
The etherial sense of elemental light.
Then, when a thousand circling years have roll'd,
These all to Lethe crowd, by Heaven controll'd:
That, thence unconscious, they may wish anew
To breathe in bodies, and the sun review.'

SYMMONS.

THE

DEATH OF LAUSUS AND MEZENTIUS.

FROM THE LATIN OF VIRGIL.

But now Mezentius shakes aloft his shield;
And bursts in stronger tempest on the field.
Like vast Orion, when with giant stride
He walks through ocean and surmounts the tide:
Or, in his grasp an ash, the mountain's boast,
Treads earth, and looks amid the starry host.
Thus tower'd Mezentius mid the ranks of fight;
When from afar Æneas mark'd his might;
And hasten'd to oppose it: void of fear
The Tuscan sees the mighty foe draw near;
And firmly on his massy bulk relies:
Then measuring his distance with his eyes:
'Now may this hand and lance, the gods I trust,
To my bold purpose, as they wont, be just!
His spoils, my Lausus! from the pirate torn,
By thee, illustrious trophies, shall be worn.'

He said, and hurl'd from far his sounding lance;
Which, striking on the shield, with rapid glance
Err'd to Antores, and his bowels rent:
Alcides' comrade he, from Argos sent
To share Evander's fortunes o'er the main.
Now, by another's wound untimely slain,
He falls; and, gazing wildly on the skies,
On his dear Argos fondly thinks, and dies.
Æneas then dismiss'd his mighty spear:
Through the strong shield it held its fierce career.
The folds of linen offer'd slight delay:
The triple brass and triple hide gave way.
Through each defence the furious weapon pass'd;
And, reaching to the groin, there staid at last;
Nor longer kept its force: rejoiced to view
The Tuscan's blood, his sword Æneas drew;
And on the daunted foe like a strong tempest flew.
When Lausus saw his much loved sire's distress,
He groans, and tears his anguish'd soul confess.
And here, illustrious youth! if future time
Will yield belief to virtue so sublime,
Thy deed, thy fate my song shall give to fame;
And distant ages, weeping, hail thy name.
The impeded father, with the foot of pain,
Drew slowly back, and trail'd along the plain
The hostile javelin; while the son, beneath
The high-raised falchion springing, braved its death,
And check'd the hero. As the filial shield
Cover'd the sire retreating from the field,
Shouts of applause from all his friends resound;
And their thick falling darts the foe confound.
He rages, and behind his shield remains,
As, when the clouds drive hail upon the plains,

Gall'd by the shower, the traveller and hind
Speed to some refuge from the stony wind.
Or roof'd beneath a rock they shun the sky;
Or shelter'd by a river's margin lie;
Till, victor of the storm, with joyous ray
The sun restore their labours with the day.
Thus overwhelm'd with missiles from afar,
Æneas stands protected from the war;
And, chiding Lausus, threats him from his fate:
'Ah! why, fond youth! beyond thy strength be great?
And dare a deed that prudence would dissuade?
On death thou runn'st, by piety betray'd.'
But Lausus not the less the foe defies;
Till all the terrors of the Dardan rise;
And the Fates spin the youth's extremest thread:
For the puissant sword with fury sped,
Aim'd at his body, plunges in his breast
Through the light buckler, and the embroider'd vest.
(That vest, dear offering of parental love,
His mother's tender hand with gold enwove.)
Gore floats his bosom, and, in pale divorce,
Parts the sad spirit from the falling corse.
But when his face, as life's warm colours fade,
Pale, deadly pale, Anchises' son survey'd;
All rage extinct, he heaves the heart deep groan,
Moved with a piety so like his own: [thine
Then, stretching out his hand; 'To worth like
What equal honours can my power assign?
Unhappy boy! Æneas, feeble here,
Can only give thy pious love a tear.
Keep thy dear arms! and, if that touch the dead,
Rest with thy sires in one sepulchral bed.

This may at least console thy mournful shade;
Thou fell'st beneath the great Æneian blade.'
Upbraiding then the Etrurians' tardy fears,
Himself the youthful hero's body rears:
While their warm life the sever'd vessels pour;
And all his comely tresses drop with gore.
Meanwhile the sire, reclining on the ground,
With Tiber's wave refresh'd his glowing wound.
His languid length beneath an oak was thrown;
And pendent on the boughs his helmet shone.
His ponderous arms reposed upon the plain;
And round their monarch stood his chosen train.
Faint on the trunk he gave his neck to rest;
And smooth'd the beard that floated on his breast.
Of Lausus much his anxious cares inquire;
And oft he sends to bid him to his sire.
But breathless Lausus, from the fatal field,
Now his sad comrades bear upon his shield;
The mighty vanquish'd by a mighty wound:
And o'er the corse their loud laments resound.
From far the wretched father's bending mind
Caught the wild woe that groan'd upon the wind.
His hoary locks he tore, and frantic spread
Deforming dust upon his awful head:
Clung to the body, and, by anguish driven,
Raised his expostulating hands to Heaven.
'And could, my son! the base desire of breath
Urge me to leave thee in my stead to death?
And do I now by these thy wounds respire?
The child thus bleeding to preserve the sire?
Ah! now at length I feel my exiled state:
Now, now the pang is exquisite with fate.
My crimes, my son! obscured thy lustrous name:
And hung a mildew on thy bloom of fame.

Driven by my people from my fathers' throne,
I gave my heir an exile's lot alone.
To my wrong'd country many deaths I owed;
And well for thee my guilty blood had flow'd:
Yet still I breathe with men, and drink the day—
But will not long.' Thus speaking, whence he lay
He rose upon his halting thigh with pain;
Check'd by the potent wound, but check'd in vain;
And, with a soul that pain and death defied,
Call'd for his horse, his solace and his pride
(His valued steed, who still had borne his weight
When conquest crown'd him on the field of fate);
And, as the favourite stoop'd his sorrowing crest,
His ear, that seem'd intelligent, address'd:
'Rhœbus! we long have lived, if long there be
In the poor term of mortal destiny;
Either, this day the Dardan's head and spoils,
In reeking triumph borne, shall grace thy toils;
And thou, the avenger of my hapless boy,
Shalt share with me the glory and the joy;
Or, if our daring shall our power exceed,
With honour and with me at once shalt bleed.
For well, my noble horse! I know thy soul
Too high to bear a Phrygian lord's control.'
He spoke; and, rising to his seat, bestrode
The horse, familiar with his wonted load:
Then fill'd both hands with darts; whilst o'er his brows,
Crown'd with its floating crest, the helmet glows.
Thus arm'd, he rushes to the bleeding fight:
And shame, grief, rage his madden'd heart excite.
Thrice with his utmost voice he calls the foe:
Æneas hears, and lifts his ardent vow:
'So may great Jove, so Phœbus grant thou stand
The challenged conflict, hand opposed to hand!'

No more he said; but, with his threatening lance,
Sprang to prevent the challenger's advance.
Then he; 'Why seek, most savage as thou art!
When thou hast slain my child, to daunt my heart?
Thy force could reach me only through my son:
His death alone Mezentius has undone.
Death is a phantasy beneath my care;
And not a god has heard my coward prayer.
Cease then! I come to die, nor ask to live:
But first accept the presents that I give.'
Then, with his steed careering widely round,
With spear succeeding spear he strove to wound.
Thrice circled he, and thrice Æneas wheel'd;
And, watchful as the foe begirt the field,
Bore the thick battle on his golden shield:
Till, wearied from its fretted orb to wrest
Dart after dart, in fight unequal press'd;
Long pondering how to act, at length he broke
In vengeance forth, and aim'd the fatal stroke.
The furious spear, with well directed force,
Tore through the temples of the warrior horse.
High rears the steed and, frantic with the pain,
Lashes, and hurls his rider on the plain;
Then, headlong following, on his lord he lies.
From either host loud clamours mount the skies:
While the glad victor, with an eager spring,
Bares his dread falchion o'er the prostrate king;
And proudly cries; 'Say! where Mezentius now?
The raging spirit and the lofty brow?'
To him the Tuscan, as on heaven, amazed,
With eyes just opening from his trance he gazed;
'Why thus, fell foe! with insult sharpen death?
Take without guilt, for so thou mayst, my breath!
'Twas not on other terms than these we fought:
Nor other league with thee my Lausus sought.

But, if such grace a vanquish'd foe may find,
Ah! let my body be to earth resign'd.
Too well I know, and dread, alas! too late,
The infuriate vengeance of my people's hate.
From this protect me, and avert its doom;
And let me slumber in my Lausus' tomb.'
Then to the expected steel he gave his throat:
And the warm streams of life o'er all his armour
float.

SYMMONS.

ODES.

FROM THE LATIN OF HORACE.

ODE XXXVIII. BOOK I.

I HATE the pomp that Persia shows,
And garlands of the linden made;
Seek not for me the curious rose,
With bloom in Winter's lap display'd.

Boy, let the myrtle be thy care,
And simply deck thy brows and mine;
The myrtle only will I wear,
Drinking beneath the shady vine.

REV. F. HODGSON.

ODE VII. BOOK III.

WHY fall those tears on fair Asterie's breast?
Spring's earliest zephyrs shall restore,
With faith, that cannot change, with fortune bless'd,
Thy lover to his native shore.

A distant port withholds him from thy sight,
  Whilst adverse tempests rend the deep:
And his lone pleasure through the wakeful night
  Is but to think of thee, and weep.

In vain fair Chloe spreads her festive snare,
  And bids her prompted friend in vain,
With words of artful sympathy declare
  The sighing progress of her pain.

In vain she tells, his constant heart to prove,
  How from the dame cold Peleus fled,
And found a fit reward of slighted love,
  The verge of hell for beauty's bed:

How Argos' amorous queen, with cruel thought,
  To heal a woman's wounded pride,
Her credulous lord to her dire humour wrought,
  And the chaste fool had nearly died.

In vain her treacherous eloquence assails
  With soft insinuating aim;
Deaf as a rock to her allusive tales,
  His ears, his heart reject her claim.

But thou, whilst thus his manly faith disarms
  The artillery of the wanton fair,
Beware thy gallant neighbour's graceful charms,
  Ah, lest he charm too much beware!

What though he winds at will the fiery steed,
  The martial plain's superior pride;
What though his arms victoriously precede
  Each youth who swims the Tuscan tide;

Still from thy threshold, at approach of eve,
  Let thy barr'd gate his steps deny;
And though his lyre melodiously may grieve
  With airs of tenderest minstrelsy,

Trust not the open'd casement with thine ear,
  But let the baffled gallant find,
That whilst he artful swears thou art severe,
  He may not hope to prove thee kind!

W. B. STEVENS.

ODE XIX. BOOK III.

WHAT years from Inachus divide,
Codrus, who for his country died,
You tell, and Æacus's line,
And the sad 'tale of Troy divine:'
But what the price of Chian; who
Heats for his friend the bagnio;
When I, and at whose genial board,
Shall shut out winter—not a word!
  Quick, boy! a bumper to the moon,
Again—one more to night's mid noon,
One to Murena. Three or nine,
As measures, best the cup combine.
Nine, rapt transported poets claim,
Who madden with the Muses' flame:
Link'd with her naked sisters she,
The modest Grace permits but three,
Anxious from feuds her train to save—
O 'tis delicious thus to rave!
Why does yon pipe its tones forget?
Why mute the lyre, the flageolet?
Pshaw! what frugality of flowers!
More roses! This wild din of ours,
Old splenetic! let Lycus hear,
And—pair'd not match'd—his wedded dear.

Thee, beamy with thy clustering hair,
Thee, Telephus, as Hesper fair,
Ripe Chloe courts: for Glycera
I slowly, gently melt away. WRANGHAM.

ODE II. BOOK V.

'LIKE the first mortals bless'd is he,
From debts and mortgages and business free,
With his own team who ploughs the soil,
Which grateful once confess'd his father's toil.
The sounds of war nor break his sleep,
Nor the rough storm that harrows up the deep;
He shuns the courtier's haughty doors,
And the loud science of the bar abjures.
Sometimes his marriageable vines
Around the lofty bridegroom elm he twines,
Or lops the vagrant boughs away,
Ingrafting better as the old decay;
Or in the lengthening vale surveys
His lowing herd safe-wandering as they graze;
Or careful stores the flowing gold,
Press'd from the hive, or shears his tender fold;
Or when with various fruits o'erspread
The mellow autumn lifts his beauteous head,
His grafted pears, or grapes that vie
With the rich purple of the Tyrian dye,
Grateful he gathers; and repays
His guardian gods on their own festal days.
Sometimes beneath an ancient shade,
Or careless on the matted grass he's laid,
While glide the murmuring streams along,
And birds in forests chant their plaintive song;

Murmuring the lucid fountain flows,
And with its murmurs courts him to repose.
But when the rain and snows appear,
And wintry Jove loud thunders o'er the year,
With hounds he drives into the toils
The foaming boar, and triumphs in his spoils:
Or for voracious thrushes lays
His nets, and with delusive baits betrays;
Or artful sets the springing snare
To catch the stranger crane or timorous hare.
Thus happy, who would stoop to prove
The pains, the wrongs, and injuries of love?
But if a chaste and virtuous wife
Assist him in the tender cares of life,
Of sun-burnt charms, but honest fame
(Such as the Sabine or Apulian dame);
If, ere her wearied spouse return,
The sacred fire with good old timber burn;
Or if she milk her swelling kine,
Or in their folds his happy flocks confine;
If unbought dainties crown their feast,
And luscious wines from this year's vintage press'd;
No more shall curious oysters please,
Or fish, the luxury of foreign seas,
When eastern tempests, thundering o'er
The wintry wave, shall drive them to our shore;
Nor wild fowl of delicious taste,
From distant climates brought to crown the feast,
Shall e'er so grateful prove to me
As olives gather'd from their unctuous tree,
Or herbs that love the flowery field;
And cheerful health with pure digestion yield;
Or fatling, on the festal day,
Or kid just rescued from some beast of prey.

Amid the feast how joys he to behold
His well fed flocks home hasting to their fold!
Or see his labour'd oxen bow
Their languid necks, and drag the' inverted plough:
At night his numerous slaves to view
Round his domestic gods their mirth pursue!'
The usurer spoke; determined to begin
A country life, he calls his money in;
But, ere the moon was in her wane,
The wretch had put it out to use again.

FRANCIS.

ELEGY.

FROM THE LATIN OF PROPERTIUS.

As Ariadne lay, when to the gale
The false Athenian spread the flying sail;
Or, newly freed from monsters of the deep,
The bright Andromeda was wrapp'd in sleep;
As the fair Mænad by Lyæus fired,
Rests from the jocund toil the god inspired,
My Cynthia lay: with wavering steps I trod,
O'erpower'd by influence of the jovial god.
The boys before me waved the flickering brand,
And night with day was nearly at a stand.
A double flame with confidence inspired,
For love and wine at once the bosom fired;
Two potent deities, that bade me prove
Some happy daring of adventurous love.
I gazed on Cynthia, while she slept reclined,
And thought and thought—intoxicated mind!
My arm beneath the sleeper's head to place,
And clasp her beauties in a dear embrace.

Then, shrinking backward, fear'd to rouse the fair,
For past experience taught me to beware.
The terrors of her wrath, too often felt,
Deep, deep recorded, in my bosom dwelt.
O'er charms unnumber'd while my glances stray,
Unmoved I stand, and gaze my soul away.
Far less attentive wakeful Argus eyed
The curving horns that Beauty's form belied.
And now I loosed the garland from my brow,
And placed the flowers on Cynthia's front of snow;
And now I joy with sportive hands to deck
The careless ringlets floating o'er her neck;
Now the soft ivory of her hands I clasp,
While fragrant apples fill the' unconscious grasp.
Unpunish'd, yet, with bolder thoughts possess'd,
I place the fruit beside her swelling breast,
Elastic, round, and polish'd, as its orb,
(For amorous wishes now my fears absorb)
To thankless slumber were the' oblations paid;
Nor long my offerings in her bosom stay'd,
For as in sleep with gentle sighs it swell'd,
Its heaving pants the fragrant guest repell'd.
Oft as those sighs soft breathing found their way,
My boding soul they fill'd with fond dismay;
And many an omen from those pants I drew,
Of dreams afflictive with portentous view,
Lest fraud should aim our plighted love to part,
Or fell constraint deprive me of her heart.
But now the moon arose serenely bright,
And through the casement glanced her silver light;
It fill'd the room; methought she check'd her pace,
As if enamour'd of my Cynthia's face:
Full on her eyes the streamy lustre flows:
The starting fair one on her elbow rose.

'Why come thus tardy? Say, what wondrous cause
To these neglected doors the wanderer draws?
What haughty fair did pride or prudence move
To spurn the homage of licentious love,
And send thee back, to feign a lover's part,
With languid relics of the jaded heart?
Ah, wretched I! but mayst thou, yet forlorn,
Prove such sad nights as I for thee have borne!
Oh, how I watch'd and watch'd the hours away!
How form'd excuses for thy long delay!
What various arts prolong'd the wakeful night,
Ere sleep encroaching stole upon my sight!
Now from the spindle flow'd the purple thread,
And tuneful song the listless moments sped;
I seem'd to feel thy perfidy and scorn,
To droop neglected, and to range forlorn;
Till balmy sleep, sure friend of the distress'd,
Pour'd his soft opiate on my wounded breast!'

PRESTON.

THE FABLE OF DRYOPE.

FROM THE LATIN OF OVID.

SHE said; and for her lost Galanthis sighs;
When the fair consort of her son replies—
'Since you a servant's ravish'd form bemoan,
And kindly sigh for sorrows not your own,
Let me (if tears and griefs permit) relate
A nearer woe, a sister's stranger fate.
No nymph of all Œchalia could compare
For beauteous form with Dryopè the fair;
Her tender mother's only hope and pride
(Myself the offspring of a second bride).

This nymph, compress'd by him who rules the day,
Whom Delphi and the Delian isle obey,
Andræmon loved; and bless'd in all those charms
That pleased a god, succeeded to her arms.
'A lake there was, with shelving banks around,
Whose verdant summit fragrant myrtles crown'd;
These shades, unknowing of the Fates, she sought;
And to the Naiads flowery garlands brought;
Her smiling babe (a pleasing charge) she press'd
Between her arms, and nourish'd at her breast.
Not distant far a watery lotos grows;
The spring was new, and all the verdant boughs,
Adorn'd with blossoms, promised fruits that vie
In glowing colours with the Tyrian dye.
Of these she cropp'd, to please her infant son,
And I myself the same rash act had done,
But, lo! I saw (as near her side I stood)
The violated blossoms drop with blood;
Upon the tree I cast a frightful look,
The trembling tree with sudden horror shook:
Lotis the nymph (if rural tales be true)
As from Priapus' lawless lust she flew,
Forsook her form, and, fixing here, became
A flowery plant, which still preserves her name.
'This change unknown, astonish'd at the sight,
My trembling sister strove to urge the flight;
Yet first the pardon of the nymphs implored,
And those offended silvan powers adored:
But when she backward would have fled, she found
Her stiffening feet were rooted to the ground:
In vain to free her fastened feet she strove,
And as she struggles only moves above;

She feels the' encroaching bark around her grow,
By slow degrees, and cover all below.
Surprised at this, her trembling hand she heaves
To rend her hair; her hand is fill'd with leaves:
Where late was hair, the shooting leaves are seen
To rise, and shade her with a sudden green.
The child Amphisus, to her bosom press'd,
Perceived a harder and a colder breast;
And found the springs, that ne'er till then denied
Their milky moisture, on a sudden dried.
I saw, unhappy, what I now relate;
And stood the helpless witness of thy fate;
Embraced thy boughs, thy rising bark delay'd,
There wish'd to grow, and mingle shade with shade.

'Behold Andræmon and the' unhappy sire
Appear, and for their Dryopè inquire;
A springing tree for Dryopè they find,
And print warm kisses on the panting rind;
Prostrate, with tears their kindred plant bedew,
And close embraced as to the roots they grew:
The face was all that now remain'd of thee;
No more a woman, nor yet quite a tree:
Thy branches hung with humid pearls appear,
From every leaf distils a trickling tear;
And straight a voice, while yet a voice remains,
Thus through the trembling boughs in sighs complains—

'If to the wretched any faith be given,
I swear by all the' unpitying powers of heaven,
No wilful crime this heavy vengeance bred,
In mutual innocence our lives we led.
If this be false, let these new greens decay,
Let sounding axes lop my limbs away,
And crackling flames on all my honours prey.

Now from my branching arms this infant bear,
Let some kind nurse supply a mother's care;
Yet to his mother let him oft be led,
Sport in her shades, and in her shades be fed;
Teach him, when first his infant voice shall frame
Imperfect words, and lisp his mother's name,
To hail this tree, and say with weeping eyes,
"Within this plant my hapless parent lies:"
And when in youth he seeks the shady woods,
Oh, let him fly the crystal lakes and woods,
Nor touch the fatal flowers; but, warn'd by me,
Believe a goddess shrined in every tree.
My sire, my sister, and my spouse, farewell!
If in your breasts or love or pity dwell,
Protect your plant, nor let my branches feel
The browsing cattle, or the piercing steel.
Farewell! and since I cannot bend to join
My lips to yours, advance at least to mine.
My son, thy mother's parting kiss receive,
While yet thy mother has a kiss to give.
I can no more, the creeping rind invades
My closing lips, and hides my head in shades:
Remove your hands; the bark shall soon suffice,
Without their aid, to seal these dying eyes.'
She ceased at once to speak, and ceased to be;
And all the nymph was lost within the tree:
Yet latent life through her new branches reign'd,
And long the plant a human heat retain'd.

POPE.

THE HOUSE OF SLEEP.

FROM THE LATIN OF OVID.

NEAR the Cimmerians, in his dark abode,
Deep in a cavern, dwells the drowsy god;
Whose gloomy mansion nor the rising sun
Nor setting visits, nor the lightsome noon;
But lazy vapours round the region fly,
Perpetual twilight, and a doubtful sky.
No crowing cock does there his wings display,
Nor with his horny bill provoke the day;
Nor watchful dogs, nor the more wakeful geese,
Disturb with nightly noise the sacred peace:
Nor beast of nature nor the tame are nigh,
Nor trees with tempests rock'd, nor human cry;
But safe repose without an air of breath
Dwells here, and a dumb quiet next to death.
An arm of Lethe; with a gentle flow
Arising upwards from the rock below,
The palace moats, and o'er the pebbles creeps,
And with soft murmurs calls the coming sleeps.
Around its entry nodding poppies grow,
And all cool simples that sweet rest bestow;
Night from the plants their sleepy virtue drains,
And, passing, sheds it on the silent plains:
No door there was the' unguarded house to keep,
On creaking hinges turn'd, to break his sleep.
But in the gloomy court was raised a bed,
Stuff'd with black plumes, and on an ebon stead:
Black was the covering too where lay the god,
And slept supine, his limbs display'd abroad:
About his head fantastic visions fly,
Which various images of things supply,

And mock their forms; the leaves on trees not more,
Nor bearded ears in fields, nor sands upon the shore.
The virgin * entering bright, indulged the day
To the brown cave, and brush'd the dreams away:
The god, disturb'd with this new glare of light
Cast sudden on his face, unseal'd his sight,
And raised his tardy head, which sunk again,
And sinking on his bosom knock'd his chin;
At length shook off himself, and ask'd the dame
(And asking yawn'd) for what intent she came?
To whom the goddess thus—'O sacred Rest,
Sweet pleasing Sleep, of all the powers the best!
O peace of mind, repairer of decay,
Whose balm renews the limbs to labours of the day,
Care shuns thy soft approach, and sullen flies away!
Adorn a dream, expressing human form,
The shape of him who suffer'd in the storm,
And send it flitting to the Trachin court,
The wreck of wretched Cëyx to report:
Before his queen bid the pale spectre stand,
Who begs a vain relief at Juno's hand.'
She said, and scarce awake her eyes could keep,
Unable to support the fumes of sleep;
But fled, returning by the way she went,
And swerved along her bow with swift ascent.
The god, uneasy till he slept again,
Resolved at once to rid himself of pain;
And, though against his custom, call'd aloud,
Exciting Morpheus from the sleepy crowd:
Morpheus, of all his numerous train, express'd
The shape of man, and imitated best;
The walk, the words, the gesture could supply,
The habit mimic, and the mien belie;

* Iris.

Plays well, but all his action is confined,
Extending not beyond our humankind.
Another birds and beasts and dragons apes,
And dreadful images and monsters shapes:
This demon, Icelos, in heaven's high hall
The gods have named; but men Phobetor call.
A third is Phantasus, whose actions roll
On meaner thoughts, and things devoid of soul;
Earth, fruits, and flowers he represents in dreams,
And solid rocks unmoved, and running streams.
These three to kings and chiefs their scenes display,
The rest before the' ignoble commons play.
Of these the chosen Morpheus is dispatch'd;
Which done, the lazy monarch, overwatch'd,
Down from his propping elbow drops his head,
Dissolved in sleep, and shrinks within his bed.

DRYDEN.

CONSCIENCE.

FROM THE LATIN OF PERSIUS.

GREAT Father of the Gods! be this the meed
Of Tyrants stain'd with many a bloody deed;—
When frenzied lust of power within them reigns,
And darts its deadly poison through their veins,
Virtue in all her charms before them set,
And rack them with the pangs of vain regret!
Not deeper was *his* agonizing moan
Who in the brazen bull was doom'd to groan;
Not more aghast the purpled flatterer stood,
When 'mid the royal banquet first he view'd
From the gilt roof suspended by a thread
The naked sword hang threatening o'er his head;—

Then, gazing on the precipice below,
The wretch who says within himself, 'I go—
To headlong ruin go, with fatal speed'—
Too weak to stop, yet shuddering to proceed;
While the heart whispers what the tongue must hide
Even from the wife that slumbers at his side.

HOWES.

TO-MORROW.

FROM THE LATIN OF PERSIUS.

'To-MORROW then begins the task,' you say:
Alas! you'll act to-morrow as to-day:
'What? is one day (you cry) too much to ask?
Trust me, to-morrow shall commence the task.'
But think—ere yet to-morrow's dawn come on,
Our yesterday's to-morrow will be gone.
Thus, while the present from the future borrows,
To-morrows slowly creep upon to-morrows,
Till months and years behold the task undone,
Which, still beginning, never is begun.
Just as the hinder of two chariot wheels
Still presses closely on its fellow's heels,
So flies to-morrow, while you fly as fast,
For ever following, and for ever last.

HOWES.

AVARICE AND LUXURY.

FROM THE LATIN OF PERSIUS.

'SLUGGARD, awake!' imperious Avarice cries;
'See morning dawns; awake, I say—arise!'
You plead excuse; she no excuse will take:
'Up, up'—"Oh, spare me!" 'Wake!'—"I cannot."—'Wake!'
"And, prithee, what are your commands?" say you:
'What!' answers Avarice, 'why, what *should* [you do,
But run forthwith to port, and issue thence
The oil, the fish, the flax, the frankincense,
The Coan wines? Be foremost to unpack
The pepper from the thirsting camel's back!'
Go, turn the penny; traffic for the pelf;
And, if your interest need, forswear yourself.'
"But what if Jupiter should overhear?"
'Fool, if you feel of Jupiter a fear,—
If qualms of conscience choke the rising lie,
Give up your trade, and starve on honesty!
Your salt-dish still with patient finger bore,
And, when 'tis all dug out, then—dig for more!'
All hands aloft, the voyage they prepare;
Wine, bales, and baggage to the strand they bear:
And now no obstacles your bark retain,
Equipp'd to waft you o'er the' Ægean main,—
When lo! persuasive Luxury draws near,
And, beckoning, softly whispers in your ear;—
'What are you seeking, madman!—do you know?
Why all this hurry? whither would you go?
What frantic fires within your bosom rage
That loads of hemlock never can assuage?

You tempt the ocean! *you* the tempest brave!
You court the hardships of the wind and wave!
You get your dinner, perch'd on a coil'd cable,
The deck your parlour and a plank your table!
You suck from the broad can, begrimed with tar,
The fusty lees of Veian vinegar!
And all for what? Why, truly, not content
To nurse at home a modest five per cent,
You must, the faster to increase your store,
From every hundred pounds thresh out five more!
Indulge your Genius; drive dull care away,
And seize the pleasures of the passing day:
To revelry and mirth each moment give;
For not to live with *me* is—not to *live:*
Think, timely think, how soon that mortal frame
Shall sink in dust, a phantom and a name!
Even while we talk, the precious moments fly;
And what but now was ours,—is now gone by.'
Such is your state! By struggling passions torn,
This way by pleasure,—that by lucre borne,—
As, when the fish the double bait espies,
He hesitates to choose, then choosing dies;
So you, in doubt which tyrant to prefer,
Are doom'd, determine as you will, to err.
Nor think, because perhaps for once or twice
You dare to struggle with your headstrong vice,
That lasting freedom must reward the endeavour,
And that, if free for once, you're free for ever.
Glad of his liberty, the captive dog
Oft gnaws the rope that binds him to his clog:
Still as a badge of slavery there remains,
Trail'd at his neck, a remnant of his chains.

HOWES.

THE REPLY OF CATO TO LABIENUS.

FROM THE LATIN OF LUCAN.

BEFORE the temple's * entrance at the gate
Attending crowds of eastern pilgrims wait:
These from the horned god expect relief;
But all give way before the Latian chief.
His host (as crowds are superstitious still)
Curious of fate, of future good and ill,
And fond to prove prophetic Ammon's skill,
Entreat their leader to the god would go,
And from his oracle Rome's fortunes know:
But Labienus chief the thought approved,
And thus the common suit to Cato moved—
'Chance and the fortune of the way (he said)
Have brought Jove's sacred counsels to our aid:
This, greatest of the gods, this mighty chief,
In each distress shall be a sure relief;
Shall point the distant dangers from afar,
And teach the future fortunes of the war.
To thee, O Cato! pious! wise! and just!
Their dark decrees the cautious gods shall trust;
To thee their foredetermined will shall tell:
Their will has been thy law, and thou hast kept
it well.
Fate bids thee now the noble thought improve;
Fate brings thee here to meet and talk with Jove.
Inquire betimes what various chance shall come
To impious Cæsar and thy native Rome;
Try to avert, at least, thy country's doom.
Ask, if these arms our freedom shall restore?
Or else, if laws and right shall be no more?

* The temple of Jupiter Ammon.

Be thy great breast with sacred knowledge fraught,
To lead us in the wandering maze of thought:
Thou, that to virtue ever wert inclined,
Learn what it is, how certainly defined,
And leave some perfect rule to guide mankind.'
Full of the god that dwelt within his breast,
The hero thus his secret mind express'd—
And inborn truths reveal'd: truths which might
Become e'en oracles themselves to tell: [well
'Where would thy fond thy vain inquiry go?
What mystic fate, what secret wouldst thou know?
Is it a doubt if death should be my doom,
Rather than live till kings and bondage come,
Rather than see a tyrant crown'd in Rome?
Or wouldst thou know if what we value here,
Life, be a trifle hardly worth our care:
What by old age and length of days we gain,
More than to lengthen out the sense of pain?
Or if this world, with all its forces join'd,
The universal malice of mankind,
Can shake or hurt the brave and honest mind?
If stable virtue can her ground maintain
While fortune feebly threats and frowns in vain?
If truth and justice with uprightness dwell,
And honesty consists in meaning well?
If right be independent of success,
And conquest cannot make it more or less?
Are these, my friend, the secrets thou wouldst know;
Those doubts for which to oracles we go?
'Tis known, 'tis plain, 'tis all already told;
And horned Ammon can no more unfold.
From God derived, to God by nature join'd,
We act the dictates of his mighty mind:

And though the priests are mute, and temples still,
God never wants a voice to speak his will.
When first we from the teeming womb were brought,
With inborn precepts then our souls were fraught,
And then the Maker his new creatures taught.
Then when he form'd, and gave us to be men,
He gave us all our useful knowledge then.
Canst thou believe the vast Eternal Mind
Was e'er to Syrts or Libyan sands confined?
That he would choose this waste, this barren [ground,
To teach the thin inhabitants around;
And leave his truths in wilds and deserts drown'd?
Is there a place that God would choose to love
Beyond this earth, the seas, yon heaven above;
And virtuous minds—the noblest throne for Jove?
Why seek we further then?—Behold around,
How all thou seest does with the god abound;
Jove is alike in all, and always to be found.
Let those weak minds who live in doubt and fear
To juggling priests for oracles repair:
One certain hour of death, to each decreed,
My fix'd, my certain soul from doubt has freed.
The coward and the brave are doom'd to fall,
And when Jove told this truth, he told us all.'
So spoke the hero; and, to keep his word,
Nor Ammon nor his oracle explored;
But left the crowd at freedom to believe,
And take such answers as the priest should give.

ROWE.

ON THE GIRL EROTION.

FROM THE LATIN OF MARTIAL.

The girl that was to ear and sight
More soft of tone, of skin more white
Than plumaged swans, that yield in death
The sweetest murmur of their breath;
Smooth as Galesus' soft-fleeced flocks;
Dainty as shells on Lucrine rocks;
As Red Sea pearls; bright ivory's glow;
Unsullied lilies; virgin snow;
Whose locks were tipp'd with ruddy gold,
Like wool that clothes the Bœtic fold;
Like braided hair of girls of Rhine;
As tawny field-mouse sleek and fine;
Whose vermil mouth breathed Pæstum's rose,
Or balm fresh honeycombs disclose;
Or amber yielding odour sweet
From the chafing hand's soft heat;
By whom the peacock was not fair;
Nor squirrels pets, nor phœnix rare;
Erotion crumbles in her urn;
Warm from the pile her ashes burn:
Ere yet had closed her sixteenth year,
The Fates accursed have spread her bier;
And with her all I doted on,
My loves, my joys, my sports, are gone.
Yet Pætus, who, like me distress'd,
Is fain to beat his mourning breast,
And tear his hair beside a grave,
Asks, 'Blush you not to mourn a slave?
I mourn a high, rich, noble wife:
And yet I bear my lot of life!'

Thy fortitude exceeds all bounds:
Thou hast two hundred thousand pounds:
Thou bear'st—'tis true—thy lot of life;
Thou bear'st—the jointure of thy wife.

C. A. ELTON.

TO A FOP.

FROM THE LATIN OF MARTIAL.

THEY tell me, Cotilus, that you're a beau:
What this is, Cotilus, I wish to know.
'A beau is one who, with the nicest care,
In parted locks divides his curling hair;
One who with balm and cinnamon smells sweet,
Whose humming lips some Spanish air repeat;
Whose naked arms are smooth'd with pummice-stone,
And toss'd about with graces all his own:
A beau is one who takes his constant seat,
From morn till evening, where the ladies meet;
And ever, on some sofa hovering near,
Whispers some nothing in some fair one's ear;
Who scribbles thousand billets-doux a day;
Still reads, and scribbles; seals and sends away:
A beau is one who shrinks, if nearly press'd
By the coarse garment of a neighbour guest;
Who knows who flirts with whom, and still is found
At each good table in successive round;
A beau is one—none better knows than he
A race-horse and his noble pedigree'—
Indeed?—why, Cotilus, if this be so,
What teasing trifling thing is called a beau!

C. A. ELTON.

EPIGRAM.

FROM THE LATIN OF MARTIAL.

The sources of a happy life,
  Dear friend, are these alone—
A purse not fill'd by busy strife,
  But made by will our own.
A pleasant farm, a cheerful fire,
A soul unruffled by desire;
No lawsuits of the noisy town,
No painful duties of the gown;
Pure vigorous health, associates free,
Endear'd by sweet equality;
No rules of ceremonious art,
But manners flowing from the heart;
A plain, yet hospitable board,
And bumpers temperately pour'd—
A careless night, a joyous bed,
By modest love with roses spread;
Slumbers that make the darkness fly,
Content that never breathes a sigh,
And not a fear nor wish to die.

REV. F. HODGSON.

EPIGRAM.

FROM THE LATIN OF MARTIAL.

If, my dear Martial, fate allow'd
A safe retreat from folly's crowd;
If, far from care and busy strife,
Together we could lead our life—

True happiness we would not rate
By frequent visits to the great;
Nor hear the wrangling lawyer bawl,
Nor range proud statues round our hall:
Our chairs should take us to the play,
The walks, the baths should wile the day,
The field, the porch, the tennis court,
And study interchanged with sport.
But how unlike our real fate
Is this imaginary state!
We live not for ourselves—alas!
Youth's joyous suns neglected pass,
Change into night, and never more
Return to bless us as before.
Oh! who that held enjoyment's power
Would waste in pain one precious hour?

REV. F. HODGSON.

ON THE MAUSOLEUM OF AUGUSTUS.

FROM THE LATIN OF MARTIAL.

FILL high the bowl with sparkling wine,
Cool the bright draught with summer snow,
Amidst my locks let odours flow,
Around my temples roses twine.

See yon proud emblem of decay,
Yon lordly pile that braves the sky!
It bids us live our little day,
Teaching that gods themselves may die.

BLAND.

EPIGRAM.

IMITATED FROM THE LATIN OF MARTIAL.

BETWEEN the pulpit and the bar
  While thus you hesitate and trifle,
You're growing older than old Parr:—
  Johnny, indeed you waste your life ill.

If towards the church your zeal draws strong,
  Three curacies are just now vacant:
If not, the law goes on ding-dong—
  Rouse up, and try what you can make on't.

Let us, at least, an effort see—
  Be something, any thing for money!
Zounds! while you're doubting what to be,
  You're likely to be nothing, Johnny!

HALMED.

LINES

FROM THE LATIN OF PETRONIUS.

FLOWERS, fair as those that Ida's hill o'erspread,
When blushing Juno press'd the mossy bed,
Where, robed by Beauty's queen in softer charms,
She clasped the glowing Thunderer in her arms,
Where azure harebells and musk roses bloom'd,
And lurking violets the breeze perfumed,
Blue, white, and red diversified the green,
And modest lilies smiled upon the scene:
Such were the flowers that deck'd that lonely grove
Where Circe bound me in the chains of love;
So soft the bank, so fragrant and so fair,
Where our fond sighs increased the gentle air.

REV. F. HODGSON.

THE STORY OF CHORŒBUS.

FROM THE LATIN OF STATIUS.

When by a thousand darts the Python slain
With orbs unroll'd lay covering all the plain
(Transfix'd as o'er Castalia's streams he hung,
And suck'd new poisons with his triple tongue),
To Argos' realms the victor-god resorts,
And enters old Crotopos' humble courts.
This rural prince one only daughter bless'd,
That all the charms of blooming youth possess'd;
Fair was her face, and spotless was her mind,
Where filial love with virgin sweetness join'd:
Happy! and happy still she might have proved,
Were she less beautiful or less beloved!
But Phœbus loved, and on the flowery side
Of Nemea's stream the yielding fair enjoy'd.
Now, ere ten moons their orb with light adorn,
The' illustrious offspring of the god was born;
The nymph, her father's anger to evade,
Retires from Argos to the silvan shade;
To woods and wilds the pleasing burden bears,
And trusts her infant to a shepherd's cares.
  How mean a fate, unhappy child, is thine!
Ah! how unworthy those of race divine!
On flowery herbs in some green covert laid,
His bed the ground, his canopy the shade;
He mixes with the bleating lambs his cries,
While the rude swain his rural music tries
To call soft slumbers on his infant eyes.
Yet e'en in those obscure abodes to live
Was more, alas! than cruel Fate would give;
For on the grassy verdure as he lay,
And breathed the freshness of the early day,

Devouring dogs the helpless infant tore,
Fed on his trembling limbs, and lapp'd the gore.
The' astonish'd mother, when the rumour came,
Forgets her father, and neglects her fame;
With loud complaints she fills the yielding air,
And beats her breast, and rends her flowing hair;
Then wild with anguish to her sire she flies,
Demands the sentence, and contented dies.
But touch'd with sorrow for the deed too late,
The raging god prepares to' avenge her fate.
He sends a monster, horrible and fell,
Begot by furies in the depths of hell.
The pest a virgin's face and bosom bears;
High on her crown a rising snake appears,
Guards her black front, and hisses in her hairs:
About the realm she walks her dreadful round,
When night with sable wings o'erspreads the ground,
Devours young babes before their parents' eyes,
And feeds and thrives on public miseries.
But generous rage the bold Chorœbus warms,
Chorœbus! famed for virtue as for arms;
Some few, like him, inspired with martial flame,
Thought a short life well lost for endless fame.
These, where two ways in equal parts divide,
The direful monster from afar descried,
Two bleeding babes depending at her side;
Whose panting vitals, warm with life, she draws,
And in their hearts imbrues her cruel claws.
The youths surround her with extended spears;
But brave Chorœbus in the front appears;
Deep in her breast he plunged his shining sword,
And hell's dire monster back to hell restored.
The Inachians view the slain with vast surprise,
Her twisting volumes, and her rolling eyes,

Her spotted breast and gaping womb imbrued
With livid poison and our children's blood.
The crowd in stupid wonder fix'd appear,
Pale e'en in joy, nor yet forget to fear.
Some with vast beams the squalid corse engage,
And weary all the wild efforts of rage.
The birds obscene, that nightly flock'd to taste,
With hollow screeches fled the dire repast;
And ravenous dogs, allured by scented blood,
And starving wolves ran howling to the wood.
But fired with rage, from cleft Parnassus' brow
Avenging Phœbus bent his deadly bow,
And hissing flew the feather'd shafts below:
A night of sultry clouds involved around
The towers, the fields, and the devoted ground:
And now a thousand lives together fled,
Death with his scithe cut off the fatal thread,
And a whole province in his triumph led.
But Phœbus ask'd why noxious fires appear,
And raging Sirius blasts the sickly year?
Demands their lives by whom his monster fell,
And dooms a dreadful sacrifice to hell.
Bless'd be thy dust, and let eternal fame
Attend thy manes and preserve thy name,
Undaunted hero! who, divinely brave,
In such a cause disdain'd thy life to save,
But view'd the shrine with a superior look,
And its upbraided godhead thus bespoke—
'With piety, the soul's securest guard,
And conscious virtue, still its own reward,
Willing I come, unknowing how to fear,
Nor shalt thou, Phœbus, find a suppliant here:
Thy monster's death to me was owed alone,
And 'tis a deed too glorious to disown.

Behold him here, for whom, so many days,
Impervious clouds conceal'd thy sullen rays;
For whom, as man no longer claim'd thy care,
Such numbers fell by pestilential air!
But if the' abandon'd race of humankind
From gods above no more compassion find;
If such inclemency in heaven can dwell,
Yet why must unoffending Argos feel
The vengeance due to this unlucky steel?
On me, on me let all thy fury fall,
Nor err from me, since I deserve it all,
Unless our desert cities please thy sight,
Or funeral flames reflect a grateful light.
Discharge thy shafts, this ready bosom rend,
And to the shades a ghost triumphant send;
But for my country let my fate atone;
Be mine the vengeance, as the crime my own.'
  Merit distress'd impartial Heaven relieves,
Unwelcome life relenting Phœbus gives;
For not the vengeful power, that glow'd with rage,
With such amazing virtue dared engage.
The clouds dispersed, Apollo's wrath expired,
And from the wondering god the' unwilling youth
retired.

POPE.

TO SLEEP.

FROM THE LATIN OF STATIUS.

How have I wrong'd thee, Sleep, thou gentlest
power
Of heaven! that I alone, at this dread hour,
Still from thy soft embraces am repress'd,
Nor drink oblivion on thy balmy breast?

Now every flock and every field is thine,
And seeming slumbers bend the mountain pine.
Hush'd is the tempest's howl, the torrent's roar,
And the smooth wave lies pillow'd on the shore.
But seven sad moons have seen this faded cheek,
And eyes too plainly that their vigils speak:
Aurora hears my plaint at her return,
And sheds her pitying dewdrops as I mourn.
And now some happy, some enraptured boy,
In the full pride of his permitted joy,
Clasping the fair, all blushes, to his breast,
Calls thee not, Sleep, nor courts thy worthless rest.
Come then to me—yet shed not here thy whole
Ambrosial influence o'er the wretched soul,
To that let happier easier hearts presume—
Touch *me*, more lightly, with thy passing plume!

REV. F. HODGSON *.

* This poem has also been translated by Mr. Elton. The following are the concluding lines of his translation—

'Ah me! yet now, beneath night's lengthening shade,
Some youth's twined arms enfold the twining maid;
Willing he wakes, while midnight hours roll on,
And scorns thee, Sleep! and waves thee to be gone.
Come, then, from them! Oh, leave their bed for mine;
I bid thee not with all thy plumes incline
On my bow'd lids; this kindest boon beseems
The happy crowd that share thy softest dreams:
Let thy wand's tip but touch my closing eye,
Or, lightly hovering, skim, and pass me by.

EMPTINESS OF AMBITION.

FROM THE LATIN OF JUVENAL.

THE spoils of war: a coat of mail, fix'd high
On trophied trunk, in emblem'd victory;
A dangling beaver from its helmet cleft;
A chariot's shiver'd beam; a pendant reft
From boarded galley; and the captive shown
On the triumphal arch in imaged stone;
Behold the sum of grandeur and of bliss!—
Greek, Roman, and Barbarian aim at this.
Hence the hot toil and hairbreadth peril came,
For less the thirst of virtue than of fame.
Who clasps mere naked virtue in his arms?
Strip off the tinsel, she no longer charms.
Yet has the glory of some few great names
Enwrapp'd our country in destroying flames:
This thirst of praise and chisel'd titles read
On stones that guard the ashes of the dead.
But a wild fig-tree's wayward growth may tear
The rifted tomb, and shake the stones in air;
Since sepulchres a human fate obey,
And vaults, that shrine the dead, themselves decay.
Try in the balance Hannibal; adjust
The scales: how many pounds weighs this big hero's dust?
This—this is he whom Afric would, in vain,
Coop 'twixt the tepid Nile and Moorish main:
Swarth Ethiop tribes his yoke of empire bore,
And towery elephants bow'd down before.
Spain crouches as his vassal; at a bound
He high o'erleaps the Pyrenean's mound;

Nature with Alps and snows the pass defends;
Through juice-corroded rocks a way he rends,
And strides on Italy: yet nought is won;
He throws his glance beyond; 'yet nought is done,
Till at Rome's gates the Punic soldier beats,
And plants my standard in her very streets!'
Oh! how, in painting, would that form enchant!
That blinking hero on an elephant!
What is his end? oh godlike glory! say—
He flies in rout; in exile steals away:
A great and gazed at suppliant, lo! he takes
His out-door station, till a monarch wakes.
Nor swords nor stones nor arrows gave the wound,
And crush'd the soul that shook the world around.
What mighty means the blood-atonement bring?
Cannæ's avenger lurks within a ring.
Go! madman, scour the Alps, in glory's dream;
A tale for boys, and a declaimer's theme!
Lo! Pella's youth was cabin'd, cribb'd, confined
Within one world, too narrow for his mind:
Restless he turn'd in feverous discontent,
As if by Gyara's rocks, or scant Seriphum pent;
But brick-wall'd Babylon gave ample room;
Content he stretch'd him in a catacomb:
Death, death alone, the conscious truth attests,
What dwarfish frame this swelling soul invests.
They tell of Athos' mountain sail'd with ships;
Those bold historic lies from Grecian lips:
Of ocean bridged across with paving keels,
And harden'd waves o'erpass'd with chariot-wheels:
We pin our faith on rivers deep that shrank,
And floods which, at a meal, the Median drank:
And all that marvel-mongering poet sings,
That maudlin swan, who bathed in wine his wings.

Say how from Salamis this sultan pass'd,
Who lash'd the eastern and the western blast;
Stripes which they knew not in the Æolian cave:
He who with fetters bound the' earth-shaking wave,
And in his mercy only, spared to brand?
What! crouch'd a god like Neptune to his hand?
Then say, how pass'd he back?—behold him row
One bark through bloody waves, with corse-choked prow:
Such is the glorious fame for which we sigh,
And such ambition's curse and penalty.

C. A. BUPON.

THE

IMPOTENCY OF REVENGE, AND SELF-PUNISHMENT OF THE WICKED.

FROM THE LATIN OF JUVENAL.

'And shall no vengeance crush the perjured head?
Shall cheating infamy be fairly sped?'
Suppose him dragg'd in chains, and doom'd by [thee,
What would resentment more? to the last agony?
Thy loss remains the same: the' entrusted ore
From faithless keeping will return no more.
Aye—but some ease, detested ease! hath sprung
From those poor blood-drops which the rack hath wrung.
But is revenge a good? a joy more sweet
Than life itself? the vulgar this repeat;
Blind and untaught, whom burning anger draws
On slight occasion, and from groundless cause.

Not thus Chrysippus, or mild Thales taught;
Not thus the honeyed sage of Athens thought,
Who, when in bonds, received the hemlock'd bowl,
Nor wish'd the accuser part, but drain'd the whole.
'Tis bless'd philosophy, whose voice inspires
The upright tenor of subdued desires:
When error and gross vice the soul infest,
She gently draws, and weeds them from the breast.
Know, where revenge has fixed its firm control,
There lurks a narrow and a feeble soul.
Thus, fitted to the weaker sex, we find
Revenge most pleasing to a woman's mind.
But wherefore dream that safe the wicked speed,
Whose minds, aghast, are conscious of the deed?
The soul in silence shakes the scourge of sin,
And the slow torturer lurks and lives within.
Worse sentence never did Cæditius doom,
Nor Rhadamanthus frame beyond the tomb,
Than thus, by day, by night, to bear along
The mute accusing evidence of wrong.

A Spartan once the Delphic counsel sought,
Ere yet the meditated fraud he wrought,
Withheld a pledge, or took a perjured oath;
But the bare doubt convicted him of both.
'No—not unpunish'd should the suppliant speed,
Who ask'd if Phœbus would approve the deed.'
The priestess said: the man, from terror's sense,
Restored the pledge, his morals the pretence.
But soon he verified the voice divine,
Prophetic utter'd from the secret shrine.
His children and himself were swept away,
And his ancestral house fell headlong to decay.

Such punishments the' unwary wretch oppress,
Who acts, in thought, the will of wickedness:

The man, who frames the silent guilt within,
Incurs the crime of a committed sin.
What if the deed accomplish'd crown the will?
E'en at the social board care haunts him still:
His palate's fever-dried: in goblets crude
Between his teeth the' unmasticated food
Grows with the grinding motion of his jaws,
That ache to chew: the wine his butler draws,
Though from Albania's growth the produce came;
And precious age matures it into fame,
Poor wretch! he spits and sputters from his lips:
Present a mellower vintage, and he sips;
But straight such wrinkles furrow up his face,
Sour vinegar could raise no worse grimace.
If his sore mind at night a respite lend,
Thrown on the couch his limbs at length extend:
He slumbers; is at rest; but soon the fane,
The violated altars rise again: [still
And thee whom he has wrong'd, whose memory
Bids clammy sweat from his cold brow distil,
Thee, with deep mental horror dreaded most,
He sees thee rising like an angry ghost:
When, larger than the life, thy image seems
To hover o'er him in his troubled dreams:
From his closed lips the' unwilling murmurs wrest,
And drag the dark confession from his breast.
Yes—these are they who, pale with terror, glare
When thunder rolls and lightnings blaze in air:
Who, when the first low-muttering sounds have pass'd,
In listening horror seem to breathe their last.
To them no chance of clouds—no rage of winds—
But angry vengeance flashes on their minds:
Harmless the gleam whirls by; the skies are clear,
Still o'er them hangs the panic weight of fear.

Lest but deferr'd the tempest's brighten'd gloom,
And the next storm should sweep them to the tomb.

Then, if their side with shooting anguish ache,
And their strain'd eyes in restless fever wake,
They deem the sickness mission'd from on high,
And these the stones and arrows of the sky.
No bleating lamb they to the chapel vow,
Nor to the household gods devote they new
A crested cock; for can the wicked pray
In hope? are lambs not worthier life than they?
How mutable and various still we find
The shifts and turnings of a villain's mind!
Bold when they sin; and when the sin is done,
Conscience grows wise; the terror is begun.
Yet nature to the censured crime recurs,
Steadfast to ill, and constant, when she errs.
Who by fix'd bounds could e'er his sin restrain?
When has the harden'd forehead blush'd again?
Or where the man, in this our virtuous time,
Who breathes content with but a single crime?

C. A. ELTON.

APOSTROPHE.

FROM THE LATIN OF JUVENAL.

May gentlest earth our fathers' shades inclose,
Light be their turf, and peaceful their repose!
Forth from their urns the breathing crocus fling
The balmy sweets of an eternal spring!
Who will'd that to the tutor should be show'd
The filial reverence to a parent owed.

OWEN.

ROSES.

FROM THE LATIN OF AUSONIUS.

'Twas spring; the morn return'd in saffron veil,
And breathed a nipping coolness in the gale.
A keener air had harbinger'd the Dawn,
That drove her coursers o'er the eastern lawn.
The breezy cool allured my feet to stray
And thus anticipate the fervid day.
Through the broad walks I trod the garden bowers,
And roam'd, refresh'd against the noontide hours.
I saw the hoary dew's congealing drops
Bend the tall grass and vegetable tops;
On the broad leaves play'd bright the trembling gems,
And airy waters bow'd the laden stems.
There Pæstan roses blush'd before my view,
Bedropp'd with early morning's freshening dew;
The sprinkled pearls on every rose bush lay,
Anon to melt before the beams of day.
'Twere doubtful, if the blossoms of the rose
Had robb'd the morning, or the morning those.
In dew, in tint the same, the star and flower;
For both confess the queen of beauty's power.
Perchance their sweets the same: but this more nigh
Exhales its breath; and that embalms the sky:
Of flower and star the goddess is the same,
And both she tinged with hues of roseate flame.
I saw a moment's interval divide
The rose that blossom'd from the rose that died.
This with its cap of tufted moss look'd green,
That, tipp'd with reddening purple, peep'd between:

One rear'd its obelisk with opening swell,
The bud unsheath'd its crimson pinnacle;
Another, gathering every purfled fold,
Its foliage multiplied; its blooms unroll'd;
The teeming chives shot forth; the petals spread;
The bowpot's glory rear'd its smiling head:
While this, that ere the passing moment flew,
Flamed forth one blaze of scarlet on the view;
Now shook from withering stalk the waste perfume,
Its verdure stripp'd, and pale its faded bloom.
I marvel'd at the spoiling flight of time,
That roses thus grew old in earliest prime.
E'en while I speak, the crimson leaves drop round,
And a red brightness veils the blushing ground,
These forms, these births, these changes bloom, decay,
Appear, and vanish in the selfsame day. [sighs,
The flowers brief grace, oh Nature! moves my
Thy gifts just shown are ravish'd from our eyes.
One day the rose's age, and while it blows
In dawn of youth, it withers to its close.
The rose the glittering sun beheld, at morn,
Spread to the light its blossoms newly born,
When in his round he looks from evening skies,
Already droops in age, and fades, and dies.
Yet bless'd, that soon to fade, the numerous flower
Succeeds herself, and still prolongs her hour.
Oh virgins! roses cull, while yet ye may;
So bloom your hours, and so shall haste away.

C. A. ELTON.

ELEGIAC ODE,

AT THE

Return of the Parentalia, or Feast of the Dead.

FROM THE LATIN OF AUSONIUS.

When friends of youth, departed long,
  Return to memory's pensive view,
'Tis sweet to chant the votive song,
  A meed to fond affection due.

But grief, which fancy dreads to sing,
  And deep heart-rending sighs return,
When slow revolve the months that bring
  The flowers to lost Sabina's urn.

Ah! first beloved! in youth's fair bloom
  From these sad arms untimely torn,—
Still lingering by thy lonely tomb,
  Thee, lost Sabina, still I mourn!

The tear at last may cease to flow,
  But time can ne'er my peace restore;
If e'er this bosom pause from woe,
  'Tis only when I thee deplore.

Ne'er has oblivious length of days
  Conceal'd thy form from memory's view,
Nor e'er did second love erase
  The lines which first affection drew.

Through my sad hours, of thee bereft,
  I linger silent and alone,
No friend to share my joy is left,
  Or soothe my grief, since thou art gone.

While others in their cheerful home
  Their loves of youth enamour'd see,
Beside the lonely grave I roam,
  And only can remember thee.

For pleasures lost, for fortune's scorn,
  Ne'er have I shed the useless tear;
But hoary age laments forlorn
  The maid to first affection dear.

Though, hallow'd by thy parting prayer,
  Thy sons exult in youth's fair bloom,
Yet left too soon, they ne'er can share
  The fond regret that haunts thy tomb.

For thee my woes I sacred hold,
  No heart shall steal a sigh from mine,
Till in the common crumbling mould
  Mine ashes mingle yet with thine.

DR. LEYDEN.

VENUS ANADYOMENE.

FROM THE LATIN OF AUSONIUS.

This is Apelles' work. See Venus rise!
Sprung from the sea, to captivate the skies,
See with her taper fingers how she presses
The briny dewdrops from her humid tresses;
This let her two celestial rivals see,
And they shall say—'Venus, we yield to thee.'

ANONYMOUS.

TO GALLA.

FROM THE LATIN OF AUSONIUS.

Galla, midst other moving things,
  Remember I have often said,
That Time, though aged, has his wings,
  And thou wouldst find how fast he fled.

Yet vainly, to persuade I strove;
  In youth's short summer thou wast cold,
Although the girl that will not love,
  However youthful—still is old.

But Time, though beauty he hath ta'en,
  Will recollection leave behind,
And now thou wishest back again
  The days in which thou wast so blind.

Oh! well I read that sadness, when
  I see it settle on thy brow;
Thou wouldst that thou wert young as then,
  Or that thou hadst been kind as now.

Though 'tis a vain, unreal fire,
  Compared with that those hours inspired,
Though 'tis not that I now desire
  So much as that I once desired,—

Grieve not;—and if we speak of this,
  Let us but bring each former scene,
To try to sweeten that which is
  By thoughts of that which might have been.

ANONYMOUS.

PROSERPINE AT HER LOOM.

FROM THE LATIN OF CLAUDIAN.

Now had they come where Ceres' palace blazed,
By the strong prowess of the Cyclops raised:
There, iron walls the admiring eye survey'd,
There, iron posts and locks of chalybs made.
Ne'er with such glowing toil, a mass so great
The forming anvil of Pyracmon beat;
Nor Steropes such mighty labour knew,
His lightning furnace as the bellows blew;
Nor ever, when he snatch'd it from the flame,
Hiss'd the red metal in so vast a stream.
On brazen beams the roofs supported rise,
While amber pillars of transparent dyes
Tinge, as they prop the ivory-ceiled halls,
With rich reflected light their lofty walls.
There Proserpine, with sweetest songs the dome
Delighting, plied the labours of her loom;
But ah, in vain the various woof she wove,
Design'd a tribute of her filial love!
Here, in rich tapestry, the beauteous maid
The series of the elements display'd.
Lo! through old Chaos parent nature streams
Her light, and foster'd in her genial beams
To its own place each seedling atom flies;
And sudden, as the lighter forms arise,
The heavier bodies to the centre fall, [ball.
While powers unknown suspend the' illumined
Mild ether shines, the polar regions glow,
And with free wave the rising waters flow.
The stars she lights in gold, in purple pours
The sea, and lifts in various gems the shores.

Now the well imitated billows curl
Around, and in their dashing eddies hurl
(While murmurs seem to creep o'er all the sand)
The seaweeds high against the rocky strand.
Five zones she adds, and marks, with nice design
In red, the fervour of the flaming line;
And o'er its squalid limits as she runs
She paints them glowing in continual suns.
Then, the full populated zones she rears,
Where verdure, fann'd by Zephyr's breath, appears;
And next, the climes, where winter's dreary host
Break their vast thunders o'er the boundless frost,
Arrest the foaming billow as it rolls,
And with eternal mountains block the poles!
Last as she figured Dis, the infernal god,
The gloomy Manes, and their dread abode;
Sudden, as prescient of her fate, appears
Her cheek bedew'd with inauspicious tears!
Now, at the limits of the web, she gave
The glassy folds to ocean's winding wave.

POLWHELE.

THE RECEPTION OF PROSERPINE.

FROM THE LATIN OF CLAUDIAN.

. . . . . ENAMOUR'D of the sighing maid
He press'd his steeds, and plunged into the shade.
Sudden light images around them rove,
As leaves come fluttering from the blasted grove;
Thick as the billows break, or sands arise;
Thick as the showers that fall from wintry skies.
Swift, to survey the beauties of the bride,
In crowds the shadows of all ages glide.

Attendants, chosen from the crowd, prepare
To roll beneath its shed the lofty car;
And bid the steeds, now loosen'd from the reins,
Graze the dark pasture of Cocytus' plains.
Some at the canopy their care divide,
Or hang with verdurous boughs the portals wide;
Or lift the richest tapestries of the loom
To grace with graphic forms the bridal room.
And, as such triumphs crown the lover's toils,
Softens his grimly face, relax'd in smiles.
Huge Phlegethon from waves of torrent flame
Arose, while down his features flash'd the stream.
A train came next, to soothe the mourning queen;
Meek were their looks, and modest was their mien:
From the fair gardens of Elysian day
They charm with cheerful talk her woes away;
And bind her scatter'd tresses; and conceal
Her mantling blushes in a golden veil.
Bursting in wild and animated notes,
Through the dread gloom unusual music floats:
Lo, the pale regions triumph at the sound,
And all the buried nations dance around!
The Manes, graced with wreaths, protract the feast,
And fill'd with genial cheer, the shadows rest.
Hell stills her groans, and rarefies her breath
That charged the eternal night with blasts of death:
Minos suspends the terrors of his urn:
Echoes no scourge, no dying sorrows mourn!
The gloom no tortured ghosts with horror fill,
And writhed Ixion rests upon his wheel!
See Tantalus, the stream with rapture caught,
Allays the thirsty fever of his throat;

And Tityus lifts his monster limbs away
From the nine acres, where outstretch'd he lay;
While the fierce vulture feels her power repress'd
To scoop the living banquet of his breast,
And, where no renovated fibres rise,
To catch the bloody morsel vainly tries.
Convivial revels e'en the furies hold
(Their listening snakes relax each placid fold);
No more their flashing eyes in madness roll,
But sparkle with the spirit of the bowl!
From those fell lips, that pour'd the threats of woe,
The melodies of melting music flow!
And, while no sanguine torch betrays the gloom,
Lights of pure flame the canopies illume!
No baleful vapours from Averaus rise,
Where the fleet bird on easy pinion flies:
The floods, that fence his sable jaws around,
No more, to fright the ear with horror, sound.
Where roar'd rough Acheron, see a milky wave
Sudden his banks in gentle murmurs lave;
And flaunting o'er his purpling lake of wine,
See verdant ivy round Cocytus twine!
Each faltering thread of life the Fates renew;
No sacred chorus mourns the broken clue!
With sighs no parents, o'er the breathing urn,
Pay the last honours to the shade they mourn:
No black procession breaks the city's ease;
No battles rage; no tempests sweep the seas.
With reeds old Charon veil'd his tresses frore,
Singing in concert with each dashing oar.

POLWHELE.

THE CONTENTED OLD MAN.

FROM THE LATIN OF CLAUDIAN.

HAPPY his life who never pass'd the bounds,
In youth or age, of his paternal grounds!
Whom the same house on crutches sees, before
That saw him crawling on his native floor.
Whose early cradle and whose easy chair
By one fireside have kept him free from care.
Not him has fortune in her varied strife
Dragg'd through the tumults of a public life.
He ne'er has loved o'er barbarous realms to roam,
Nor left the quiet habitudes of home.
Not his the merchant's nor the soldier's fears,
Nor storms, nor wars, nor lawsuits reach his ears.
Unskill'd in business, and the clamorous town,
Freely he breathes, and feels his soul his own;
Counts by his following crops his years increased,
But knows no consul, living or deceased.
His marks of time both use and beauty bring,
His fruits are autumn, and his flowers are spring.
If the sun lights, or darkness shades the plain,
Still his horizon is his own domain.
Yon giant oak he knew with scarce a limb,
And the whole forest has grown old with him.
Unknown to him as India's distant skies,
His own Verona's neighbouring towers arise;
Unknown to him as Erythrean floods,
Thy lake, Benacus, cools his native woods.
Firm is his strength, unconquer'd yet, though now
Three generations to their founder bow.
Let others search the farthest east or west—
They may *see* life—*enjoying* it is best.

REV. F. HODGSON.

ON THE MARRIAGE OF HONORIUS.

FROM THE LATIN OF CLAUDIAN.

Lo! Hesper how, to Venus dear,
  His silvery shining lamp he rears;
He marks the blushing virgin's fear,
  And smiles to see her maiden tears.

Yes; soothe her, bridegroom.—Well he knows,
  Though smiles for such an hour were meeter,
These tears, like dewdrops to the rose,
  Shall make her morning lip the sweeter.

He of the thorn must take no heed
  Who would not let the bud go free;
And he who would on honey feed
  Must never mark the angry bee.

As when the rain-clouds make retreat
  The sudden day seems doubly clear,
So there can be no kiss so sweet
  As one that's usher'd by a tear.—

'War, I have known thee,' shalt thou cry,
  'The humbled foe—the victor's bliss;
But never flash'd young warrior's eye
  For conquest half so blest as this.'

Love, on thy couch, himself enthrones;
  Reveal him—for he made ye one—
And hear her tongue respond, in tones
  That silence' self might dote upon.

Speak him—in many a broken sigh;
  Breathe all affection's holiest balm;
Oh! clasp, with more of constancy
  Than e'er the ivy clasp'd the palm.

And when her languid lids shall close
  And in oblivious bliss she lies,
Thy breath—like Sleep's—shall shed repose
  Upon her silken-fringed eyes.—

At the first peep of blushing morn,
  The joyous strain shall be renew'd,
And gladness on each brow be worn,
  And mirth unlaced, and garlands strew'd.

Nymphs—grant the smile, extend the hand;
  Swains—warriors—put on all your pride;
Winds, waft the voice from land to land,
  'Honorius hath brought home his bride.'

ANONYMOUS.

ON A QUIET LIFE.

FROM THE LATIN OF AVIENUS.

SMALL fields are mine; a small and guiltless rent;
In both I prize the quiet of content:
My mind maintains its peace; from feverish dread
Secure, and fear of crimes, that sloth has bred.
Others let toilsome camps or curule chairs
Invite, and joys which vain ambition shares.
May I, my lot among the people thrown,
The badge of rank unsought for and unknown,
Live to myself, and call my time my own.

C. A. ELTON.

ELEGANT EXTRACTS

FROM THE MOST EMINENT

BRITISH POETS.

PART XII.

Translations.

Behind her close he came; her arm he press'd,
Her arm just raised to pierce her beauteous breast. *p.* 302.

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THE NEW

ELEGANT EXTRACTS.

PART XII.

Translations.

ODE TO JEHOVAH.

FROM THE HEBREW OF MOSES*.

In high Jehovah's praise, my strain
  Of triumph shall the chorus lead,
Who plunged beneath the rolling main
  The horseman with his vaunted steed.
  Dread breaker of our servile chains,
  By whom our arm in strength remains,
The scented algum forms thy car!
  Our fathers' God! Thy name we raise
  Beyond the bounds of mortal praise,
The Chieftain and the Lord of war.

Far in the caverns of the deep
  Their chariots sunk to rise no more;
And Pharaoh's mighty warriors sleep
  Where the Red Sea's huge monsters roar.
  Plunged like a rock amid the wave,
  Around their heads the billows lave;

* It is scarcely necessary to say that this is a paraphrastic version of Exodus, chap. xv. v. 1—19; much of the sublimity of which Dr. Leyden has certainly failed to preserve.

Down, down the yawning gulf they go,
  Dash'd by Thy high-expanded hand
  To pieces on the pointed sand,
That strews the shelving rocks below.

What lambent lightnings round Thee gleam,
  Thy foes in blackening heaps to strew!
As o'er wide fields of stubble stream
  The flames, in undulation blue.
  And lo! the waters of the deep
  Swell into one enormous heap,
Collected at Thy nostrils' breath.
  The bosom of the abyss reveal'd,
  Wall'd with huge crystal waves congeal'd,
Unfolds the yawning jaws of death.

'Swift steeds of Egypt, speed your course,
  And swift, ye rapid chariots, roll!
Not ocean's bed impedes our force;
  Red vengeance soon shall glut our soul;
  The sabre keen shall soon embrue
  Its glimmering edge in gory dew.'—
Impatient cried the' exulting foe;—
  When like a ponderous mass of lead
  They sink—and sudden, o'er their head
The bursting waves impetuous flow.

But Thou, in whose sublime abode
  Resistless might and mercy dwell,
Our voices, high o'er every god,
  With grateful hearts Thy praises swell!
  Outstretch'd we saw thy red right hand,
  The earth her solid jaws expand;
Adown the gulf alive they sink:—
  While we, within the' incumbent main,
  Behold the tumbling floods in vain
Storm on our narrow pathway's brink.

But, far as Fame's shrill notes resound,
  With dire dismay the nations hear;
Old Edom's sons with laurels crown'd,
  And Moab's warriors melt with fear.
  The petrifying tale disarms
  The might of Canaan's countless swarms,
Appall'd their heroes sink supine;
  No mailed band with thrilling cries
  The might of Jacob's sons defies,
That moves to conquer Palestine.

Nor burning sands our way impede,
  Where nature's glowing embers lie;
But led by Thee, we safely tread
  Beneath the furnace of the sky.
  To fields, where fertile olives twine
  Their branches with the clustering vine
Soon shalt Thou Jacob's armies bring;
  To plant them by Thy mighty hand
  Where the proud towers of Salem stand;
And ever reign their God and King.

Far in the deep unfathom'd caves
  Lie strew'd the flower of Mazur's land,
Save when the surge, that idly raves,
  Heaves their cold corses on the sand.
  With courage unappall'd, in vain
  They rush'd within the channel'd main,
Their heads the billows folded o'er:
  While Thou hast Israel's legions led
  Through the green ocean's coral bed,
To ancient Edom's palmy shore.

DR. LEYDEN.

PSALM CIV.

FROM THE HEBREW.

My soul, adore the Lord of might;
  With uncreated glory crown'd
And clad in royalty of light,
  He draws the curtain'd heavens around;
    Dark waters his pavilion form,
    Clouds are his car, his wheels the storm.

Lightning before him, and behind
  Thunder rebounding to and fro;
He walks upon the winged wind,
  And reins the blast, or lets it go:
    This goodly globe his wisdom plann'd,
    He fix'd the bounds of sea and land.

When o'er a guilty world, of old,
  He summon'd the avenging main,
At his rebuke the billows roll'd
  Back to their parent-gulf again:
    The mountains raised their joyful heads,
    Like new creations, from their beds.

Henceforth the self-revolving tide
  Its daily fall and flow maintains;
Through winding vales fresh fountains glide,
  Leap from the hills, or course the plains;
    There thirsty cattle throng the brink,
    And the wild asses bend to drink.

Fed by the currents, fruitful groves
  Expand their leaves, their fragrance fling,
Where the cool breeze at noontide roves,
  And birds among the branches sing;

Soft fall the showers when day declines,
And sweet the peaceful rainbow shines.

Grass through the meadows, rich with flowers,
God's bounty spreads for herds and flocks;
On Lebanon his cedar towers,
The wild goats bound upon his rocks;
Fowls in his forests build their nests,
The stork amid the pinetree rests.

To strengthen man, condemn'd to toil,
He fills with grain the golden ear;
Bids the ripe olive melt with oil,
And swells the grape, man's heart to cheer:
The moon her tide of changing knows,
Her orb with lustre ebbs and flows.

The sun goes down, the stars come out;
He maketh darkness, and 'tis night;
Then roam the beasts of prey about,
The desert rings with chase and flight:
The lion and the lion's brood
Look up—and God provides them food.

Morn dawns far east; ere long the sun
Warms the glad nations with his beams;
Day, in their dens, the spoilers shun,
And night returns to them in dreams:
Man from his couch to labour goes,
Till evening brings again repose.

How manifold thy works, O Lord,
In wisdom, power, and goodness wrought!
The earth is with thy riches stored,
And ocean with thy wonders fraught:
Unfathom'd caves beneath the deep
For Thee their hidden treasures keep.

There go the ships, with sails unfurl'd,
  By Thee directed on their way;
There in his own mysterious world,
  Leviathan delights to play,
    And tribes that range immensity,
    Unknown to man, are known to Thee.

By Thee alone the living live;
  Hide but thy face, their comforts fly;
They gather what thy seasons give;
  Take Thou away their breath, they die.
    Send forth thy Spirit from above,
    And all is life again, and love.

Joy in his works Jehovah takes,
  Yet to destruction they return;
He looks upon the earth, it quakes;
  Touches the mountains, and they burn;
    Thou, God, for ever art the same:
    I AM is thine unchanging name.

MONTGOMERY.

THE BATTLE OF SABLA.

FROM THE ARABIC.

SABLA, thou saw'st the' exulting foe
  In fancied triumphs crown'd;
Thou heardst their frantic females throw
  These galling taunts around:

'Make now your choice—the terms we give,
  Desponding victims, hear:
These fetters on your hands receive,
  Or in your hearts the spear.'

'And is the conflict o'er (we cried),
And lie we at your feet?
And dare you vauntingly decide
The fortune we must meet?

'A brighter day we soon shall see,
Though now the prospect lours;
And conquest, peace, and liberty
Shall gild our future hours.'

The foe advanced:—in firm array
We rush'd o'er Sabla's sands,
And the red sabre mark'd our way
Amidst their yielding bands.

Then, as they writhed in death's cold grasp,
We cried, 'Our choice is made:
These hands the sabre's hilt shall clasp;
Your hearts shall have the blade.'

CARLYLE.

EPITAPH.

FROM THE ARABIC.

BEHOLD, a profligate his race hath run,
And poor old Cassim mourns his lifeless son;
He weeps, for the deceased hath left a brother;
Go, Death, go dry his tears, and take the other.

J. GRANT.

TO A LADY WEEPING.

FROM THE ARABIC.

WHEN I beheld thy blue eye shine
Through the bright drop that pity drew,
I saw beneath those tears of thine
A blue-eyed violet bathed in dew.

The violet ever scents the gale,
  Its hues adorn the fairest wreath,
But sweetest through a dewy veil
  Its colours glow, its odours breathe.

And thus thy charms in brightness rise—
  When wit and pleasure round thee play,
When mirth sits smiling in thine eyes,
  Who but admires their sprightly ray?
But when through pity's flood they gleam,
Who but must love their soften'd beam?

CARLYLE.

TO THE COURIER DOVE.

FROM THE ARABIC.

Fair traveller of the pathless air,
To Zara's bowers these accents bear,
Hid in the shade of palmy groves,
And tell her where her wanderer roves!
But spread, O spread your pinion blue,
To guard my lines from rain and dew:
And when my charming fair you see,
A thousand kisses bear from me,
And softly murmur in her ear
How much I wish that I were near.

DR. LEYDEN.

TO A FEMALE CUPBEARER.

FROM THE ARABIC.

Come, Leila, fill the goblet up,
  Reach round the rosy wine;
Think not that we will take the cup
  From any hand but thine.

A draught like this 'twere vain to seek,
No grape can such supply;
It steals its tints from Leila's cheek,
Its brightness from her eye.

CARLYLE.

ODE.

FROM THE PERSIAN OF HAFIZ.

SWEET maid, if thou wouldst charm my sight,
And bid these arms thy neck infold;
That rosy cheek, that lily hand,
Would give thy poet more delight
Than all Bocara's vaunted gold,
Than all the gems of Samarcand.

Boy! let yon liquid ruby flow,
And bid thy pensive heart be glad,
Whate'er the frowning zealots say:—
Tell them their Eden cannot show
A stream so clear as Rocnabad,
A bower so sweet as Mosellay.

O! when these fair perfidious maids,
Whose eyes our secret haunts infest,
Their dear destructive charms display;—
Each glance my tender breast invades,
And robs my wounded soul of rest,
As Tartars seize their destined prey.

In vain with love our bosoms glow:
Can all our tears, can all our sighs
New lustre to those charms impart?
Can cheeks, where living roses blow,
Where nature spreads her richest dyes,
Require the borrow'd gloss of art?

Speak not of fate:—ah! change the theme,
And talk of odours, talk of wine,
Talk of the flowers that round us bloom:—
'Tis all a cloud, 'tis all a dream:
To love and joy thy thoughts confine,
Nor hope to pierce the sacred gloom.

Beauty has such resistless power
That e'en the chaste Egyptian dame
Sigh'd for the blooming Hebrew boy;
For her how fatal was the hour
When to the banks of Nilus came
A youth so lovely and so coy!

But ah, sweet maid! my counsel hear
(Youth should attend when those advise
Whom long experience renders sage),—
While music charms the ravish'd ear,
While sparkling cups delight our eyes,
Be gay; and scorn the frowns of age.

What cruel answer have I heard!
And yet, by heaven, I love thee still:
Can aught be cruel from thy lip?
Yet say, how fell that bitter word
From lips which streams of sweetness fill,
Which nought but drops of honey sip?

Go boldly forth, my simple lay,
Whose accents flow with artless ease,
Like orient pearls at random strung:
Thy notes are sweet, the damsels say;
But O! far sweeter, if they please
The nymph for whom these notes are sung.

SIR W. JONES.

ODE.

FROM THE PERSIAN OF HAFIZ.

Oh! I have borne, and borne in vain,
The pang of love's delirious pain;
But she for whom my tear-drops fell,
Oh! ask me, ask me not to tell.

Oh! I have borne the lingering smart
Of absence cankering in the heart;
But she for whom my tear-drops fell,
Oh! ask me, ask me not to tell.

Far have I roam'd with wandering feet,
And found a fair so heavenly sweet
That in my breast she still shall dwell,
But ask me not her name to tell.

How long her footsteps I pursued,
How long with tears their prints bedew'd,
How long she made my sighs to swell,
Oh! ask me, ask me not to tell.

Sounds of the kindest, tenderest tone,
To fondest lovers only known,
Last evening from her dear lips fell;
But ask me, ask me not to tell.

Why frown and bite that angry lip?
I love her honied kiss to sip:
How soft the melting rubies swell!
But ask me not her name to tell.

Dear love! when far from thee I pine,
All lonely is this home of mine,
What sighs my tortured bosom swell,
Oh! ask me, ask me not to tell.

To love's dear bliss before unknown,
To such a height has passion grown
That Hafiz ne'er its power can quell;
Then ask him, ask him not to tell.

DR. LEYDEN.

IN PRAISE OF WINE.

FROM THE PERSIAN OF RUDEKI.

He who my brimming cup shall view
In trembling radiance shine,
Shall own the ruby's brilliant hue
Is match'd by rosy wine.

Each is a gem from Nature's hand
In living lustre bright;
But one congeals its radiance bland,
One swims in liquid light.

Ere you can touch, its sparkling dye
Has left a splendid stain;
Ere you can drink, the essence high
Floats giddy through the brain.

DR. LEYDEN.

THE ASS AND THE STAG.

FROM THE PERSIAN.

Once on a time, no matter when,
But 'twas some ages since; say ten—
(For asses now more wise appear,
And deer affect to herd with deer).
Once on a time then, it is said,
An Ass and Stag together fed;

In bonds of love so closely bound,
That seldom were they separate found.
The upland lawns when summer dried,
They ranged the meadows side by side;
And when gaunt famine chased them thence,
They overleap'd the garden fence,
Dividing, without strife or coil,
Like ministers of state, the spoil.
  In that gay season when the hours,
Spring's handmaids, strew the earth with flowers,
Our pair walk'd forth, and frisk'd and play'd,
And cropp'd the herbage as they stray'd.
'Twas evening—stillness reign'd around,
And dews refresh'd the thirsty ground;
When, homeward browsing, both inhale
Unusual fragrance from the gale.
It was a garden, compass'd round
With thorns, (a perfect Indian mound),
Through which they saw enough within
To make a drove of asses sin.
No watchdog—gardener—all was hush'd;
They bless'd their stars, and in they push'd;
Fell to with eager haste, and wasted
Ten cabbages for one they tasted.
  And now the Ass (to fulness fed)
Cherish'd strange fancies in his head;
On Nature's carpet idly roll'd,
By care or prudence uncontroll'd;
His pride froth'd up, his self conceit,
And thus it bubbled forth—'How sweet,
Prince of the branching antlers wide,
The mirth-inspiring moments glide!
How grateful are the hours of spring!
What odours sweet the breezes bring!

The musky air to joy invites,
And drowns the senses in delights.
Deep 'mid the waving cypress boughs,
Turtles exchange their amorous vows;
While, from his rose's fragrant lips,
The bird of eve love's nectar sips.
Where'er I throw my eyes around,
All seems to me enchanted ground;
And night, while Cynthia's silvery gleam
Sleeps on the lawn, the grove, the stream,
Heart-soothing night, for nothing longs
But one of my melodious songs,
To lap the world in bliss, and show
A perfect paradise below!
When youth's warm blood shall cease to flow,
And beauty's cheek no longer glow;
When these soft graceful limbs, grown old,
Shall feel Time's fingers, icy cold;
Close in his chilling arms embraced,
What pleasures can I hope to taste?
What sweet delight in Age's train?
Spring will return, but ah! in vain."
  The Stag, half pitying, half amazed,
Upon his old associate gazed;
'What! hast thou lost thy wits?' he cried,
'Or art thou dreaming, open eyed?
Sing, quotha! was there ever bred
In any mortal ass's head
So strange a thought! But, no offence—
What if we first remove from hence,
And talk, as erst, of straw and oats;
Of scurvy fare, and mangy coats;
Of heavy loads, or, worse than those,
Of cruel drivers, and hard blows?

For recollect, my gentle friend,
We're thieves, and plunder is our end.
See! through what parsley we've been toiling,
And what fine spinage we are spoiling!
"He most of all doth outrage reason
Who fondly singeth out of season."
A proverb that, for sense surpasses
The brains combined of stags and asses:
Yet, for I must thy perils trace,
Sweet bulbul* of the long-ear'd race!
Soft soul of harmony! yet hear;
If thou wilt rashly charm our ear,
And with thy warblings, loud and deep,
Unseal the leaden eye of sleep;
Roused by thy song, and arm'd with staves,
The gardener, and a host of slaves,
To mourning will convert thy strains,
And make their pastime of thy pains.'
His nose in scorn the songster rears,
Pricks up his twinkling length of ears,
And proudly thus he shot his bolt—
'Thou soulless, senseless, tasteless dolt!
If, when in vulgar prose I try
My voice, the soul in ecstasy
Will to the pale lip trembling flee,
And pant and struggle to be free,
Must not my song—'
'O, past pretence!
The ear must be deprived of sense,'
Rejoin'd the stag,—'form'd of dull clay,
The heart that melts not at thy lay!
But hold, my ardent prayer attend,
Not yet with songs the welkin rend;

* The Persian name of the nightingale.

Still the sweet murmur of thy throat,
Prelusive of the thrilling note!
Nor shrink not up thy nostrils, friend,
Nor thy fair ample jaws extend;
Lest thou repent thee, when too late,
And moan thy pains and well earn'd fate.'
Impatience stung the warbler's soul,
Greatly he spurn'd the mean control,
And from the verdant turf uprear'd,
He on his friend contemptuous leer'd;
Stretch'd his lean neck, and wildly stared,
His dulcet pitchpipe then prepared,
His flaky ears prick'd up withal,
And stood in posture musical.
'Ah!' thought the stag, 'I greatly fear,
Since he his throat begins to clear,
And strains and stares, he will not long
Deprive us of his promised song,
Friendship to safety well may yield,"
He said, and nimbly fled the field.
Alone, at length, the warbler Ass
Would every former strain surpass;
So right he aim'd, so loud he bray'd,
The forest shook, night seem'd afraid;
And, starting at the well known sound,
The gardeners from their pallets bound;
The scared musician this pursues,
That stops him with insidious noose:—
Now to a tree behold him tied,
While both prepare to take his hide;
But first his cudgel either rears,
And plies his ribs, his nose, his ears;
His head converted to a jelly,
His back confounded with his belly;

All bruised without, all broke within,
To leaves they now convert his skin:
Whereon, in characters of gold,
For all good asses, young and old,
This short instructive tale is told.

HOPPNER.

INEVITABLE FATE.

FROM THE PERSIAN.

I SEE inscribed the stern decree of Fate;
The poison burns in every vein: 'tis done;
Imports not now thy kindness or thy hate;
My lot is certain, and my race is run.

No; never can I break the circling snare,
Or flee my fix'd, inevitable doom:
Say thou art cold—I perish in despair;
Say that thou lovest—my transport is my tomb.

J. GRANT.

ON THE OMNIPRESENCE OF THE DEITY.

FROM THE PERSIAN OF ACHMED ARDEBEILI.

WHY was this spirit, ardent still to rise,
Chain'd in a dungeon of compacted clay?
Why were those thoughts, aspiring to the skies,
In heavy fetters doom'd to pine away?

Strange mystic union of discordant things,
Beyond the powers of reason to descry:
Like the wild ostrich of the waste, whose wings,
Though strongly nerved, yet are not form'd to fly.

O sluggish clay, that bend'st thine inmate down
  Low to the parent dust that gave thee birth!
I fain would spurn thee, all thy ties disown,
  And roam a pilgrim from the realms of earth.

Roam where? What unknown worlds wouldst thou explore?
  Where rest in boundless space thy weary flight?
Float o'er etherial oceans without shore,
  Mount to the stars, or sink in endless night?

What is thine aim? What mighty object, say,
  To rise above this sublunary sphere?
Even Him, who reigns o'er all the realms of day,
  Say, dost thou seek? Vain man! then seek him here.

For his almighty Wisdom, Power, and Love
  Are neither circumscribed by time nor space,
But perfect here, as in the realms above,
  Sustain the myriads of the human race.

Here shall the faithful heart with transport own,
God's awful presence fills not heaven alone.

FOX.

ODE.

FROM THE PERSIAN OF KHAKANI.

THAT cheek which boasts the ruby's hue,
That breast, a lily bathed in dew,
That form whose graceful beauty gleams
Like cypress bending o'er the streams,
Thou marble heart! destroyer! say,
What tyrant steals my soul away?
  That airy form, that amorous sigh,
The flower bud of that liquid eye,

Whose glances steal my soul away,
Thy name, thou lovely tyrant, say!—
O thou, whose wanton footsteps tread
The garden's flower-enamel'd glade,
Whose pouting rose-bud lips contain
More luscious honey than the cane,
Whose eyes in liquid lustre shine
Bright as the hue of sparkling wine,
Whose bending eyebrows shafts of woe
Dart, like arrows from the bow,
Brows that stole their pearly light
From the silver queen of night,
Whose charms have stolen my soul away,—
Thy name, thou beauteous tyrant, say!
The wine of love, that thrills the soul,
Thy bard has drunk beyond control;
To learn thy name would gladly drain
His life from each enamour'd vein:
Thou charmer of Khakani, say
What beauty steals his soul away?

DR. LEYDEN.

SONG.

FROM THE PERSIAN.

SWEET as the rose that scents the gale,
Bright as the lily of the vale,
Yet with a heart like summer hail,
Marring each beauty thou bearest.

Beauty like thine all nature thrills;
And when the moon her circle fills,
Pale she beholds those rounder hills,
Which on the breast thou wearest.

Where could those peerless flowerets blow?
Whence are the thorns that near them grow?
Wound me, but smile, O lovely foe,
Smile on the heart thou tearest.

Sighing, I view that cypress waist,
Doom'd to afflict me till embraced;
Sighing, I view that eye too chaste,
Like the new blossom smiling.

Spreading thy toils with hands divine,
Softly thou wavest like a pine,
Darting thy shafts at hearts like mine,
Senses and soul beguiling.

See at thy feet no vulgar slave,
Frantic with love's enchanting wave,
Thee, ere he seek the gloomy grave,
Thee, his bless'd idol styling.

SIR W. JONES.

EPIGRAM.

FROM THE PERSIAN.

Once I wrote to my charmer, ah! pity my case,
And, though in a dream, let me see your fair face.
She replied, if in absence your eyes you can close,
My presence shall never disturb your repose.

ANONYMOUS.

YESTERDAY.

FROM THE PERSIAN OF ACHMED ARDEBEILI.

SAY, ye studious, grave and old,
  Tell me, all ye fair and gay,
Tell me, where I may behold
  The fleeting forms of Yesterday?

Where's autumnal plenty sped?
  Winter, where's thy boisterous sway?
Where's the vernal floweret fled?
  Summer, where's thy Yesterday?

Jocund sprites of social joy
  Round our smiling goblet play;
Flit, ye powers of rude annoy,
  Like the ghost of Yesterday?

Odorous sweets, and Kerzerom wine,
  Hither, boy, with speed convey;
Jasmin wreaths with roses twine,
  Ere they fade like Yesterday.

Brim the bowl, and pass it round;
  Lightly tune the sportive lay:
Let the festal hour be crown'd,
  Ere 'tis lost like Yesterday.

FOX.

ODE.

FROM THE TURKISH OF MESIHI.

HEAR! how the nightingales, on every spray,
Hail, in wild notes, the sweet return of May;
The gale that o'er yon waving almond blows
The verdant bank with silver blossoms strows;

The smiling season decks each flowery glade.
Be gay: too soon the flowers of spring will fade.

What gales of fragrance scent the vernal air!
Hills, dales, and woods, their loveliest mantles
wear!
Who knows what cares await that fatal day,
When ruder gusts shall banish gentle May?
E'en Death, perhaps, our valleys will invade.
Be gay: too soon the flowers of spring will fade.

The tulip now its varied hue displays,
And sheds, like Ahmed's eye, celestial rays.
Oh, nation ever faithful, ever true,
The joys of youth, while May invites, pursue!
Will not these notes your timorous minds persuade?
Be gay: too soon the flowers of spring will fade.

The sparkling dewdrops o'er the lilies play,
Like orient pearls, or like the beams of day.
If love and mirth your wanton thoughts engage,
Attend, ye nymphs! a poet's words are sage;
While thus you sit beneath the trembling shade
Be gay: too soon the flowers of spring will fade.

The fresh blown rose like Zeineb's cheek appears,
When pearls, like dewdrops, glitter in her ears.
The charms of youth at once are seen and pass'd:
And nature says, 'They are too sweet to last.'
So blooms the rose; and so the blushing maid.
Be gay: too soon the flowers of spring will fade.

See! yon anemones their leaves unfold,
With rubies flaming and with living gold.
While crystal showers from weeping clouds de-
Enjoy the presence of thy tuneful friend: [scend,
Now, while the wines are brought, the sofa's laid,
Be gay: too soon the flowers of spring will fade.

The plants no more are dried, the meadows dead,
No more the rosebud hangs her pensive head:
The shrubs revive in valleys, meads, and bowers,
And every stalk is diadem'd with flowers;
In silken robes each hillock stands array'd.
Be gay: too soon the flowers of spring will fade.

Clear drops, each morn, impearl the rose's bloom,
And from its leaf the zephyr drinks perfume;
The dewy buds expand their lucid store:
Be this our wealth: ye damsels, ask no more.
Though wise men envy, and though fools upbraid,
Be gay: too soon the flowers of spring will fade.

The dewdrops, sprinkled by the musky gale,
Are changed to essence ere they reach the dale.
The mild blue sky a rich pavilion spreads,
Without our labour, o'er our favour'd heads.
Let others toil in war, in arts, or trade;—
Be gay: too soon the flowers of spring will fade.

Late, gloomy winter chill'd the sullen air,
Till Soliman arose, and all was fair.
Soft in his reign, the notes of love resound,
And pleasure's rosy cup goes freely round.
Here on the bank, which mantling vines o'ershade,
Be gay: too soon the flowers of spring will fade.

May this rude lay from age to age remain,
A true memorial of this lovely train.
Come, charming maid! and hear thy poet sing,
Thyself the rose, and he the bird of spring;
Love bids him sing, and Love will be obey'd.
Be gay: too soon the flowers of spring will fade.

SIR W. JONES.

THE CLOUD MESSENGER.

FROM THE SANSCRIT OF CALIDASA.

Argument.

A demigod, who was a servant of the Hindu God of Wealth, Cavera, having offended his lord, was punished by twelve months banishment from his home and wife. At the period of the opening of the poem, he is supposed to have passed eight months in solitary seclusion. At the commencement of the rainy season he addresses himself to one of the clouds which was moving towards his late residence, and desires it to waft his sorrows to a beloved and regretted wife.

——To the inner mansion bend thy sight,
Diffusing round a mild and quivering light;
As when through evening shades soft flashes play,
Where the bright fire-fly wings his glittering way.
There in the fane a beauteous creature stands,
The first best work of the Creator's hands;
Whose slender limbs inadequately bear
A full orbed bosom and a weight of care; [show,
Whose teeth like pearls, whose lips like *Bimbas* *
And fawnlike eyes still tremble as they glow.
Lone as the widow'd *Chacravâci* mourns †,
Her faithful memory to her husband turns,
And sad and silent shalt thou find my wife,
Half of my soul, and partner of my life;
Nipp'd by chill sorrow as the flowers enfold
Their shrinking petals from the withering cold.

* The bimba bears a red fruit.

† This bird, in the poetry of the Hindoos, is their turtle dove, for constancy and connubial affection, with the singular circumstance of the pair being doomed for ever to nocturnal separation, for having offended one of the Hindu divinities.

I view her now! long weeping swells her eyes,
And those dear lips are dried by parching sighs;
Sad on her hand her pallid cheek declines,
And half unseen through veiling tresses shines;
As when a darkling night the moon enshrouds,
A few faint rays break straggling through the clouds.

Now at thy sight I mark fresh sorrow flow,
And sacred sacrifice augments her woe*;
I mark her now, with fancy's aid, retrace
This wasted figure and this haggard face;
Now from her favourite bírd she seeks relief,
And tells the tuneful *sárica*† her grief,
Mourns o'er the feather'd prisoner's kindred fate,
And fondly questions of its absent mate.

In vain the lute for harmony is strung,
And round the robe-neglected shoulder slung;
And falling accents strive to catch, in vain,
Our race's old commemorative strain:
The faltering tear, that from reflection springs,
Corrodes incessantly the silvery strings;
Recurring woe still pressing on the heart,
The skilful hand forgets its grateful art,
And idly wandering strikes no measured tone,
But wakes a sad wild warbling of its own.

At times such solace animates her mind
As widow'd wives in cheerless absence find;

* The sacrifice to be performed to render the gods propitious; or a sacrifice usually performed by women at the beginning of the rainy season.

† A small bird, better known by the name of *maina*. It is represented as a female, while the parrot is described as a male bird; and as these two have, in all Hindu tales, the faculty of human speech, they are constantly introduced, the one inveighing against the faults of the male sex, and the other exposing the defects of the female.

She counts the flowers now faded on the floor,
That graced with monthly piety the door *;
Thence reckon'd up the period since from home,
And, far from her, was I compell'd to roam;
And deeming fond my term of exile run,
Conceives my homeward journey is begun.
Lighten'd by tasks like these the day proceeds,
But much I dread a bitterer night succeeds:
When thou shalt view her on the earth's cold breast,
Or lonely couch of separation rest,
Disturb'd by tears those pallid cheeks that burn,
And visions of her dearer half's return.
Now seeking sleep, a husband to restore,
And waking now his absence to deplore;
Deprived of slumber by returning woes,
Or mock'd by idle phantoms of repose;
Till her slight form, consumed by ceaseless pain,
Shows like the moon fast hastening to its wane.
Crisp from the purifying wave her hair
Conceals the charms, no more her pleasing care;
And with neglected nails her fingers chase,
Fatigued, the tresses wandering o'er her face.
Firm winds the fillet†, as it first was wove,
When fate relentless forced me from my love;
And never flowery wreaths nor costly pearls
Must hope to decorate the fetter'd curls;
Loosed by no hand, until the law divine
Accomplish'd, that delighted hand is mine.

* The Hindus pay a species of adoration to many inanimate objects: amongst others, the doorway or door post receives such homage as is rendered by hanging up a flower or garland there once a month.

† The *veni* is a braid, into which the long hair of the Hindoostanee women is collected, when they have lost their husbands.

Dull as the flower when clouds through ether
sweep,
Nor wholly waking, nor resign'd to sleep,
Her heavy eyelids languidly unclose
To where the moon its silvery radiance throws
Mild through the chamber; once a welcome light,
Avoided now and hateful to her sight.
Those charms that glittering ornaments oppress,
Those restless slumbers that proclaim distress,
That slender figure worn by grief severe
Shall surely gain thy sympathizing tear:
For the soft breast is swift to overflow,
In moist compassion, at the claims of woe.
The same fond wife as when compell'd to part,
Her love was mine, I still possess her heart:
Her well known faith this confidence affords,
Nor vain conceit suggests unmeaning words;
No boaster I! and time shall quickly teach,
With observation join'd, how just my speech.
O'er her left limbs * shall glad pulsations play,
And signs auspicious indicate thy way;
And like the lotus trembling on the tide,
While its deep roots the sportive fish divide,
So tremulous throbs the eye's enchanting ball,
Loose o'er whose lids neglected tresses fall.
Soothed by expected bliss should gentle sleep
O'er her soft limbs and frame exhausted creep,
Delay thy tidings, and suspend thy flight,
And watch in silent patience through the night;
Withhold thy thunders, lest the awful sound
Her slumber banish, and her dreams confound;

* Palpitations in the left limbs, and a throbbing in the left eye, are considered as auspicious omens when occurring in the female.

Where her fond arms, like winding shrubs, she flings
Around my neck, and to my bosom clings.
Behold her rising with the early morn,
Fair as the flower that opening buds adorn;
And strive to animate her drooping mind
With cooling rain-dróps and refreshing wind:
Restrain thy lightnings, as her timid gaze
Shrinks from the bright intolerable blaze;
And murmuring softly, gentle sounds prepare,
With words like these to raise her from despair.
'Oh wife adored! whose lord still lives for thee,
Behold his friend and messenger in me;
We now approach thy beauteous presence fraught
With many a tender and consoling thought;
Such tasks are mine; where absent lovers stray,
I speed the wanderer lightly on his way;
And with my thunders teach his lagging mind
New hopes, the braid of absence* to unbind!'
As beauteous *Mait'hili*†, with glad surprise,
Bent on the Son of Air her opening eyes;
So my fair partner's pleased uplifted gaze,
Thy friendly presence with delight surveys;
She smiles, she speaks, her misery foregoes,
And deep attention on thy words bestows:
For such dear tidings happiness impart,
Scarce less than mutual meeting to the heart.
Being, of years protracted, aid thy friend,
And with my words thine own suggestions blend;

* See second note in page 218.

† *Mait'hili* is a name of *Sita*, derived from the place of her nativity. The allusion relates to the discovery of her by *Rama's* envoy, *Hanuman*, the monkey chief, said to be the son of the wind.

Say thus—'Thy lord o'er Rama's mountain strays,
Nor cares but those of absence blight his days;
His only wish by me, his friend, to know
If he is bless'd with health, that thou art so;
For still this fear especially must wait
On every creature of our passing state.

'What though to distance driven by wrath di-
Imagination joins his form with thine; [vine,
Such as I view is his emaciate frame;
Such his regrets, his scorching pangs the same;
To every sigh of thine his sigh replies,
And tears responsive trickle from his eyes.

'By thee unheard, by those bright eyes unseen,
Since fate resists and regions intervene;
To me the message of his love consign'd,
Portrays the sufferings of his constant mind.
Oh, were he present, fondly would he seek,
In secret whisper, that inviting cheek;
Woo thee in close approach his words to hear,
And breathe these tender accents in thine ear'—

'Goddess beloved! how vainly I explore
The world to trace the semblance I adore;
Thy graceful form the flexile tendril shows,
And like thy locks the peacock's plumage glows;
Mild as thy cheeks, the moon's new beams appear,
And those soft eyes adorn the timid deer;
In ripling brooks thy curling brows I see,
But only view combined these charms in thee.

'Even in these wilds our unrelenting fate
Proscribes the union, love and art create;
When, with the colours that the rock supplies,
O'er the rude stone thy pictured beauties rise,
Fain would I think once more we fondly meet,
And seek to fall in homage at thy feet.

In vain; for envious tears my purpose blight,
And veil the lovely image from my sight.
Why should the god*, who wields the five-fold dart,
Direct his shafts at this afflicted heart;
Nor spare to agonize an aching breast,
By sultry suns and banishment oppress'd:
Oh! that these heavy hours would swiftly fly,
And lead a happier fate and milder sky.

'Believe me, dearest, that my doom severe
Obtains from heavenly eyes the frequent tear,
And where the spirits of these groves † attend,
The pitying drops in pearly showers descend;
As oft in sleep they mark my outstretch'd arms,
That clasp in blissful dreams thy fancied charms,
Play through the air, and fold in fond embrace
Impassive matter and ethereal space.

'Soft and delightful to my senses blows
The breeze that southward wafts Himala's snows,
And rich impregnated with gums divine,
Exuding fragrant from the shatter'd pine,
Diffusing sweets to all, but most to me;
Has it not touch'd, does it not breathe of thee?

'What are my tasks: to speed the lagging night,
And urge impatiently the rising light;
The light return'd, I sicken at the ray,
And shun as eagerly the shining day:
Vain are my labours in this lonely state;
But fate proscribes, and we must bow to fate.
Let then my firmness save thee from despair,
Who trust myself, nor sink beneath my care;
Trust to futurity, for still we view
The always wretched, always bless'd, are few;

* Camadeva, the *Hindu* Cupid, whose shafts are represented as being tipped with five different flowers.

† Literally *the deities of the soil.*

Life, like a wheel's revolving orb, turns round,
Now whirl'd in air, now dragg'd along the ground.
'When, from his serpent couch that swims the deep,
Sarangi rises from celestial sleep*;
When four more months unmark'd have run their course,
To us all gloom, the curse has lost its force:
The grief from separation born expires,
And Autumn's nights reward our chaste desires.
'Once more I view thee as mine eyes unclose,
Laid by my side, and lull'd by soft repose;
And now I mark thee startle from thy sleep,
Loose thy enfolding arms, and wake to weep:
My anxious love long vainly seeks reply,
Till, as the smile relumes that lucid eye,
Thy arch avowal owns, that jealous fear
Affrighted slumber, and aroused the tear.
'While thus, oh goddess with the dark black eyes!
My fond assurance confidence supplies,
Let not the tales that idle tattlers bear
Subvert thy faith, nor teach thee to despair.
True love no time nor distance can destroy,
And independent of all present joy,
It grows in absence, as renew'd delight
Some dear memorials, some loved lines, excite.'
Such, vast dispenser of the dews of heaven,
Such is my suit, and such thy promise given;
Fearless upon thy friendship I rely,
Nor ask that promise, nor expect reply.

H. H. WILSON.

* The serpent couch is the great snake *ananta*, upon which *Vishnu*, or, as he is called, the holder of the bow *Sarnga* reclines during the four months of the periodical rains.

DESCRIPTION OF A HINDU BEAUTY.

FROM THE HINDEE.

MARK,—her slender form bend low,
As the zephyrs lightly blow:
Mark, her robe, like blossoms rare,
Scatter fragrance on the air:
See, her face as soft moon beaming;
From her smiles ambrosia streaming;
And on brows, more white than snow,
See, the raven tresses glow!
Lotuslike her dewy feet
Treasures yield of nectar'd sweet:
Light as on her footsteps pass,
Blushes* all the bending grass;
And rings of jewels, Beauty's powers,
Freshen into living flowers†:
While brighter tints, and rosier hues,
All the smiling earth suffuse.

BROUGHTON.

VERSES,

Written after being at Sea for the first Time.

FROM THE PUSHTO.

THE sage who first refused to roam
Through foreign climes in quest of gain,
But bade us prize the joys of home,
Thought of thy dangers, fearful main!

* The Hindu ladies are accustomed to stain the soles of their feet with a crimson dye, named jauhuk.

† In the East, ornaments of gold, jewelry, &c. are commonly made in the forms of different flowers.

What though the bread on shore we taste
  Be purchased oft with toil and pain,
A loaf is better than a feast,
  When purchased on the brackish main.

Like ocean's depths, as poets tell,
  Spreads the abyss of endless pain;
But not the deepest pit of hell
  Can match thy horrors, frightful main!

Ashore each pleasant breeze that blows
  Might soothe to rest a soul in pain;
But heart and liver, torn with throes,
  Leap to your lips when on the main.

When o'er your bark the tempests beat,
  With lightning, thunder, wind, and rain,
There's nought to be your windingsheet
  Save the white foam that streaks the main.

Ashore, e'en strangers strangers greet
  In phrase polite and courteous strain;
But bitter oaths are all you meet
  When journeying on the savage main.

On shore a thousand pleasures rise
  To soothe fatigue and banish pain;
But every joy and pleasure flies
  From him who travels on the main.

Scenes fair, sublime, and strange and new,
  Arrest the eye on hill or plain:
Nought, save the foamy waves you view,
  When journeying on the desert main.

The parrot pent in wiry cage
  Its fluttering pinions beats in vain;
So vain our grief, so vain our rage,
  When reeling on the restless main.

God save us all from fell remorse,
  Revenge, and wrath, and proud disdain;
For ever bad, 'tis ten times worse
  To meet them on the desert main.

When flames most bright and fierce aspire,
  Water can still their force restrain;
But vivid flames of sparkling fire
  Flash from the surges of the main.

On wondrous fins the fishes fly,
  Like birds, along the ocean plain,
In flocks, like sparrows, soar on high,
  And sport and glitter on the main.

Sea monsters roll, so huge and blue,
  I dread to name them in my strain,
That at one gulp both ship and crew
  Could swallow on the weltering main.

Dark demons of portentous form,
  That heaven's vast arch can scarce contain,
You see them stalking in the storm,
  When journeying on the desert main.

Till death his fatal arrows speed,
  No soul escapes from mortal pain:
Of death and all his darts no need
  Have they who journey on the main.

From all these ghastly scenes of fear,
  That well might turn a poet's brain,
To find myself in safety here
  Foils all the marvels of the main.

DR. LEYDEN.

ODE.

FROM THE CHINESE.

BEHOLD where yon blue rivulet glides
  Along the laughing dale;
Light reeds bedeck its verdant sides,
  And frolic in the gale:

So shines our prince! In bright array
  The Virtues round him wait;
And sweetly smiled the auspicious day
  That gave him to our state.

As pliant hands in shapes refined
  Rich ivory carve and smooth,
His *laws* thus mould each ductile mind,
  And every passion soothe.

As gems are taught by patient art
  In sparkling ranks to beam,
With *manners* thus he forms the heart,
  And spreads a general gleam.

What soft yet awful dignity!
  What meek yet manly grace!
What sweetness dances in his eye,
  And blossoms in his face!

So shines our prince! A skyborn crowd
  Of virtues round him blaze:
Ne'er shall oblivion's murky cloud
  Obscure his deathless praise.

SIR W. JONES.

HUNTING SONG.

FROM THE DIALECT OF THE NAUDOWESSES, ONE OF THE INDIAN TRIBES IN NORTH AMERICA.

Ere the rising sunbeams break,
I the lofty mountain seek;
Watch the new light's earliest ray,
Chasing the dark clouds away.

Spirit, hear! when comes the night.
Silver moon, O lend thy light!
To my tent, oh speed my way,
Laden with the hunter's prey!

T. SWIFT.

A LOVE SONG.

FROM THE ROMAIC, OR MODERN GREEK.

Ah! Love was never yet without
The pang, the agony, the doubt,
Which rend my heart with ceaseless sigh,
While day and night roll darkling by.

Without one friend to hear my woe,
I faint, I die beneath the blow.
That Love had arrows, well I knew;
Alas! I find them poison'd too.

Birds, yet in freedom, shun the net
Which Love around your haunts hath set;
Or circled by his fatal fire,
Your hearts shall burn, your hopes expire.

A bird of free and careless wing
Was I, through many a smiling spring;
But caught within the subtle snare,
I burn, and feebly flutter there.

Who ne'er have loved and loved in vain
Can neither feel nor pity pain—
The cold repulse—the look askance—
The lightning of Love's angry glance.

In flattering dreams I deem'd thee mine;
Now hope, and he who hoped, decline;
Like melting wax or withering flower,
I feel my passion and thy power.

My light of life! ah, tell me why
That pouting lip and alter'd eye?
My bird of love! my beauteous mate!
And art thou changed, and canst thou hate?

Mine eyes like wintry streams o'erflow:
What wretch with me would barter woe?
My bird! relent; one note could give
A charm to bid thy lover live.

My curdling blood, my maddening brain,
In silent anguish I sustain;
And still thy heart, without partaking
One pang, exults—while mine is breaking.

Pour me the poison, fear not thou!
Thou canst not murder more than now:
I've lived to curse my natal day,
And Love, that thus can lingering slay.

My wounded soul, my bleeding breast,
Can patience preach thee into rest?
Alas! too late, I dearly know,
That joy is harbinger of woe.

LORD BYRON.

THE RENOVATION OF THE WORLD*.

FROM THE OLD ICELANDIC.

Now the spirit's plastic might,
  Brooding o'er the formless deep,
O'er the dusk abysm of night,
  Bids creation cease to sleep!

Instant from the riven main
  Starts the renovated Earth;
Pine-clad mountain, shaded plain;
  See, 'tis Nature's second birth!

Gods on Inda spread the board;
  Such was the supreme decree:
Swell the strains in full accord,
  Strains of holiest harmony!

'High the sparkling beverage pour;
  Be the song with horror fraught:
Mark the consecrated hour
  Lifts the soul to solemn thought.

'Odin first inspires the verse,
  Gored by the relentless fang;
Æther felt the conflict fierce,
  Dying groan, and parting pang.

'Where is now his vaunted might?
  Where the terror of his eye?
Fled for aye from scenes of light:
  Pour the sparkling beverage high.

* The gods (or dæmones) meet on the top of mount Inda, and sing this prophetic song of triumph.

'Lo! they fleet in radiant round,
  Years of plenty, years of joy:
Sorrow's place no more is found,
  Cares that vex, or sweets that cloy.

'From the kindling teeming soil
  Ripen'd harvests wave unsown;
Wherefore needs the peasants' toil?
  Nature works and works alone.

'Ask ye, whose the sceptred sway?
  'Tis to lordly Balder given:
Mark him there, in bright array,
  Stalking through the halls of heaven.

'Hoder holds united reign;
  Latest times their strength shall prove,
Monarchs of the bleak domain,
  Know ye now what's done above?

'Is it bless'd delusion's hour?
  Rolls mine eye in frenzied trance?
Beams of glory round me shower;
  Troops of radiant forms advance.

'Founded on that firm set rock,
  Rising view the dome of gold,
Fix'd secure from wintry shock:
  There the good, and there the bold.

'High in tracts of troubled air,
  Justice waves her awful sword:
Vice appall'd, with hideous stare,
  Shrinks, ere spoke the dooming word.

'In Nastronda's northern plain,
  Hark, the' invenom'd portals ope:
Respite there is none of pain,
  Cheerless all, without a hope.

'Dog-eyed Lust, Adultery foul,
Murder, red with many a stain,
At the fatal entrance scowl,
Bound in adamantine chain.

'Know ye what is done above?
Know ye now the deeds of night?'
They spoke; the feast of joy and love
Glow'd on Inda's glistering height.

MATHIAS.

SONG OF HARALD THE HARDY.

FROM THE OLD ICELANDIC.

My bark around Sicilia sail'd;
Then we were gallant, proud, and strong:
The winged ship by youths impell'd
Skimm'd (as we hoped) the waves along.
My prowess, tried in martial field,
Like fruit to maiden fair shall yield!
With golden ring in Russia's land
To me the virgin plights her hand.

Fierce was the fight on Trondheim's heath,
I saw her sons to battle move;
Though few, upon that field of death
Long, long our desperate warriors strove:
Young from my king, in battle slain,
I parted on that bloody plain.
With golden ring in Russia's land
To me the virgin plights her hand.

With vigorous arms the pump we plied,
Sixteen (no more) my dauntless crew,
And high and furious wax'd the tide;
O'er the deep bark its billows flew.

My prowess, tried in hour of need,
Alike with maiden fair shall speed.
With golden ring in Russia's land
To me the virgin plights her hand.

Eight feats I ken; the sportive game,
The war array, the fabrile art;
With fearless breast the waves I stem;
I press the steed; I cast the dart;
O'er ice on slippery skates I glide;
My dexterous oar defies the tide.
With golden ring in Russia's land
To me the virgin plights her hand.

Let blooming maid and widow say,
Mid proud Byzantium's southern walls,
What deeds we wrought at dawn of day!
What falchions sounded through their halls!
What blood distain'd each weighty spear!
Those feats are famous far and near!
With golden ring in Russia's land
To me the virgin plights her hand.

Where snow-clad uplands rear their head,
My breath I drew mid bowmen strong;
But now my bark, the peasant's dread,
Kisses the sea its rocks among.
Midst barren isles, where ocean foam'd,
Far from the tread of man I roam'd.
With golden ring in Russia's land
To me the virgin plights her hand.

HON. W. HERBERT.

ELVER'S HOH.

FROM THE DANISH.

THE knight laid his head upon Elver's Hoh,
Soft slumbers his senses beguiling;
Fatigue press'd its seal on his eyelids, when lo!
Two maidens drew near to him, smiling;
The one she kiss'd softly Sir Algamore's eyes;
The other she whisper'd him sweetly,—
'Arise! thou gallant young warrior, arise,
For the dance it goes gaily and featly!

'Arise, thou gallant young warrior, arise,
And dance with us now and for ever!
My damsels with music thine ear shall surprise,
And sweeter a mortal heard never.'—
Then straight of young maidens appear'd a fair throng,
Who their voices in harmony raising,
The winds they were still as the sounds flew along,
By silence their melody praising.

The winds they were still as the sounds flew along;
The wolf howl'd no more from the mountains;
The rivers were mute upon hearing the song,
And calm'd the loud rush of their fountains:
The fish as they swam in the water so clear,
To the soft sounds delighted attended,
And nightingales, charm'd the sweet accents to hear,
Their notes with the melody blended.—

'Now hear me, thou gallant young warrior, now hear!
If thou wilt partake of our pleasure,
We'll teach thee to draw the pale moon from her sphere.
We'll show thee the sorcerer's treasure;

We'll teach thee the Runic rhyme, teach thee to
  The wild bear in magical fetters; [hold
To charm the red dragon, who broods over gold,
  And tame him by mystical letters.'

Now hither, now thither, then danced the gay band,
  By witchcraft the hero surprising,
Who ever sat silent, his sword in his hand,
  Their sports and their pleasures despising.
'Now hear me, thou gallant young warrior, now
  If still thou disdain'st what we proffer, [hear!
With dagger and knife from thy breast will we tear
  Thine heart, which refuses our offer!'

Oh! glad was the knight when he heard the cock
  His enemies trembled, and left him: [crow:
Else must he have stay'd upon Elver's Hoh,
  And the witches of life had bereft him.
Beware then, ye warriors, returning by night
  From court, dress'd in gold and in silver;
Beware how you slumber on Elver's rough height,
  Beware of the witches of Elver!

M. G. LEWIS.

TO SPRING.

FROM THE DANISH OF THAARUP.

THY beams are sweet, beloved Spring!
  The winter shades before thee fly;
The boughs smile green, the young birds sing,
  The chainless current glitters by;
Till countless flowers, like stars, illume
The deepening vale and forest gloom.

Oh! welcome, gentle guest from high,
  Sent to cheer our world below,
To lighten sorrow's faded eye,
  To kindle nature's social glow;
Oh! he is o'er his fellows bless'd,
Who feels thee in a guiltless breast.

Peace to the generous heart, essaying
  With deeds of love to win our praise!
He smiles the spring of life essaying,
  Nor fears her cold and wintry days.
To his high goal, with triumph bright,
The calm years waft him in their flight.

Thou glorious goal! that shinest afar,
  And seem'st to smile us on our way;
Bright is the hope that crowns our war,
  The dawn blush of eternal day:
There shall we meet, this dark world o'er,
And mix in love for evermore.

W. S. WALKER.

ON FORTITUDE.

FROM THE DANISH OF MALLING.

SWEETER to sing to the wild blast that chills me,
  Harden'd with toil and with cold,
Than list to the fountain, whose melody stills me,
  Floating in odours and gold!
Oh! the full glow of the fetterless spirit
  Dwells not with luxury's slave;
Patience and courage alone can inherit
  That portion of God to the brave!

Tell us, ye children of wisdom, who measure
  The actions of man and his might,
Tell us, was earth won by day-dreams of pleasure,
  Or battles and watchings of night?
Tell us, did sylphs shield the valiant from ruin?
  Did siren songs lull their repose?
No, the proud soul, sacred glory pursuing,
  Steer'd by its polestar through woes.

Planted by Valour, and waved against Fortune,
  Rome's flag wrapp'd the world in its shade;
Even the rude North, with its ample folds sporting,
  Paused as he view'd it display'd;
But when the slow moth of luxury, stealing,
  Wasted its strength to decay, [ing,
Tempests less fierce than the northern wind, peal-
  Blew its bright ruins away.

Fly then, soft maxims, on swift sailing pinions,
  Fly to the land of the slave!
We will not flutter, like air's purple minions,
  Ours is the strife of the brave!
Sweeter to sing to the wild blast that chills me,
  Harden'd with toil and with cold,
Than list to the fountain, whose melody stills me,
  Floating in odours and gold.

W. S. WALKER.

TO A GIRL BELOVED.

FROM THE DANISH OF INGEMAN.

WHAT is it, dear maid, that enraptures me so?
  What holds my fond heart in a chain of control?
Can the fragile attire of thy spirit below
  Be match'd with the glories that beam in thy soul?

Is the throne of thy conquest the soft lip of roses,
Or the flexible charm of thy bright blue eye?
Is the temple where grandeur or sweetness reposes
The soft heaving breast, or the forehead high?

Oh! lovely's thine eye, but more lovely shines through it
The spirit unwasted, unwither'd by time:
The frame may be fair, through whose crystal we view it,
But fairer within is the picture sublime.

And sweet are thy lips, but more sweet they unfold
The soft tones of music, the language of love:
I value the harp for its strings of gold,
But I value its accents the gold strings above.

And thy breast, like the arch of the temple ascending,
Is fair, but it swells o'er a heart more divine:
I love the white arches in majesty bending,
But worship the god that's enthroned in the shrine.

'Tis this, dearest maid, that enraptures me so,
'Tis this holds my heart in a chain of control,
I love the attire of thy spirit below,
But reverence the glories that beam in thy soul.

W. S. WALKER.

PLEASURE AND FRIENDSHIP.

FROM THE DANISH OF MOLBECK.

WHERE'ER life thrives in fulness blooming,
The rosy god of pleasure reigns;
A thousand nations hail his coming,
And smiling kiss his gentle chains.

Beneath his steps earth teems with roses;
  His eyes with kindly lustre glow,
And from a cup half hid in posies
  He showers his gifts on earth below.

Each little cloud then melts in beauty,
  Each path grows light, each burthen sweet;
The hours fly swifter on their duty,
  And life trips on with tireless feet.

No state disgusts, no years appal him,
  But chief o'er youth he spreads his wing;
And answers gladliest when we call him
  To bless our bright and rosy spring.

Then in his pathway's flowery furrow
  Gay mirth and sprightly song advance;
He stills at once the waves of sorrow,
  His look a smile, his step a dance.

Two kindly sisters, knit together
  In bonds of love, his track pursue;
Oh! what were life's ungenial weather,
  If these from our dark world withdrew?

O'er them his countless graces spreading,
  He bound their brows in rosy glow;
And still they follow, blithely shedding
  The joys of heaven o'er earth below.

Even to our spirit's core we feel them,
  How like twin suns they gild our gloom;
Wealth cannot buy, nor fortune steal them;
  They smile, and sing us to the tomb.

And therefore in our memory's treasure,
  Those days live bright as heaven's bow,
When we entwined the wreath of pleasure
  Beneath the shade of friendship's bough.

W. S. WALKER.

HYMN.

FROM THE DANISH.

HAIL, uncreated Being, source of life,
Whose love is boundless, and whose mercy wise!
Whose power hath wrought to spread thy glories
For every sense a paradise of joy! [wide,
Thyself art all, and in thy spirit pure
Live all created things: each form declares
Thy touch and pressure; every meanest tribe
The sacred image of thy nature bears.
Summer and autumn's sun and wintry blasts
Proclaim thy might and glory: but the spring,
Wherefore and whence, O Lord, its genial breath?
'Tis the loud voice that bids the faithless bow:
With thousand, thousand tongues of joy and praise,
With the full quire of new created life,
Singing thy name; proclaiming to the dull
Thy love, thy bounty, thine Almighty hand!
And thee it most resembles; like thyself
It moulds and fashions; bids the spirit wake;
Gives life and aliment, and clothes the form
With strength and vigour! 'Tis the holy type
Of thy creative breath!—How mean of soul,
How lost are they to every finer bliss,
Who prison'd mid the dusky smoke of towns
(When Nature calls aloud, and life invites
Array'd in youth and freshest beauty), sit
Forlorn and darkling in the maze of thought!
  Life springs at thy command; thou bidst awake
New scenes to witness all thy majesty,
New shapes and creatures: none dost thou forbid
To view the wondrous produce of thy word;
And shall that creature, whom thy bounty raised

By reason high above the groveling race,
With coldness trace thy glory, taste thy gifts
Contemptuous and unmoved!—I tremble, Lord,
I roam, as on a wide and fathomless sea,
Amid the wonders of thy growing year!
I see, but know not: my full heart admires
The prospect of delight thou spread'st around;
And, as thy beck can from the wither'd plant
Call forth new verdure, bid fresh blossoms spring,
Methinks that power may in the mouldering corse
Arouse warm life and vigour. I behold
Each living thing declare thy liberal hand,
Thy force, all bountiful, almighty God!
And shall not I, on whom thy judging will
Showers choicer bliss, some duteous tribute pay,
Some strain of rapture to the King of kings!
My mind and heart and ravish'd sense admire
The might and gorgeous majesty of Heaven,—
The glory of thy works; and deem the world
Created vainly for such torpid souls
As scorn its beauty and renounce its joys.

HON. W. HERBERT.

HYMN.

WRITTEN BY ERIC XIV. KING OF SWEDEN IN PRISON.

FROM THE SWEDISH.

With heartfelt contrite cries,
For all my faults I grieve:
May Heaven receive my sighs!
And thou, O Lord, relieve!

Stricken for sin I languish;
My heart is rent with pain;
Thou, Lord, canst ease mine anguish,
All other hope is vain.

Some breach of thy commands
Each day my heart can trace;
And thus not only stands
Unworthy of thy grace,
But, prone to bad desires,
It evil will not shun;
And good thy word inspires,
It daily leaves undone.

What mercy can I share
Who thus deserve the rod?
Do thou in pity spare,
My Saviour! and my God!
O! may my sighs ascending,
Thy gracious bosom find!
A bosom e'er befriending
The penitential mind.

Jesu! 'tis thou alone
My spirit can console;
O, may thy blood atone,
And make my spirit whole!
And when a tranquil moment
My heart refresh'd regains,
O, may the same atonement
Release me from sin's chains!

O, may the Lord of Grace
My soul prepare and guide
To that celestial place
Where blessed souls abide!

Thus to my prayer be given
  The triumph of the day;
That I may taste of heaven,
  While here on earth I stay.

To thee, O God, I haste,
  With grace a sinner greet!
With joy my load I cast
  At thine Almighty feet:
I mourn, by error taken,
  By snares of sin betray'd:
Then save a child forsaken,
  Relying on thine aid!

G. H. DRUMMOND.

SONG.

FROM THE SWEDISH.

It ne'er can be a joy of mine
To drown a useful day in wine;
But when the friendly circle meet,
The cheerful, social glass is sweet.

Five senses given for delight,
To equal toasts our minds invite;
And if we fairly drink them up,
Thirst will not need another cup.

My first must e'er devoted be
To her who is the world to me;
Whose tender love all care dispels,
All rapture in whose bosom dwells.

Ye generous friends! ye chosen few!
My next I consecrate to you;
From you the charms I've learn'd to prize
Of cheering, soothing sympathies.

This patriot vow will then demand
A bumper to my native land;
'May Union's wreath for ever twine
Around fair Freedom's holy shrine!'

Next greets my heart's applauding sense,
The man of pure beneficence;
Him, who can selfish pleasure scorn,
To aid the wretched and forlorn.

The honour of my liberal host
Must be my fifth concluding toast;
And whilst I such libation pour,
My spirits tell, I want no more.

G. H. DRUMMOND.

FINLAND SONG.

ADDRESSED BY A MOTHER TO HER CHILD.

SWEET bird of the meadow, oh, soft be thy rest!
Thy mother will wake thee at morn from thy nest;
She has made a soft nest, little red breast, for thee,
Of the leaves of the birch and the moss of the tree.
Then soothe thee, sweet bird of my bosom, once more!
'Tis Sleep, little infant, that stands at the door.—
'Where is the sweet babe?' you may hear how he cries,
'Where is the sweet babe in his cradle that lies,
In his cradle, soft swaddled in vestments of down?
'Tis mine to watch o'er him till darkness be flown.'

ANONYMOUS.

DEATH.

FROM THE RUSSIAN OF DERZHAVIN.

Ah, that funereal toll! loud tongue of Time!
  What woes are centred in that frightful sound!
It calls, it calls me with a voice sublime
  To the lone chambers of the burial ground.
My life's first footsteps are midst yawning graves;
  A pale teeth-chattering spectre passes nigh,
A scythe of lightning that pale spectre waves,
  Mows down man's days like grass, and hurries
Nought his untired rapacity can cloy: [by.
  Monarchs and slaves are all the earthworm's
And the wild raging elements destroy [food,
  Even the recording tomb. Vicissitude
Devours the pride of glory; as the sea
  Insatiate drinks the waters, even so days
And years are lost in deep eternity;
  Cities and empires Vandal death decays.
We tremble on the borders of the abyss,
  And giddy totter headlong from on high;
For death with life our common portion is,
  And man is only born that he may die.
Death knows no sympathy; he tramples on
  All tenderness—extinguishes the stars—
Tears from the firmament the glowing sun,
  And blots out worlds in his gigantic wars.
But mortal man forgets mortality!
  His dreams crowd ages into life's short day;
While, like a midnight robber stealing by,
  Death plunders time by hour and hour away.

When least we fear, then is the traitor nigh;
  When most secure we seem, he loves to come:
Less sure than he, the bolts of thunder fly,
  Less sure than he, the lightning strikes the dome.
He rules o'er all—and him must kings obey,
  Whose will no counsel knows and no control;
The proud and gilded great ones are his prey,
  Who stand like pillars in a tyrant's hall.

BOWRING.

THE ASS AND THE NIGHTINGALE.

FROM THE RUSSIAN OF KRILOW.

An ass a nightingale espied,
And shouted out, 'Holla! holla! good friend!
Thou art a first rate singer, they pretend:—
Now let me hear thee, that I may decide;
I really wish to know—the world is partial ever—
If thou hast this great gift, and art indeed so clever.'
  The nightingale began her heavenly lays;
Through all the regions of sweet music ranging,
Varying her song a thousand different ways;
Rising and falling, lingering, ever changing:
Full of wild rapture now—then sinking oft
To almost silence—melancholy, soft
As distant shepherd's pipe at evening's close:—
Strewing the wood with lovelier music;—there
All nature seems to listen and repose:
No zephyr dares disturb the tranquil air:—
All other voices of the grove are still;
And the charm'd flocks lay down beside the rill.

The shepherd like a statue stands—afraid
His breathing may disturb the melody,
His finger pointing to the harmonious tree,
Seems to say, 'Listen!' to his favourite maid.
The singer ended:—and our critic bow'd
His reverend head to earth, and said aloud:—
'Now that's so so; thou really hast some merit,
Curtail thy song and critics then might hear it:
Thy voice wants sharpness:—but if chanticleer
Would give thee a few lessons, doubtless he
Might raise thy voice and modulate thy ear;
And thou, in spite of all thy faults, mayst be
A very decent singer.'—
The poor bird
In silent modesty the critic heard,
And wing'd her peaceful flight into the air,
O'er many and many a field and forest fair.

Many such critics you and I have seen:—
Heaven be our screen!

BOWRING.

THE VOW.

FROM THE RUSSIAN OF K[illegible]TROV.

THE rose is my favourite flower:
On its tablets of crimson I swore,
That up to my last living hour
I never would think of thee more.

I scarcely the record had made,
Ere zephyr, in frolicsome play,
On his light airy pinions convey'd
Both tablet and promise away.

BOWRING.

SONG.

FROM THE RUSSIAN OF DAVIDOV.

WHILE honouring the grape's ruby nectar,
All sportingly, laughingly gay;
We determined—I, Silvia, and Hector—
To drive old dame Wisdom away.

'O my children, take care,' said the beldame,
'Attend to these counsels of mine:
Get not tipsy! for danger is seldom
Remote from the goblet of wine.'

'With thee in his company no man
Can err,' said our wag with a wink;
'But come, thou goodnatured old woman,
There's a drop in the goblet—and drink!'

She frown'd—but her scruples soon twisting,
Consented: and smilingly said:
'So polite—there's indeed no resisting,
For Wisdom was never ill bred.'

She drank, but continued her teaching,
'Let the wise from indulgence refrain;'
And never gave over her preaching,
But to say, 'Fill the goblet again.'

And she drank, and she totter'd, but still she
Was talking and shaking her head:
Mutter'd 'temperance'—'prudence'—until she
Was carried by Folly to bed.

BOWRING.

THE TRIUMPHS OF OWEN.

A Fragment.

FROM THE WELSH.

OWEN's praise demands my song,
Owen swift, and Owen strong;
Fairest flower of Roderic's stem,
Gwyneth's * shield and Britain's gem.
He nor heaps his brooded stores,
Nor on all profusely pours;
Lord of every regal art,
Liberal hand, and open heart.
  Big with hosts of mighty name,
Squadrons three against him came;
This the force of Eirin hiding,
Side by side as proudly riding,
On her shadow long and gay
Lochlin † ploughs the watery way;
There the Norman sails afar
Catch the winds and join the war:
Black and huge along they sweep,
Burdens of the angry deep.
  Dauntless on his native sands
The dragon son of Mona stands ‡;
In glittering arms and glory dress'd,
High he rears his ruby crest.
There the thundering strokes begin,
There the press, and there the din;
Talymalfra's rocky shore
Echoing to the battle's roar.

* North Wales. † Denmark.
‡ The red dragon, the device of Cadwallader, was borne on their banners by his descendants.

Check'd by the torrent tide of blood,
Backward Menai rolls his flood;
While, heap'd his master's feet around,
Prostrate warriors gnaw the ground.
Where his glowing eyeballs turn,
Thousand banners round him burn:
Where he points his purple spear,
Hasty, hasty Rout is there;
Marking with indignant eye,
Fear to stop, and shame to fly.
There Confusion, Terror's child,
Conflict fierce, and Ruin wild,
Agony, that pants for breath,
Despair and honourable death.

* * * * * *

GRAY.

TUDOR.

FROM THE WELSH.

Fill the horn of glossy blue,
Ocean's bright cerulean hue;
Briskly quaff the flavorous mead,
'Tis a day to joy decreed.
High the fame of Tudor's birth,
Valour his, and conscious worth.
Have you seen the virgin snow
That tops old Aran's peering brow;
Or lucid web, by insect spun,
Purpureal gleam in summer sun?
With such, yet far diviner light,
Malvina hits the dazzled sight;
Such the reward, can Tudor's breast
Dare to court ignoble rest?

From the cliff sublime and hoary,
See descending martial glory;
Armed bands aloft uprear
Crimson banner, crimson spear;
Venodotia's ancient boast
Meets the pride of London's host;
On they move with step serene,
And form a dreadly pleasing scene.
Heard you that terrific clang?
Through the pathless void it rang:
The' expecting raven screams afar,
And snuffs the reeking spoils of war.
Have you e'er on barren strand
Ta'en your solitary stand,
And seen the whirlwind's spirit sped
O'er the dark green billowy bed?
Glowing in the thickest fight,
Such resistless Tudor's might.

MATHIAS.

TO A STREAM.

FROM THE ERSE OF OSSIAN.

Oh, flow round Lutha's narrow plain, sweet stream,
And let the wild woods hanging o'er thee wave,
And let the sun there shed his warmest gleam,
And light winds gently breathe o'er Ossian's grave!

At early morn the hunter passing by
No more shall hear my harp's harmonious fall;
Then shall he drop the tender tear, and cry
'Where is the tuneful son of great Fingal?'

Then come, Malvina, all thy music yield,
  Let thy soft song once more delight my breast,
Then raise my tomb in Lutha's narrow field,
  And lull my dying spirits into rest.

Where art thou, lovely maid? Where is thy song?
  Where are the soft sounds of thy passing feet?
Thou canst not come, nor shall I call thee long,
  Till in my father's airy halls we meet.

Oh pleasant be thy rest, thou lovely beam!
  Silent and slow thy peaceful light declined:
Like the pale moon upon the trembling stream,
  Soon hast thou set, and left us dark behind.

We sit around the rock—but there no more
  Thy voice remains to soothe, thy light to cheer:
Soon hast thou set on our deserted shore,
  And left us all in gloomy darkness here!

MERIVALE.

LOVE ELEGY.

FROM THE IRISH OF EDMOND RYAN.

BRIGHT her locks of beauty grew,
  Curling fair, and sweetly flowing;
And her eyes of smiling blue,
  Oh how soft! how heavenly glowing!

Ah! poor plunder'd heart of pain!
  When wilt thou have end of mourning?
This long, long year, I look in vain
  To see my only hope returning.

Oh! would thy promise faithful prove,
  And to my fond, fond bosom give thee;
Lightly then my steps would move,
  Joyful should my arms receive thee.

Then, once more, at early morn,
  Hand in hand we should be straying,
Where the dewdrop decks the thorn,
  With its pearls the woods arraying.

Cold and scornful as thou art,
  Love's fond vows and faith belying,
Shame for thee now rends my heart,
  My pale cheek with blushes dying!

Why art thou false to me and love?
  (While health and joy with thee are vanish'd)
Is it because forlorn I rove,
  Without a crime *, unjustly banish'd?

Safe thy charms with me should rest,
  Hither did thy pity send thee;
Pure the love that fills my breast,
  From itself it would defend thee.

O, might I call thee now my own!
  No added rapture joy could borrow:
'Twould be like heaven, when life is flown,
  To cheer the soul and heal its sorrow.

See thy falsehood, cruel maid!
  See my cheek no longer glowing;
Strength departed, health decay'd;
  Life in tears of sorrow flowing!

Why do I thus my anguish tell?
  Why pride in woe, and boast in ruin?
O lost treasure!—fare thee well!—
  Loved to madness—to undoing.

* Ryan was one of the proscribed partisans of James II. and commanded a company of Rapparees.

Yet, O hear me fondly swear!
  Though thy heart to me is frozen,
Thou alone, of thousands fair,
  Thou alone shouldst be my chosen.

Every scene with thee would please;
  Every care and fear would fly me!
Wintry storms and raging seas
  Would lose their gloom if thou wert nigh me!

Speak in time, while yet I live;
  Leave not faithful love to languish!
O soft breath to pity give,
  Ere my heart quite break with anguish.

Ah! what woes are mine to bear,
  Life's fair morn with clouds o'ercasting!
Doom'd the victim of despair!
  Youth's gay bloom pale sorrow blasting!

Sad the bird that sings alone,
  Flies to wilds, unseen to languish,
Pours unheard the ceaseless moan,
  And wastes on desert air its anguish.

Mine, O hapless bird! thy fate—
  The plunder'd nest—the lonely sorrow—
The lost, the loved, harmonious mate—
  The wailing night—the cheerless morrow!

O thou dear hoard of treasured love! [thee,
  Though these fond arms should ne'er possess
Still, still my heart its faith shall prove,
  And its last sighs shall breathe to bless thee!

MISS BROOKE.

THE HERMIT.

FROM THE GERMAN OF WIELAND.

REZIA at once entranced in holy bliss,
Awed by his look that beam'd celestial grace,
Bows, as before the genius of the place,
And prints his wrinkled hand with pious kiss;
Touch'd by his gracious mien and friendly air,
His beard that swept his breast, and silver hair,
Her soul the stranger as her sire reveres—
A second look has banish'd all her fears—
Each reads the other's heart, nor finds a stranger
there.

Plain on his noble aspect shone confess'd
Grandeur, beneath a cowl that mildly gleam'd;
His eye a smile on all creation beam'd:
And though the touch of time had gently press'd
His neck, soft bow'd beneath the weight of years,
Sublimely raised to heaven, his brow appears
The shrine of peace; and like a sun-gilt height,
Where never earthly mist obscured the light,
Above the stormy world its tranquil summit rears.

Time from his features long had worn away
The rust of earth, and passion's gloomy frown:
He would not stoop to grasp a falling crown,
Nor bend the sceptre of a world to sway.
Free from the vain desires that earth enthral,
Free from vain terrors that mankind appal,
Untouch'd by pain, and unassail'd by fear,
To truth alone he turn'd his mental ear:
Alone to nature tuned, and her sweet simple call.

Ere from the storm of life to peace restored,
He call'd himself Alonzo. Leon bore
The noble infant on her pleasant shore,
And rear'd him for the service of her lord.
And there, with thousands like himself deceived,
He chased the shades, still cheating, still believed,
That tempt the sight, yet still the touch elude,
And like the chemist's stone in vain pursued,
Leave the fond wretch they lured in hopeless
misery grieved.

And when he thus had wasted golden youth
Mid kingly smiles, and in the drunken mood
Of self delusion drain'd his wealth and blood,
With zeal unthank'd, and unacknowledged truth,
In the fair morn of favour's roseate day,
By sudden fall his fetters drop away:
On the wide world's tempestuous ocean cast,
How happy from the storm escaped at last,
To save the wreck of life, a want-devoted prey!

Yet still to cheer him in this wreck of life,
One treasure, source of soothing peace remain'd:
In this he deems all happiness regain'd;
A friend, a cottage, and a faithful wife. [spare,
'O gracious Heaven! but deign these blessings
Spare me but these!' was now his only prayer.
No other wish his happy spirit knew—
Heaven heard—ten years like one too swiftly flew,
Then o'er their tomb he bow'd an image of despair!

Three sons, fair thriving in life's vernal bloom,
The image of his youth, and hope of age,
Are swept away by pestilential rage,
And grief soon lays their mother in the tomb.

What now is left that sighs his sigh to hear,
Who, when he weeps, consoles with answering [tear?
For, ah! his only friend, he too is gone!
Bereft of all he loved he pines alone; [severe!
Lone, in a stranger world, bow'd down with woe

He droops upon the desolated spot,
A lone and leafless tree mid stormy gales:
The fountain of his joy for ever fails—
How insupportable the friendless cot
Where happiness once fix'd her chosen place!
What is the world? a vast and vacant space
For fortune's wheel to roll around at will!
His last loved prop now gone, why linger still?
His sole sad wish a grave, to end his weary race.

Within this void inhospitable seat
Alphonso flew with woe-bewilder'd mind:
And found, what grief had never hoped to find,
Peace and content as tardy years retreat. [flown,
Though worldlings from the wretch had basely
One who Alphonso's prosperous days had known,
An old domestic, faithful to his lord,
Cleaves to his side in grief without reward—
And here their sole retreat, the rude o'erhanging stone.

And by degrees he struggled through the flood
That nigh o'erwhelm'd his soul in hopeless death—
Peace, stillness, temperance, zephyr's balmy breath,
His mind unclouded, purified his blood,
And bade new hope a gleam of joy restore.
And now he felt from Heaven's exhaustless store
That e'en for wounds like his a balsam flow'd:
Felt, when the magic of a sunbeam glow'd,
That nature's charms had power to soothe his soul once more.

And when at last this paradise he saw,
By some kind genius fenced with rocks around,
As if for him a consecrated ground,
He feels affliction from his soul withdraw:
He feels his spirit glowing with delight,
Roused from the tortures of a feverous night,
Soar to the twilight of eternal day—
'Here rest,' he cries, 'this paradise survey,
Rest, where no worldly grief our souls shall
rudely smite.'

Thus in enjoyment, and alternate toil,
He the late harvest of his life consumed,
And till'd his little spot, where ever bloom'd
Luxuriant plenty from the grateful soil—
Labour was pleasure, labour sweeten'd rest:
Lost to the world, its miseries seem'd at best
A childish dream, whene'er he turn'd to trace
The wretched earnings of his earthly race:
Thus conscience, health, and peace his spirit daily
bless'd.

Now, bow'd with years, his loved companion died—
Alone remain'd the hermit, yet the more
His spirit turn'd to that celestial shore,
Where all he loved did with their God reside—
There dwelt his soul—a wandering stranger here—
Mid the still night when objects disappear,
And bodies, as external senses die,
In their first nothing seem again to lie,
Oft on his cheek he felt a breathing spirit near.

Then his half slumbering ears in trance perceive,
With shuddering rapture heard, the groves among,
Angelic harmonies at distance sung,
For him the inexpressive chorus weave:

And as he lists he feels earth's slender wall,
That parts him from his friends, about to fall:
His spirit swells, a flame celestial bright
Burns in his breast, while robed in heavenly light
Shapes of the viewless world his soul responsive
call.

These yet remain, when softly laid in sleep
His eyelids close, and in the morning rays
When the wide world its theatre displays,
Still o'er his sense the warbled echoes sweep;
A soul-felt glance of heavenly joy supreme
Gilds all around, the groves and mountains gleam;
And, over all, he sees the form divine,
The Uncreated in his creatures shine,
Bright as in drops of dew the sun's reflected beam.

Thus imperceptibly did heaven and earth
United in his soul together run:
His spirit brightens like an inward sun:
Far from the dissonance of mortal birth,
From passion's turmoil, in this holy gloom
Joys that await the bless'd his soul illume.
Who locks my daring lip with viewless seal
Lest aught ineffable its warmth reveal?
Mute o'er the abyss I bend—man dares no more
presume.

SOTHEBY.

THE WILD HUNTSMEN.

The tradition of the 'Wild Huntsmen' is a popular superstition very generally believed by the peasants of Germany. Whosoever wishes for more information respecting these imaginary sportsmen, will find his curiosity fully satisfied by perusing the first volume of the German Romance of 'The Necromancer.' The original of this Ballad is by Bürger, author of the well known 'Leonora.'

THE wildgrave* winds his bugle horn;
To horse, to horse, halloo, halloo!
His fiery courser snuffs the morn,
And thronging serfs their lord pursue.

The eager pack, from couples freed,
Dash through the bush, the briar, the brake;
While answering hound and horn and steed
The mountain echoes startling wake.

The beams of God's own hallow'd day
Had painted yonder spire with gold,
And, calling sinful man to pray,
Loud, long, and deep the bell had toll'd.

But still the wildgrave onward rides;
Halloo, halloo, and hark again!
When, spurring from opposing sides,
Two stranger horsemen join the train.

Who was each stranger, left and right,
Well may I guess, but dare not tell:
The right hand steed was silver white,
The left the swarthy hue of hell.

* The Wildgrave is a German title, corresponding to the Earl Warden of a royal forest.

The right hand horseman, young and fair,
  His smile was like the morn of May;
The left from eye of tawny glare,
  Shot midnight lightning's lurid ray.

He waved his huntsman's cap on high,
  Cried, 'Welcome, welcome, noble lord!
What sport can earth or sea or sky,
  To match the princely chase, afford?'—

—'Cease thy loud bugle's clanging knell,'
  Cried the fair youth, with silver voice;
'And for devotion's choral swell,
  Exchange the rude unhallow'd noise.

'To-day the ill omen'd chase forbear;
  Yon bell yet summons to the fane:
To-day the warning spirit hear,
  To-morrow thou mayst mourn in vain.'—

—'Away, and sweep the glades along!'—
  The sable hunter hoarse replies;
—'To muttering monks leave matin song,
  And bells and books and mysteries.'—

The wildgrave spurr'd his ardent steed,
  And, launching forward with a bound,
—'Who for thy drowsy priestlike rede
  Would leave the jovial horn and hound?

'Hence, if our manly sport offend:
  With pious fools go chant and pray;
Well hast thou spoke, my dark-brow'd friend,—
  Halloo! halloo! and hark away!'—

The wildgrave spurr'd his courser light,
  O'er moss and moor, o'er holt and hill;
And on the left and on the right
  Each stranger horseman follow'd still.

Up springs, from yonder tangled thorn,
  A stag more white than mountain snow;
And louder rung the wildgrave's horn!—
  —'Hark forward, forward, holla, ho!'—

A heedless wretch has cross'd the way,—
  He gasps the thundering hoofs below;
But live who can, or die who may,
  Still forward, forward! on they go.

See, where yon simple fences meet,
  A field with autumn's blessings crown'd;
See, prostrate at the wildgrave's feet,
  A husbandman with toil embrown'd.

—'O mercy! mercy! noble lord,
  Spare the poor's pittance was his cry,
Earn'd by the sweat these brows have pour'd
  In scorching hour of fierce July.'—

Earnest the right hand stranger pleads,
  The left still cheering to the prey:
The impetuous earl no warning heeds,
  But furious holds the onward way.

—'Away; thou hound so basely born,
  Or dread the scourge's echoing blow!'—
Then loudly rung his bugle-horn,
  —'Hark forward, forward! holla, ho!'—

So said, so done—a single bound
  Clears the poor labourer's humble pale:
Wild follows man and horse and hound,
  Like dark December's stormy gale.

And man and horse and hound and horn
  Destructive sweep the field along;
While, joying o'er the wasted corn,
  Fell famine marks the maddening throng.

Again, uproused, the timorous prey
  Scours moss and moor and holt and hill;
Hard run, he feels his strength decay,
  And trusts for life his simple skill.

Too dangerous solitude appear'd;
  He seeks the shelter of the crowd;
Amid the flock's domestic herd
  His harmless head he hopes to shroud.

O'er moss and moor and holt and hill,
  His track the steady bloodhounds trace;
O'er moss and moor, unwearied still,
  The furious earl pursues the chase.

Full lowly did the herdman fall,—
  'Oh, spare, thou noble baron, spare
These herds, a widow's little all;
  These flocks, an orphan's fleecy care.'—

Earnest the right hand stranger pleads,
  The left still cheering to the prey;
The earl nor prayer nor pity heeds,
  But furious keeps the onward way.

—'Unmanner'd dog! to stop my sport,
  Vain were thy cant and beggar whine,
Though human spirits of thy sort
  Were tenants of these carrion kine!'—

Again he winds his bugle-horn,—
  'Hark forward, forward, holla, ho!'
And through the herd, in ruthless scorn,
  He cheers his furious hounds to go.

In heaps the throttled victims fall;
  Down sinks their mangled herdsman near:
The murderous cries the stag appal.
  Again he starts new-nerved by fear.

With blood besmear'd, and white with foam,
  While big the tears of anguish pour,
He seeks, amid the forest's gloom,
  The humble hermit's hallow'd bower.

But man and horse and horn and hound
  Fast rattling on his traces go;
The sacred chapel rung around
  With hark away, and holla, ho!

All mild, amid the rout profane,
  The holy hermit pour'd his prayer:—
—'Forbear with blood God's house to stain;
  Revere his altar, and forbear!

'The meanest brute has rights to plead,
  Which, wrong'd by cruelty or pride,
Draws vengeance on the ruthless head;—
  Be warn'd at length, and turn aside.'

Still the fair horseman anxious pleads,
  The black, wild whooping, points the prey;
Alas! the earl no warning heeds,
  But frantic keeps the forward way.

—'Holy or not, or right or wrong,
  Thy altar and its rights I spurn;
Not sainted martyrs' sacred song,
  Not God himself shall make me turn.'—

He spurs his horse, he winds his horn,—
  'Hark forward, forward, holla, ho!—
But off, on whirlwind's pinions borne,
  The stag, the hut, the hermit go.

And horse and man, and horn and hound,
  And clamour of the chase was gone:
For hoofs and howls and bugle sound,
  A deadly silence reign'd alone.

Wild gazed the affrighted earl around;
  He strove in vain to wake his horn,
In vain to call; for not a sound
  Could from his anxious lips be borne.

He listen'd for his trusty hounds;
  No distant baying reach'd his ears;
His courser, rooted to the ground,
  The quickening spur unmindful bears.

Still dark and darker frown the shades,
  Dark as the darkness of the grave;
And not a sound the still invades,
  Save what a distant torrent gave.

High o'er the sinner's humbled head
  At length the solemn silence broke;
And from a cloud of swarthy red,
  The awful voice of thunder spoke.

—'Oppressor of creation fair,
  Apostate spirit's harden'd tool!
Scorner of God! scourge of the poor!
  The measure of thy cup is full.

Be chased for ever through the wood,
  For ever roam the' affrighted wild;
And let thy fate instruct the proud,
  God's meanest creature is his child.'—

'Twas hush'd: one flash of sombre glare
  With yellow tinged the forests brown;
Up rose the wildgrave's bristling hair,
  And horror chill'd each nerve and bone.

Cold pour'd the sweat in freezing rill;
  A rising wind began to sing;
And louder, louder, louder still,
  Brought storm and tempest on its wing.

Earth heard the call—her entrails rend;
  From yawning rifts, with many a yell,
Mix'd with sulphureous flames, ascend
  The misbegotten dogs of hell.

What ghastly huntsman next arose,
  Well may I guess, but dare not tell;
His eye like midnight lightning glows,
  His steed the swarthy hue of hell.

The wildgrave flies o'er bush and thorn,
  With many a shriek of helpless woe;
Behind him hound, and horse, and horn,
  And hark away, and holla, ho!

With wild despair's reverted eye,
  Close, close behind he marks the throng,
With bloody fangs, and eager cry;
  In frantic fear he scours along.

Still, still shall last the dreadful chase,
  Till time itself shall have an end;
By day they scour earth's cavern'd space,
  At midnight's witching hour ascend.

This is the horn, and hounds, and horse,
  That oft the lated peasant hears:
Appall'd, he signs the frequent cross,
  When the wild din invades his ears.

The wakeful priest oft drops a tear
  For human pride, for human woe,
When at his midnight mass he hears
  The infernal cry of holla, ho!

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

ILLUSIONS OF YOUTH.

FROM THE GERMAN OF SCHILLER.

COMPANIONS of my earlier years,
For ever faithless will ye fly,
With all your train of hopes and fears,
Aspiring thoughts and warm desires,
Creative Fancy's magic fires
That warm'd my opening mind with distant scenes
Imagination's airy train, [of joy?
Can nought your hasty flight retain?
Ah! never, never shall I see
Those visions of my early prime;
Swept by the ruthless storms of time,
Lost in the ocean of eternity.

And are those suns for ever set in night,
That spread their lustre o'er my dawning day?
Those cherish'd visions of supreme delight
So oft invoked, no longer will they stay?
Each wish that fired my inexperienced mind,
And promised bliss and purity below,
Say, must it still in reason find a foe,
And leave a dull and dreary void behind?

As once the sculptured image fired
Pygmalion with an amorous flame,
Till breath and genial life inspired
The marble's cold and senseless frame;
So Nature to my opening soul
Appear'd in all her charms array'd,
Imagination lent her aid,
And mimic life inspired the wondrous whole.

Responsive to my ardent mind,
The magic influence spread o'er all;
The tree, the flower, the waterfall,
The forest wild, the lawn, the grove,
All seem'd, to life and sense refined,
To echo back the song of boundless love.

Methought an influence divine,
Ruled with almighty power my mind,
And urged to every great design,
Form'd by the love of humankind!
How vast, how fair appear'd this wondrous scene,
When Hope at first its opening buds display'd!
How dull and comfortless, how poor and mean,
Has Reason since this mighty world portray'd!

When first life's journey I began,
Unburden'd by the load of care,
In thought with mighty strides I ran
To scenes that Fancy painted fair;
Already would my wishes fly
To many a great and arduous height,
Nought was too distant, nought too high,
To tempt my fancy's daring flight.
How easy thence to snatch the prize
It seem'd amid the glorious strife,
While danced before my dazzled eyes
The forms that glitter in the morn of life.
Methought, obedient to my call,
That Love his roses in my path had strown;
That Fortune, with her golden crown,
And Fame, that hides in stars his lofty crest,
And Truth, in never-fading sunbeams dress'd,
On me had doom'd their choicest gifts to fall.

The fairy scenes are flown,
The bright enchantment vanished in air;
Faithless, for ever are they gone,
Unmark'd, unheard my prayer.
On hasty wing has Fortune urged her flight,
Nor Knowledge grants me yet her gifts to share,
While hid in clouds of doubt is Truth's immortal [light.

I saw the palm of high renown
The undeserving brow adorn;
I look'd—and lo! for ever flown
The opening sweets of life's delicious morn!
And deeper still and darker grew
The shades that gather'd round my lonely way,
While mid the dull and dreary view
Hope scarcely shed a feeble doubtful ray.

Of all the visionary train
That Fancy erst was wont to raise,
O say, which faithful yet remain
To cheer the evening of my days?
Thou, Friendship, who alone hast power
To heal each deeply-rankling wound,
And cheer affliction's darkest hour—
Thou whom I early sought and found:
Employment, too, whose healing balm
Can still the passions' madding rage,
The tempest of the soul can calm,
And all life's ills assuage.
'Tis thou who, unappal'd by toil,
Canst to perfection bring each nobler aim,
And atoms upon atoms pile,
To form a system's mighty frame;
Led by thy hand in life's declining day,
Hours, minutes, months, and years, will softly steal away.

J. B.

STANZAS TO A VALLEY.

FROM THE GERMAN OF VON SALIS.

SWEET valley, bounded by these pine-clad hills,
Ye meads, just seen through yonder opening glade;
Ye darksome groves, ye softly murmuring rills,
Thou cot, conceal'd beneath yon walnut's shade;

From the high summit of this mount, bless'd scene,
With transport does a wanderer hail thy charms;
Mid Nature's beauties, tranquil and serene,
He seeks a refuge from the world's alarms.

Oh, bid him welcome then, ye verdant steeps!
Oh, bid him welcome then, ye flowery brakes;
Lull'd in your bosom every sorrow sleeps,
While only mild and calm reflection wakes:

My life's career is to contracted bounds
Confined, as thine, oh! seat of soft delight!
And, as the end of yon meandering rounds,
Its close is veil'd in darkness from my sight.

Ambition's vessel, on a faithful shore
Here rests in peace, her anchor sweet content;
Here curiosity is seen no more,
With prying eye exploring each event.

Malignity aims not her venom here
Against mild innocence' unguarded breast;
Nor mid the aspens that are rustling near
Does hissing scorn erect her serpent crest.

Care seeks not, with o'erclouding brow and mind,
To pry into the future's dreary waste;
No place of rest can pallid envy find;
Of vain remorse no footsteps can be traced.

But o'er the grassy meads the Muses rove,
  Or by yon stream that through the valley strays;
While inspiration whispers through the grove,
  And sportive fancy mid the foliage plays.

From the white village church, amid those trees,
  Ne'er does the midnight clang of terror sound;
Nor o'er this Tempe does the balmy breeze
  E'er waft heart-rending notes of discord round.

The fearful din of clashing weapons ne'er
  The echo of that ivied cavern wakes; [care,
But while the herdsman's horn sounds free from
  To the sweet shepherd's pipe the morning breaks.

In the soft meads the lowing herds repose,
  The wild goats browze upon the steepy rocks;
While from the mouldering tower, at evening's close,
  The screechowl hoots amid the falling blocks.

The silver poplars in the Zephyrs play,
  Their leaves presenting still a varying hue;
The mill that stops yon streamlet's gentle way
  At pauses strikes, to measured time still true.

On the tall trees the thrush her wild notes sings,
  While the meek grasshopper still chirps below;
The mower's sithe through all the valley rings,
  And the bees hum as laden home they go.

Oh! bless'd the man, who from his heart can hail
  These tranquil scenes, here study nature's page;
As Petrarch, in his rock-encompass'd vale,
  And in Scillonte's shades the Grecian sage*.

* Xenophon, who, banished from his native country, retired to Scillonte, in Peloponnesus, not far from Olympia, where he devoted his latter years to hunting and agriculture.

And ye, who've long repented that your choice
  Once led ye to pursue the worldling's course,
Fly, fly the storm; obey mild Nature's voice,
  And peaceful rest from the rude tempest's force.

Here may the heart, too oft by man betray'd,
  Form round himself a world where guilt's un-
The injured lover, the forsaken maid, [known;
  Their soul's deep wrongs in silence may bemoan.

And thou, mild seraph, who, through passing years,
  Hast watch'd my steps, thy guardian cares may
Encircled round with golden hope appears [cease;
  The future now, as here I rest in peace.

While here, as at the brink of heavenly joy,
  I fix my seat, abjuring worldly dreams;
Resolved ambition's tune shall ne'er decoy
  My heart again, to taste her troubled streams.

Love's wants are few, a garden, plough, and field,
  An arbour by his fair one's fingers dress'd,
A straw-roof'd cot from curious eyes conceal'd,
  A spot where two united urns may rest.

Far as a shepherd, in fair Enna's dale,
  The distant roaring of the billows hears,
So distant now the sons of history's tale,
  In low and broken sounds, assails mine ears.

Nor shall ambition's votaries e'er a note
  Of admiration from my bosom gain;
Those who for liberty their lives devote,
  Alone can from my hands a crown obtain.

Too proud to serve, where rank or pay invites,
  No more a hireling to another's laws;
Yet ne'er will I desert man's genuine rights,
  But gladly perish in fair Freedom's cause.

And when at last I rest from mortal strife,
  O'er my cold clay let silver roses bloom;
And ah! may those who shared my love through life
  Shed drops of fond affection o'er my tomb.

ANNE PLUMPTRE.

TO A VIOLET.

FROM THE GERMAN OF WIESSE.

THOUGH from thy bank of velvet torn,
  Hang not, fair flower, thy drooping crest;
On Delia's bosom shalt thou find
  A softer sweeter bed of rest.

Though from mild zephyr's kiss no more
  Ambrosial balms thou shalt inhale,
Her gentle breath, whene'er she sighs,
  Shall fan thee with a purer gale.

But thou be grateful for that bliss
  For which in vain a thousand burn,
And, as thou stealest sweets from her,
  Give back thy choicest in return.

RUSSELL.

THE FISHERMAN.

FROM THE GERMAN OF GOETHE.

THE water rushed, the water swell'd,
  A fisherman sat nigh;
Calm was his heart, and he beheld
  His line with watchful eye:

While thus he sits with tranquil look,
  In twain the water flows;
Then crown'd with reeds from out the brook,
  A lovely woman rose.

To him she sung, to him she said,
  'Why tempt'st thou from the flood,
By cruel arts of man betray'd,
  Fair youth, my scaly brood?

'Ah! knewest thou how we find it sweet
  Beneath the waves to go,
Thyself would leave the hook's deceit,
  And live with us below.

'Love not their splendour in the main
  The sun and moon to lave?
Look not their beams as bright again,
  Reflected on the wave?

'Tempts not this river's glassy blue,
  So crystal, clear, and bright?
Tempts not thy shade, which bathes in dew,
  And shares our cool delight?'—

The water rush'd, the water swell'd,
  The fisherman sat nigh;
With wishful glance the flood beheld,
  And long'd the wave to try.

To him she said, to him she sung,
  The river's guileful queen:
Half in he fell, half in he sprung,
  And never more was seen.

M. G. LEWIS.

STANZAS.

FROM THE GERMAN OF BRUNCKER.

I FOUND the warrior on the plain,
  His eye was fix'd, his hand was chill,
Still bore his breast the life-blood's stain,
  The blood was on his helmet still.
He died, as hearts like his should die,
In the hot clasp of victory!

The eye was fix'd, but in its gaze
  Look'd the high soul; the crimson'd brow
Was cold, but life's departing rays
  Had lit it with a warrior's glow.
The soul that from that turf had flown
Would not have sought a prouder throne.

I saw the lover's living shade
  Shivering in Summer's rosiest gale,
The look of woe, the cheek decay'd,
  The eye's dark brilliance sunk and pale:
Rather than drag that life of pain,
Give me the sword, the strife, the plain!

ANONYMOUS.

PRO PATRIA MORI.

FROM THE GERMAN OF BURGER.

FOR virtue, freedom, human rights, to fall,
  Beseems the brave: it is a Saviour's death!
Of heroes only the most pure of all
  Thus with their heart's blood tinge the battle-heath.

And this proud death is seemliest in the man
  Who for a kindred race, a country bleeds:
Three hundred Spartans form the shining van
  Of those, whom fame in this high triumph leads.

Great is the death, for a good prince incurr'd;
  Who wields the sceptre with benignant hand:
Well may for him the noble bare his sword,
  Falling he earns the blessings of a land.

Death for friend, parent, child, or her we love,
  If not so great, is beauteous to behold:
This the fine tumults of the heart approve;
  It is the walk to death unbought of gold.

But for mere majesty to meet a wound—
  Who holds that great or glorious, he mistakes:
That is the fury of the pamper'd hound,
  Which envy, anger, or the whip awakes.

And for a tyrant's sake to seek a jaunt
  To hell's a death which only hell enjoys:
Where such a hero falls—the gibbet plant,
  A murderer's trophy, and a plunderer's prize.

ANONYMOUS.

THE LOVER TO HIS MISTRESS,

On her Birthday.

FROM THE BOHEMIAN.

If any white-wing'd power above
  My joys and griefs survey,
The day when thou wert born, my love—
  He surely bless'd that day.

I laugh'd (till taught by thee) when told
  Of Beauty's magic powers,
That ripen'd life's dull ore to gold,
  And changed its weeds to flowers.

My mind had lovely shapes portray'd;
  But thought I earth had one
Could make even Fancy's visions fade
  Like stars before the sun?

I gazed, and felt upon my lips
  The' unfinish'd accents hang:
One moment's bliss, one burning kiss,
  To rapture changed each pang.

CAMPBELL.

TO A MOURNER.

FROM THE DUTCH OF TOLLENS.

THE creeping worm that, wet and weary,
  Was slumbering in its narrow cell,
Enraptured, bursts that prison dreary,
  And, fluttering, leaves its wither'd shell:
Gently moving—gaily roving
  Far away from earthly care;
Soaring brightly—wafted lightly
  Through the boundless fields of air.

Thou, Mourner, dry that thoughtless tear,
  And gaze no more upon the dead;
    'Tis but a solitary bier!
    No earthly spirit lingers there;
On wings of light to heaven 'tis fled!

BOWRING.

THE HOUSE OF SLEEP.

FROM THE ITALIAN OF ARIOSTO.

THE angel trusts her faith, nor longer stays,
But speeding from the convent wide displays
His rapid wings, to reach by noon of night
The house of Sleep with unremitting flight.
A pleasing vale beneath Arabia's skies,
From peopled towns and cities distant lies:
Two lofty mountains hide the depth below,
Where ancient firs and sturdy beeches grow.
The sun around reveals his cheering day,
But the thick grove admits no straggling ray
To pierce the boughs: immersed in secret shades,
A spacious cave the dusky rock pervades.
The creeping ivy on the front is seen,
And o'er the entrance winds her curling green.
Here drowsy Sleep has fix'd his noiseless throne,
Here Indolence reclines his limbs o'ergrown
Through sluggish ease; and Sloth, whose trembling feet
Refuse their aid and sink beneath her weight.
Before the portal dull Oblivion goes,
He suffers none to pass, for none he knows.
Silence maintains the watch and walks the round
In shoes of felt, with sable garments bound;
And oft as any thither bend their pace,
He waves his hand, and warns them from the place.

HOOLE.

THE DEATH OF ZERBINO.

FROM THE ITALIAN OF ARIOSTO.

His pains increase—and soon with shortening
breath
He feels the certain chill approach of death.
The' enfeebled warrior now his courser stays,
And near a fountain's side his limbs he lays.
Ah! what avails the wretched virgin's grief?
What can she here to yield her lord relief?
In desert wilds for want she sees him die,
No friend to help, no peopled dwelling nigh,
Where she, for pity or reward, might find
Some skilful leech his streaming wounds to bind.
In vain she weeps—in vain with frantic cries
She calls on Fortune, and condemns the skies.
'Why was I not in surging waters lost,
When first my vessel left Gallicia's coast?'
Zerbino, as his dying eyes he turned
On her, while thus her cruel fate she mourn'd,
More felt her sorrows than the painful strife
Of nature struggling on the verge of life.
'My heart's sole treasure! mayst thou still,'
he said,
'When I, alas! am number'd with the dead,
Preserve my love—think not for death I grieve;
But thee, thus guideless and forlorn to leave,
Weighs heavy here—O! were my mortal date
Prolong'd to see thee in a happier state,
Bless'd were this awful hour—content in death,
On that loved bosom to resign my breath.
But summon'd now at Fate's unpitying call,
Unknown what future lot to thee may fall—

By those soft lips, by those fond eyes I swear,
By those dear locks that could my heart ensnare!
Despairing to the shades of night I go,
Where thoughts of thee, left to a world of woe,
Shall rend this faithful breast with deeper pains
Than all that hell's avenging realm contains.'
At this, sad Isabella pour'd a shower
Of trickling tears, and lowly bending o'er,
Close to his mouth her trembling lips she laid,
His mouth now pale like some fair rose decay'd;
A vernal rose that, cropp'd before the time,
Bends the green stalk, and withers ere its prime.
'Think not,' she said, 'life of my breaking heart!
Without thy Isabella to depart:
Let no such fears thy dying bosom rend:
Where'er thou goest, my spirit shall attend:
One hour to both shall like dismission give,
Shall fix our doom, in future worlds to live,
And part no more—when ruthless death shall close
Thy fading eyes—that moment ends my woes!
Or should I still survive that stroke of grief,
At least thy sword will yield a sure relief.
And, ah! I trust, relieved from mortal state,
Each breathless corse shall meet a milder fate,
When some, in pity of our hapless doom,
May close our bodies in one peaceful tomb.'
Thus she: and while his throbbing pulse she feels
Weak, and more weak, as death relentless steals
Each vital sense, with her sad lip she drains
The last faint breath of life that yet remains.
To raise his feeble voice Zerbino tried—
'I charge thee now—O loved in death,' he cried,
'By that affection which thy bosom bore,
When, for my sake, thou left'st thy father's shore,

And, if a truth like mine such power can give,
While Heaven shall please—I now command thee, live!
But never be it from thy thought removed,
That, much as man can love, Zerbino loved.
Fear not but God in time will succour lend,
From every ill thy virtue to defend;
As once he sent the Roman knight to save
Thy youth unfriended from the robber's cave:
As from the seas he drew thee safe to land,
And snatch'd thee from the' impure Biscayner's hand:
And when at last all other hopes we lose,
Be death the last sad refuge that we choose.'
Thus spoke the dying knight; but scarce were heard
His latter words in accents weak preferr'd.
Here ended life——the light so drooping dies,
When oil or wax no more the flame supplies.

HOOLE.

THE FALL OF RODOMONT.

FROM THE ITALIAN OF ARIOSTO.

Rogero, who his fair advantage knew,
Had seized his arm, and now with force he drew
The furious king, and bending to and fro,
Compell'd at length his saddle to forego.
He fell—but whether by his force or skill,
So fell, he seem'd Rogero's equal still,
Alighting on his feet—but all the field,
That saw Rogero yet his weapon wield,
High hopes conceived—meanwhile, with every slight,
The youth essay'd to keep the Pagan knight

At distant bay, nor close too near with one
Of such huge limb, strong nerve, and giant bone.
He view'd the Pagan's gaping wounds, he view'd
His side and thigh with purple streams imbrued,
And hoped, with ebbing strength, he soon must yield
To him the glory of the well fought field.
Still in his grasp the furious Pagan held
The broken weapon; this, with force impell'd,
He threw—the weapon sent with certain aim
Against Rogero's helm and shoulder came.
So dreadful was the stroke, the gentle knight
Reel'd here and there, and scarce his utmost might
Sufficed to keep his tottering bulk upright.
To close in nearer strife the Pagan tried;
His wounded thigh his hasty step denied;
And while he urged his feeble nerves in vain,
One knee, beneath him bending, touch'd the plain.
His time Rogero took, he press'd his foe,
He whirl'd his falchion round, with blow on blow,
And laid once more the haughty Pagan low.
Again more fierce he rose; and now they join'd;
They grasp'd, with arms around each other twined.
His wounded side and thigh that vigour drain'd,
Which Rodomont so oft in fight sustain'd.
Rogero well his pliant limbs could wield,
And long had practised in the wrestlers' field.
His 'vantage now he saw, and close pursued,
And where the Pagan's deepest wounds he view'd,
Where most he saw the purple current flow,
Close and more close he press'd the' enfeebled foe.
But Rodomont, with rage and shame impell'd,
By turns Rogero's neck and shoulders held,
Now forward drew, now backward thrust, and press'd
The youthful hero to his cruel breast,

And lifted high—now here, now there, he strain'd
The dauntless knight, and still his hold retain'd.
While every means he tries on earth to throw
The Christian youth; nor less his gallant foe,
Collected in himself, his art and might
Employs to disappoint the Pagan knight,
And keep him still beneath; oft wheeling round,
Rogero shifts his hold, and shifts his ground.
At length fierce Rodomont his waist enclosed
With firmest grasp—now, breast to breast opposed,
They toil—they pant—Rogero chief applied
His art against the Pagan's wounded side:
Athwart his bending knee one foot he thrust,
And, lifting, hurl'd him prostrate on the dust
Headlong—When thus the furious Pagan fell
On the hard earth, the blood, as from a well,
Stream'd from each wound, and deep on every side
The fatal plain with gory crimson dyed.
Rogero now, with Fortune's favour crown'd,
To keep the Pagan prisoner on the ground,
One hand the dagger to his sight address'd,
One hand with fearful grasp his throat compress'd,
While either knee his heaving bosom press'd.
As in Pannonian or Iberian gloom
Where wretched miners cheerless days consume
For shining ore, if fate above impends,
And sudden ruin on their head descends,
Crush'd up and bruised, their spirits scarcely find
A vent to leave their mortal part behind;
So lay the Sarzan prince, so, press'd beneath
The victor, struggled in the jaws of death.
The dagger, now unsheath'd, Rogero shook,
And at his vizor seem'd to aim the stroke:
He bade him yield, as vanquish'd in the strife,
With plighted faith to spare his forfeit life:

But he, whom thought of death far less dismay'd
Than aught that signs of dastard fear betray'd,
Still bent and twined; while all in vain he proved
Against the knight, who kept his place unmoved.
As when the mastiff, panting on the plain,
Whose throat the nimble greyhound's fangs constrain
With deadly gripe, in fruitless fury lies,
With jaws dire foaming and with fiery eyes;
Not all his force the victor can elude,
By skill and vigour not by rage subdued—
So Rodomont essay'd each art, to make
The conquering youth his powerful hold forsake.
He strove to rise; but still the wary knight
Press'd him to earth with unabated might.
Now, writhing here and there, the Pagan strain'd
Each nerve, and freed at length his better hand,
That in its grasp the' insidious poniard bore
(The poniard from the sheath released before);
With this he sought to aim the murderous wound
Beneath Rogero's reins—the youth renown'd
The danger saw, should still his generous heart
Defer the Pagan's death, his just desert;
Then at full stretch he raised his arm above
The prostrate king, and thrice the weapon drove
Deep in his horrid front—so ends the strife,
And leaves secure Rogero's fame and life!
Where Acheron's infernal waters spread,
Freed from her icy limbs, blaspheming fled
The' indignant soul, that here, with impious pride,
All human faith and Heaven's own laws defied.

HOOLE.

DESCRIPTION OF ARMIDA.

FROM THE ITALIAN OF TASSO.

THE fair Armida, conscious of her power,
Strong in her sex and beauty's vernal flower,
Assumes the welcome task; with closing day,
She parts, through many a lone and hidden way;
With curling locks and silken vest she boasts
To match unconquer'd chiefs and steel-clad hosts:
While various rumours, 'mong the vulgar spread,
Excused her parting, and their thoughts misled.
Few days elasped, ere reach'd the beauteous maid
Where their white tents the Christian bands display'd:
Soon as the bright attraction caught their eyes,
The whispering soldiers view'd her with surprise;
As when some meteor's omen'd splendours glare,
Or reddening comet fires the cloudless air,
With straining eyes assembled mortals gaze,
And watch his wondrous progress with amaze;
So thronging crowds the stranger fair admired,
Her errand, country, and her name inquired.
Nor Argos, Delos, nor the Cyprian shore
E'er saw a face, a dress, so fair of yore;
Gold were her locks, now beaming through the shade
Of her white veil, now floating loose they play'd:
So, when some tempest ends its shortlived reign,
And brightening ether grows serene again,
Now shines through fleecy clouds the solar ray;
Now from his covert issuing, bright and gay,
The golden orb bursts forth, and pours redoubled day.

In native curls her waving ringlets flow,
Yet added curls the breathing gales bestow:
Her eye was fix'd upon herself alone,
As greedy of Love's treasures, and its own:
Glow'd on her cheek the rose's purple light,
Though soften'd by the blending ivory's white;
But on her lips, whence breezy fragrance blows,
In all its genuine lustre bloom'd the rose.
Her beauteous breast its naked snow displays,
Potent to wake and feed the amorous blaze;
Half stood to view each firm unyielding globe,
Half lurk'd conceal'd beneath her envious robe;
But though her robe the roving eye restrain,
To curb the bolder thought, its power is vain;
Unsatisfied with charms exposed to view,
Thought leaps o'er every bound, and thirsts for new.
As lucid crystal, or the' impassive stream,
Admits, unharm'd, light's penetrating beam,
So Fancy there beneath the silken fold
Intrudes unfelt, and spatiates uncontrol'd;
There at its will, with analyzing gaze,
The secret wonders leisurely surveys,
Proclaims each beauty to the keen desire,
Stirs the roused sense, and wakes intenser fire.
Through wondering crowds the fair enchantress pass'd,
And many a longing look the gazers cast.
She mark'd the infant fire with conscious eye,
And inly smiled, foretasting victory.

REV. J. H. HUNT.

THE

PALACE AND GARDEN OF ARMIDA.

FROM THE ITALIAN OF TASSO.

ROUND was the form the costly mansion show'd;
Hid in the centre of the fair abode
A beauteous garden lay, which far excell'd
Whate'er or Fame has sung or eye beheld.
Around, the work of many a demon's hand,
A range of buildings stood, confusedly plann'd:
Through these the oblique and mazy paths that wound,
Perplex'd the passage to the' enchanted ground.
Though the proud dome a hundred portals graced,
Yet through the chief, the loftiest gate they pass'd.
The massy valves of sculptured silver, roll'd
On sounding hinges of refulgent gold.
The graven figures wondering they beheld,
Whose skilful workmanship by far excell'd
The rich materials; life, expressive mind
In every look, in every vesture shined;
Speech fail'd alone; and if we trust our eyes,
Indued with speech, with life itself, they rise.
There, girt with many a fair Mæonian maid,
The great Alcides with his distaff play'd:
He, who the starry heavens had once sustain'd,
And o'er the powers of hell a conquest gain'd,
A spindle wields, and with soft stories whiles
The hours away; fond Love stands by and smiles.
And there, in scorn of hero's toils, was seen
To grasp his murderous arms the sportive queen,
And on her back the lion's trophies wear,
Too rough a burden for a form so fair.

Hard by, the ocean spread its surface blue;
All white with silvery foam the billows grew.
Two hostile navies tower'd amid the flood,
In adverse ranks and pride of war they stood;
From their arm'd sides a steely lustre came;
The sparkling surges glow'd with golden flame;
Leucate seem'd on fire, and beam'd afar
With the dread splendour of the mimic war.
Here mighty Cæsar led his Roman bands;
There, from the swarthy East's remotest lands,
Great Antony brought all his powers along,
His Indian, Arab, and Egyptian throng.
Seem'd as along the groaning waves were borne
The Cyclades, from their firm base uptorn;
Or as, encountering with gigantic shock, [rock;
Mountain with mountain crash'd, and rock with
On either side with such o'erpowering sway
The towerlike navies plough'd the billowy way.
Darts, torches, fly; the seas are cover'd o'er
With spoils and mangled limbs, and blush with
But lo! ere yet inclined the battle's scale, [gore.
The royal beauty spread her swelling sail,
And fled; nor did her doting lover stay,
But threw the empire of the world away.
Nor yet he fled; his brave his haughty breast
No stain dishonour'd, and no fear possess'd;
He follow'd her who, with attraction strong,
Could drag in honour's spite e'en Antony along.
He seem'd as one in whose disorder'd mind
Love, shame, and anger glow'd at once, combined;
By turns the bloody fight, that doubtful raged,
By turns the flying fair, his heart engaged.
In Nile's deep bosom hid, he seems to wait
Lock'd in her warm embrace, his threaten'd fate,

And heedless of his loss, his woes beguiles
With the soft witchcraft of a woman's smiles.
Such sculptured signs the stately portals show,
Relieving the rich metal's gaudy glow:
The warlike pair the storied wonders view'd,
And, entering, their intrepid way pursued.
As through his crooked banks Meander strays,
In many a sinuous, many a doubtful maze;
Now forward to the ocean takes his course,
Now drives his refluent waters to their source;
Now falls, now mounts, and, downward as he goes,
Meets his returning wave, that upward flows;
So round and round the winding labyrinth roll'd:
But in the faithful chart each maze was told,
The gift, which from the' Enchanter wise they gain'd;
There was the knot untied, the doubt explain'd.
When through the labyrinth they had made their way,
Before their eyes the lovely garden lay.
Still lakes of silver, streams that murmuring crept,
Hills, on whose sloping brows the sunbeams slept,
Luxuriant trees, that various forms display'd,
And valleys, grateful with refreshing shade,
Herbs, flowerets gay with many a gaudy dye,
And woods, and arching grottos met their eye.
What more than all enhanced those beauties rare,
Though art was all in all, no sign of art was there:
Seem'd as if Nature reign'd in every part,
Such easy negligence was mix'd with art:
Nature herself, in frolic, might appear
To imitate her imitator here.
'Twas magic's spell call'd forth the genial breeze,
That fill'd with pregnant life the bursting trees;

Eternal bloom they yield, eternal fruit,
The fruitage ripening while the blossoms shoot.
The self-same tree on one o'erloaded twig
Bears the full-ripen'd and the nascent fig;
The apple hanging on the bough is seen
In every shade of golden and of green.
Where most the genial sun the garden cheer'd,
Creeping aloft, the luscious vine appear'd;
Here clusters rude, there yellower grapes it bore,
Or ruby-red, and rich with nectar'd store.
Unnumber'd birds, the leafy boughs among,
Trill'd the wild music of their wanton song.
Murmur'd the undulating air around;
The rills, the leafy grots return'd the sound,
As loud or low the quivering Zephyrs rung:
When ceased the birds, an echo deep they flung;
But when the feather'd choir restored their lay,
The echo, gently whispering, died away:
Or chance the concert made, or art design'd,
Each swelling song the music-breathing wind
Alternate answer'd and alternate join'd.
Amid the rest one beauteous warbler flew,
With purple bill, and plumes of various hue;
His pliant voice assumed the human tone,
Each note, the shrill, the soft, the deep, his own.
With wondrous skill, mellifluous, loud, and long,
Surpassing all belief, he pour'd his song.
Their meaner strains his listening fellows closed;
The whispering winds grew silent and reposed:
'Behold how, bursting from its covert, blows,
With virgin blushes deck'd, the modest rose;
With half her beauties hid and half reveal'd;
More lovely still she seems, the more conceal'd.

Grown bolder soon, her bosom she displays
All naked to the wind; then soon decays,
And seems the same enchanting flower no more,
Which youths and virgins fair admired before.
Thus transient and ephemeral fades away
The flower, the verdure of man's shortlived day;
And though the year bring back the vernal hour,
No more his verdure blooms, no more his flower.
Cull we the rose, while laughs the' auspicious morn
Of that bright day, which must no more return:
Cull we the rose; love's transport let us prove,
While love may answer and reward our love.'
He ceased; with one accord the feather'd throng
Join'd in applausive chorus to his song.
The playful doves renew'd their amorous kiss;
Each living thing was melted into bliss.
Seem'd as the' unbending oak, the laurel chaste,
And every tree amid that flowery waste,
Seem'd as the earth, the waves, imbibed the charm,
And lifeless Nature's self with love grew warm.

REV. J. H. HUNT.

THE SUPPLICATION OF ARMIDA.

FROM THE ITALIAN OF TASSO.

As some musician sweet, ere yet his tongue
Let loose the loud o'erpowering tide of song,
Attunes, with warbled preludes, soft and low,
His hearers' souls to art's ecstatic flow;
Armida thus, who, mid her cruel lot,
Not all her fraudful arts had yet forgot,

Breathed gentle sighs symphonious, to prepare
The soul of him whom she adored, to bear
The' impression of her woe: then thus began—
'Hope not, thrice cruel and perfidious man,
Hope not I come with suppliant prayers to move,
As lovers fondly sue to those they love;—
Such once were we; but if those days be o'er,
And e'en their memory can be borne no more,
Yet lend, as to thy foe, thy listening ear;
E'en foes vouchsafe the prayers of foes to hear.
'Twere easy to accord what I require,
And still preserve thy wrath, thy hate entire.
If thou dost hate, if such thy savage joy,
Thy blissful state I come not to destroy;
Yes—take thy fill of hate, if hate thou must;
Just does it seem to thee, and be it just.
My hatred too the Christian name incurr'd,
And with the rest Rinaldo was abhorr'd;
A Pagan was I born; each nerve I strain'd
To crush the empire which your arms had gain'd;
Thee I pursued, I seized, and hid afar
In unknown regions from the fields of war.
Nor this to other wrongs forget to join,
That deeper shame and anger may be thine;
Thee in the snares of Love my arts decoy'd:
Ah! foul deceit! seduction ill employ'd!
To sacrifice to thee my virgin flower,
And place my beauties in a master's power!
That thou, a stranger, should'st the prize obtain,
Which many a lover sought, and sought in vain!
But to my guileful arts this charge be laid;
And to my crimes be this requital paid,
That unrelenting thou shouldst hence remove,
And quit these scenes, the land of happy love.

Go then, depart, o'er spacious ocean fly,
Rejoin the war, and every effort try
To crush our faith: I bid thee haste away;—
Our faith, alas! Armida, didst thou say?
'Tis mine no more; to thee my faith is owed,
My only idol, and my only God.
But let me follow thee; this grace bestow,
This single grace; small kindness to a foe!
Bears not the thief his ravish'd spoil away?
When parts the conqueror, does the captive stay?
On me let all the camp admiring gaze;
Let this too swell the measure of thy praise,
That she, the proud one, in thy train is borne,
A scorner once, but now repaid with scorn.
A slave despised, why longer do I wear
The boasted honours of my flowing hair?
These hands shall cut them off; if slave I be,
A servile garb alone were worthy me.
Thee will I follow mid the adverse host,
When the fierce battle's tumult burns the most;
No lack of courage will be mine, nor force,
To lift the lance, or lead the prancing horse.
Thy buckler will I bear, thy buckler be,
Nor will I spare myself in guarding thee;
The hostile steel, ere thou its point receive,
Shall pierce this neck, this naked bosom cleave;
So rude an enemy will ne'er be found
To aim his sword at thee, lest me he wound:
These slighted charms may teach thy foes to feel,
And beauty's glance arrest the lifted steel.
Unbless'd Armida! dost thou still presume?
Still boast thy beauty's unavailing bloom?'
More had she utter'd, but the tears that rose
(So from a rock some gushing fountain flows)

Stifled her words: with keen emotions fraught,
His hand, his robe the lovely suppliant caught,
In attitude of woe: the youth retired,
And by resistance victory acquired:
Love found all entrance closed against his power,
And manly virtue curb'd the tearful shower:
Love entered not, the passion to renew
That cool at Reason's sovereign mandate grew,
But Pity found its way his heart to move,
Pity, the modest partner still of Love.

REV. J. H. HUNT.

RINALDO IN THE ENCHANTED FOREST.

FROM THE ITALIAN OF TASSO.

THE chief himself, with strange surprise impress'd,
Admired the lustre of his alter'd vest,
Then, buoy'd by spirits light and hope renew'd,
On to the gloomy grove his way pursued.
He came where, conquer'd by the distant view,
Less valiant warriors yielded and withdrew:
Nor gloomy scenes nor fearful he descries,
Delightful shade alone salutes his eyes.
Farther he went, and heard a soothing sound,
That fill'd the undulating air around;
The noise of falling rills, that hoarsely wept,
Of winds that mid the branches murmuring crept,
The tuneful cygnet's melancholy wail,
The answering plaint of lovelorn nightingale,
The harp's, the psaltery's voice, the human tone,
Such various sounds he heard express'd in one.
He, caution'd by the rest, prepared his ear
For bursting thunder and for sounds of fear,

But finds the voice of nymphs, the siren's song,
The warbled concert of the feather'd throng,
The purling rill, the breeze's whisper sweet:
Awhile instinctive wonder chain'd his feet;
Onward at last, in doubt, and slow he moved,
Nor other hinderance or delay he proved,
Save where a spacious river cross'd his road:
Pure and in tranquil majesty it flow'd;
Each bank with Nature's choicest treasures bloom'd,
With living verdure gay, with flowers perfumed;
So wide its horns it stretch'd, the extensive wood
Was belted by the circumambient flood:
Nor round the' encircled space it flow'd alone;
A lesser streamlet, from its bosom thrown,
Parted the silvan ground; the water laves
The' embowering wood, the wood o'ershades the waves;
Each lent to each a mutual charm, and made
A gradual interchange of stream and shade.
To find a ford he for a moment tries,
When lo! a wondrous bridge before his eyes
Sprang up; of gold the structure seem'd, and show'd,
On solid arches propp'd, a spacious road.
He pass'd,—and scarce had reach'd the adverse bank,
When in the waves the crashing fabric sank,
And roll'd in tumbled heaps the stream along,
Late a calm river, now a torrent strong.
He turn'd, and with amaze the change beheld;
As if by melted snows increased, it swell'd,
And, whirling round and round with headlong force,
In foaming eddies urged its rapid course.

Yet, roused and on fresh wonders keenly bent,
Through the thick trees his piercing eyes he sent,
And still in those lone shades some wonder new
Absorb'd his thoughts, and fix'd by turns his view.
Where'er he moved, beneath his magic tread
A fountain burst, a flowery carpet spread;
Here sprouts the lovely lily, there the rose;
A spring starts up, a gushing streamlet flows.
Around and o'er his head, with youth renew'd,
Fair smiled again the' austere and aged wood;
The bark grew soft, and every tree was seen
Gay with more joyous life, and fresh with brighter green;
Each dewy leaf luxuriant manna bore,
The' exuding bark distill'd a honey'd store.
Wakening afresh, the music's soothing strain
Was heard once more to warble and complain;
Yet none might guess where that strange chorus dwell'd,
Which with the birds, the waves, the breezes, held
Such concert sweet; whence rose the voice to sing,
Who breathed the melting flute, or swept the silver string.
While wondering he observes, and scarce believes
What yet as true his outward sense receives,
He spies a myrtle tall, and thither tends,
Where in an area broad a pathway ends;
Aloft and wide the shrub ambitious spread,
And o'er the palm the cypress rear'd its head:
Above each neighbouring tree elate it stood,
And seem'd the mistress of the subject wood.
In the wide space arrived, fresh marvels rise,
And greater novelties arrest his eyes:
An oak he sees, which of itself divides,
Wondrous to tell! and from its bursting sides

There issued forth, in strange attire array'd,
Of youthful years mature, a blooming maid.
At once a hundred trees prolific part,
And from their pregnant wombs a hundred damsels start.
As when some artist's hand delights to trace
The fabled goddesses of silvan race;
Or as the stage presents its woodnymphs fair,
With colour'd buskins, and dishevell'd hair;
Short are their robes, their snowy arms are bare;
So deck'd with Art's and Nature's beauty stood
The' unreal daughters of the teeming wood,
Save that the lute or chorded lyre they show
In place of quiver and of bended bow.
With hands combined they form a jocund ring,
Weave the light dance, and tune their voice to sing.
Himself the centre of the circle stands,
While round and round him skip the frolic bands:
Then round the tree they move; and soft and sweet
The warrior's ear these chanted accents meet—
'Welcome, thrice welcome to this happy grove,
O thou our queen's delight, her hope, her love!
Timely thou comest to heal her bleeding heart,
Mangled and torn by Love's unpitying dart;
This wood, enwrapp'd in dismal gloom of late,
Abode well suited to her mournful state,
Trod by thy steps, its features gay resumes,
And with more vivid beauty smiles and blooms.'
Such was their song; and soon a dulcet strain
Burst from the myrtle; soon it rent in twain.
Old times with awe majestic forms beheld,
That in the breasts of rude Sileni dwell'd;
But from this myrtle's opening bosom came
A fairer sight; a nymph of matchless frame

Sprang forth, that every glowing charm combined
Ascribed by Fancy to the' angelic kind.
Intent Rinaldo gazed, and seem'd to trace
The well known features of Armida's face.
She with a glad but melancholy look
Eyed the proud youth; a hundred feelings spoke
In that expressive glance: 'And do these eyes
Behold Rinaldo once again?' she cries;
'Why art thou here? some comfort to bestow
On widow'd night, and days of hopeless woe?
Or comest thou on unkind aggression bent?
Perchance to drive me hence thy harsh intent?
Else why conceal that face, those features fair?
Why grasp thy falchion, and for war prepare?
Comest thou an enemy or lover, say?
Not for an enemy I smooth'd the way,
That golden bridge supplied, and call'd to birth
The springing flowerets from the lap of earth,
Oped the pure fountain, and whate'er had proved
A hinderance to thy cherish'd steps removed.
But if a friend, that hidden face expose,
To my charm'd gaze thy beaming eyes disclose,
Soft lips with lips, with bosom bosom join,
And let my hand at least unite with thine.'
As thus she spake, she roll'd her swimming eyes,
Breathed the sweet magic of dissembled sighs,
And sobs that thrill'd, and tears of crystal shed;
From her fair face the lovely colour fled;
In marble hearts soft sympathy might grow
To see such piteous plenitude of woe.
He cautious, though of heart that knew to feel,
Delay'd no more, but drew his shining steel,
And to the tree advanced: the Fair applied
To the loved trunk her arms, and, clinging, cried,

'Barbarian, hold! ne'er shall such outrage be,
That hand of thine should harm my lovely tree!
Lay down thy sword, or, cruel as thou art,
Hide the keen weapon in Armida's heart.'
Regardless of her prayer, his sword he rear'd,
When lo! another prodigy appear'd;
Sudden an alter'd form, a huger size
The maid assumed; 'tis thus the sleeper's eyes
See, when in dreams the roving senses range,
From shape to shape the shadowy objects change.
To monstrous bulk her swelling members grew;
Her blackening face was terrible to view;
Gone was her cheek's pure white and rosy red;
A towering giant now she rears her head,
And huge and hideous and terrific stands,
An arm'd Briareus with a hundred hands.
The threatening phantom fifty falchions wields,
And shakes with horrid clash as many shields.
At once each Nymph a Cyclop vast appear'd,
Threatening with arms; nor yet Rinaldo fear'd,
But on the guarded tree his blows renew'd;
The tree, as if with vital powers endued,
Deep groan'd at every stroke the warrior lent:
Instant through all the' unmeasured air's extent
Such crowds of imps and fiends and goblins fell,
Swarm'd, as if ether were transform'd to hell.
The skies are wrapp'd in gloom, loud thunders sound,
And rocks beneath his feet the trembling ground;
A war of winds and rattling tempests grows;
Full in his face a hurricano blows;
Nor could these horrors yet his arm detain,
Nor does one well aim'd blow descend in vain.

The tree gives way,—it falls,—the spell is o'er;
The enchantment ends—the fiends are seen no more.
Instant the air was still, the sky serene,
And Nature reassumed the silvan scene;
Nor black with spells it seem'd, nor gay with bloom;
Dark it became, but dark with native gloom.
Again and yet again the conqueror tried,
If aught perchance might interpose beside,
To guard the forest from the woodman's stroke;
Then to himself he smiled, and inly spoke:
'Oh! idle fantasies, and shadows vain!
How weak, whom such illusive arts restrain!'

REV. J. H. HUNT.

THE RECONCILIATION OF RINALDO AND ARMIDA.

FROM THE ITALIAN OF TASSO.

RINALDO paused to see where best were made
His next attack, where needed most his aid:
Order amid the foe no more he found;
Their standards all lay prostrate on the ground.
Then ceased his arm; then slept, at once repress'd
The martial flame that burn'd within his breast;
Calm he became; and straight the flying Fair
He call'd to mind, her sorrow, her despair.
Her flight he saw: Compassion now demands
Protection for Armida at his hands.
And still his plighted faith he kept in view,
His pledge to be her knight and champion true,
When homeward from the Enchanted Island borne,
He bent his parting steps, and left her there forlorn.

He follow'd where she fled, where'er he found
Her palfrey's steps imprinted on the ground.
A spot recluse she reach'd, o'ercast with gloom,
Meet for the suicide's unhappy doom.
Much she rejoiced that chance her steps had led
To this lone vale, with dismal shade o'erspread.
Dismounting from her steed, she laid aside
Her hated bow and quiver, late her pride:
'Unhappy arms, sad source of woe and shame,'
She cried, 'since bloodless from the fight ye came!
I quit you here, here bury in the ground,
Since to avenge my wrongs unequal found.
What! in so choice a store, not one endued
With power to dip its point in hostile blood?
Though other hearts are adamant or steel,
A woman's bosom ye may force to feel.
I offer you my breast, unarm'd and bare;
There be your worth display'd, your triumphs there.
Its soft and yielding texture Love can tell;
There never yet in vain his arrows fell.
Here show your temper; pardon'd thus shall be
Your weakness past; be strong, be keen on me.
Unbless'd Armida! cruel is thy doom,
If from such source thine only hope can come!
Since here all other remedies must fail,
And wounds alone to cure my wounds avail,
The barbed steel shall heal Love's fiercer smart,
And death, sad remedy! relieve my heart;
Thrice happy, if my disembodied ghost
Bear not this plague to haunt the' infernal coast.
Love, stay behind; thou, Anger, with me go;
Be thou my comrade in the realms below,
Or with my shade return to upper air,
To drive the impious traitor to despair,

With dreams of wild affright his sense o'erpower,
And break his slumbers at the midnight hour.'
Here ceased the Fair; and with determined heart
Chose out her strongest and her sharpest dart,
When lo! the youthful knight arrived; he found
Armida tottering on life's utmost bound;
Her features fix'd in wild despair he view'd;
On her fair cheek death's ghastly paleness stood.
Behind her close he came; her arm he press'd,
Her arm just raised to pierce her beauteous breast.
Armida turned;—amazed the knight she spies;
Till now his coming had escaped her eyes.
She scream'd, and from the face she loved so well
With scorn her eyes removed, and, swooning, fell;
She bent, like some fair flower half cut in twain,
Her languid neck: he struggled to sustain
The sinking fair; he clasp'd her slender waist,
And from her breast the straightning robe displaced,
While o'er her lovely face and breast of snow
Some pious generous drops were seen to flow.
Then, as restored by morning's silver dew,
The fading rose resumes its vermeil hue,
So from her swoon recall'd, Armida rears
Her face all glistening with another's tears.
Thrice her bright eyes she raised, as oft removed,
Unwilling to behold the form she loved:
The arm that sought her sinking frame to stay,
With feeble hand she coyly put away;
To quit his powerful grasp she thrice essay'd,
And thrice more close he held the struggling maid.
At length, within his dear embrace retain'd
(For still perchance 'twas dear, though hate she feign'd),

While from her eyes a briny torrent ran,
Still shrinking from his glance she thus began—
'Cruel at parting or returning, say,
What adverse fortune hither guides thy way?
'Tis strange that thou, the author of my death,
Shouldst now hold back by force my parting breath.
Seek'st thou to save my life? what untried woe,
What shame, what torture, must Armida know?
Thy deep and treacherous art I well descry;
But she is weak indeed who dares not die.
Tarnish'd forsooth would be thy great renown,
Unless thy boasted victory to crown,
Were shown, in servile bonds, a captive maid,
By force made captive now, as once betray'd.
Time was I sued for life, I sued for peace;
Now welcome death shall bid my sufferings cease.
But this from thee I deign not to demand;
All gifts were hateful at thy hated hand.
Yes—with no aid of thine I hope to flee,
Self-rescued, from thy heartless cruelty:
And if the prison where thou bidd'st me lie
The friendly noose, the precipice deny,
Nor to a spirit bent on death afford
The bowl envenom'd nor the deadly sword,
Yet to my choice more certain ways are given,
Beyond thy power to thwart: I thank thee, Heaven!
Cease, cease; no more thy false endearments show!
Ah! how he mocks my hopes, and tampers with my woe!'
'Twas thus she mourn'd; and with the copious dew
Which from her eyes discordant passions drew,
His sympathizing tears the warrior join'd,
Tears where with pity modest love combined,

And softly thus replied: 'Armida, cease;
Lull'd be the tempest of thy soul to peace.
On thee no insult, scorn, dishonour, wait;
My aid shall give thee back thy kingly state;
In me a friend, a pledged protector know,
Thy champion and thy servant, not thy foe.
If to believe my tongue thy heart denies,
Look up, and read Truth's language in mine eyes.
That crown which glitter'd on thy father's brow,
I swear, is thine: And oh! would Heaven allow
Its saving grace, and with some kindly ray
Purge from thine eye the Pagan mist away!
Then in all Asia's realms no female name
Should match thy princely splendour or thy fame.'
So spoke the youth; and with entreaties kind,
Tears such as heroes weep, and sighs, he join'd.
As yields the flaky snow, and melts away,
Warm'd by the tepid breeze, or solar ray,
So ceased Armida's wrath, at once repress'd,
And softer passions woke within her breast.
'Behold thy slave; thy will my law shall be,'
She said; 'I rest my destinies on thee.'

REV. J. H. HUNT.

TIME.

FROM THE ITALIAN OF TASSO.

DAMES, that in the dazzling glow
Of your youth and beauty go;
Ye who, in your strength, defy
Love with all his archery;
Ye who stand unconquer'd still,
Conquering others as ye will—

Ye shall bend at last before
The iron sceptre of my power.

Mine shall be your glories then,
Mine the triumphs of your train,
Mine the trophy and the crown,
Mine the hearts which ye have won;
And your beauty's waning ray
Shall wax feeble and decay;
And your souls too proudly soaring,
To see the prostrate world adoring.

Time, imperial Time, am I;
Time, your lord and enemy,
Time, whose passing wing can blight,
With the shadow of its flight,
More than Love in all his pride,
With his thousands by his side.

While I speak the moments fly,
And my spirit silently
Creeps into your sparkling eyes,
And amidst your tresses lies—
Here the wreathed knots untwining,
There bedimming beauty's shining,
Blunting all the piercing darts
Which the amorous eye imparts,
And wearing loveliness away
To crumble with its kindred clay.

On I fly; I speed away,
On for ever and for aye—
But, alas! ye take no heed
To the swiftness of my speed,
Bearing like a mighty river,
In its downward course for ever,

All your gay and glittering throng,
Honours, titles, names along,
Mortal hopes and mortal pride,
With the stillness of its tide.

Soon shall come that fatal hour
When, beneath my arm of power,
Lowly shall ye bend the knee.
Soon shall Love the palace flee,
Where he sits enthroned on high
In the lustre of your eye;
And their victor standard there
Age and chill Reserve shall rear.

Soon, like captives, shall ye learn
Ways less wild and laws more stern;
Gone shall be your smiling glances,
Hush'd your carols and your dances;
And your golden robes of pride
All too soon be laid aside,
For the vesture gray and sere,
Which my humbled captives wear.

And I now proclaim your fate,
That reflecting ere too late,
How when youthful years are gone,
Hoary ills come hasting on,
Ye may stoop your pride of soul,
Holding earth in strong control,
Deeming that the world contains
None deserving of your chains.
Bend ye then to Reason's sway,
Go where Pity points the way;
While with wing unflagging I
Keep my course eternally.

Days and nights, and years, and ye,
My swift-winged family,
Whom the All-creating Hand
Framed ere earth itself was plann'd,—
Up, and still untiring hold
Your triumphant course of old;
And still your rapid cars be driven
O'er the boundless paths of heaven.

ANONYMOUS.

ODE TO THE FOUNTAIN OF VALCHIUSA.

FROM THE ITALIAN OF PETRARCH.

Ye clear and sparkling streams!
(Warm'd by the sunny beams)
Through whose transparent crystal Laura play'd;
Ye boughs, that deck the grove,
Where Spring her chaplets wove,
While Laura lay beneath the quivering shade;

Sweet herbs! and blushing flowers!
That crown yon vernal bowers,
For ever fatal, yet for ever dear;
And ye, that heard my sighs
When first she charm'd my eyes,
Soft-breathing gales! my dying accents hear.

If Heaven has fix'd my doom,
That Love must quite consume
My bursting heart, and close my eyes in death;
Ah! grant this slight request—
That here my urn may rest,
When to its mansion flies my vital breath.

This pleasing hope will smooth
My anxious mind, and soothe
The pangs of that inevitable hour;
My spirit will not grieve
Her mortal veil to leave
In these calm shades, and this enchanting bower.

Haply the guilty maid,
Through yon accustomed glade,
To my sad tomb will take her lonely way;
Where first her beauty's light
O'erpower'd my dazzled sight,
When love on this fair border bade me stray.

There, sorrowing, shall she see
Beneath an aged tree,
Her true but hapless lover's lowly bier;
Too late her tender sighs
Shall melt the pitying skies,
And her soft veil shall hide the gushing tear.

O well remember'd day,
When on yon bank she lay,
Meek in her pride and in her rigour mild;
The young and blooming flowers,
Falling in fragrant showers,
Shone on her neck and on her bosom smiled:

Some on her mantle hung,
Some in her locks were strung,
Like orient gems in rings of flaming gold;
Some, in a spicy cloud
Descending, call'd aloud,
'Here Love and Youth the reins of empire hold.'

I view'd the heavenly maid;
And, rapt in wonder, said—
'The groves of Eden gave this angel birth;'
Her look, her voice, her smile,
That might all heaven beguile,
Wafted my soul above the realms of earth:

The star-bespangled skies
Were open'd to my eyes;
Sighing, I said, 'Whence rose this glittering scene?'
Since that auspicious hour,
This bank and odorous bower
My morning couch and evening haunt have been.

Well mayst thou blush, my song,
To leave the rural throng,
And fly thus artless to my Laura's ear;
But were thy poet's fire
Ardent as his desire,
Thou wert a song that Heaven might stoop to hear.

SIR W. JONES.

CANZONET.

FROM THE ITALIAN OF FRANCESCO DEL TEGLIA.

ON A NOSEGAY OF JONQUILLES IN THE BOSOM OF HIS MISTRESS.

FLOWERS of the sun, whose parent care
Your golden lustre has bestow'd,
O, say did Cupid place you there
To guard from harm his loved abode?

If so, watch well her gentle heart,
The approach of cold disdain repel;
Nor let soft pity e'er depart
The shrine where she delights to dwell.

Beam forth, while in that bosom worn,
  The brightest gems of all the field;
Those which Aurora's brows adorn,
  To your transcendent glow must yield.

Nature, when she endow'd my fair,
  From each gay flower some sweetness drew;
She gave to Sylvia's waving hair
  Your fragrance and your golden hue.

Ah see! she smiles to view your bloom
  (As heaves her snowy breast the while);
Waft grateful then your glad perfume,
  Bless'd flowers! for 'tis an angel's smile.

Reviving in her balmy breath,
  Sunn'd by the radiance of her eye,
There flourish long, nor fear your death—
  Such death 'tis even bliss to die.

Tell her, when other charms expire,
  Your orient tints remain the same;
And say, surviving life's last fire,
  That thus shall live her lover's flame.

ANONYMOUS.

THE SMILE.

FROM THE ITALIAN OF CHIABRERA.

Beauteous roses, not with morn
From the thorn
  Scattering sweet but transient pleasures;
You whom, round the lips display'd,
Love has made
  Guardians of his pearly treasures!

Dear to Love, sweet roses! tell,
If I dwell
  Fondly those bright eyes beholding,
As I gaze, and gazing sigh,
Tell me why
  You expand in smiles unfolding?

Conscious I could ill sustain
Your disdain,
  Seek you thus my life to cherish?
Is it that you feel delight
In the sight
  Of the pangs by which I perish?

Beauteous roses, be your joy
To destroy
  Or to save, since thus you show it,
Still will I in novel lays
Sing your praise,
  But oh smile upon your poet!

If, at dayspring, as we pass
Through the grass,
  Murmur rills and whisper breezes;
If, with flowers the mead looks gay,
Soothed we say,
  How the smiling landscape pleases!

When his foot blithe Zephyr laves
In the waves,
  That with gently-gliding motion
Hardly rippling on the sand,
Kiss the strand;
  See we cry, how smiles old Ocean!

Veil'd in gold, and round her hair
Lilies there,

Here each blushing blossom piling,
If, on wheels of sapphire drawn,
Mounts the dawn;
Lo! we say, the sky how smiling!

True, in mighty Nature's mirth,
Heaven and Earth
Deck with smiles their jocund faces:
True, they smile; but smiling so
Cannot show
Half your soul-enchanting graces!

F. LAURENCE.

THE FROWN.

FROM THE ITALIAN OF CHIABRERA.

When, with soft and winning air
Comes my fair,
By her guard of Loves surrounded;
And a smile, benignly bright,
Beams delight
On the heart which they have wounded;

Such the charms which she displays,
All who gaze
Wish her ever thus alluring;
Nor again dare hope to meet
Sight so sweet,
Spite of Love himself assuring.

But the pearls, whose lucid hue
Wonder drew,
If in serious mood she closes;
And the look, that gaily glanced,
As entranced
In reflected thought, composes;

Suddenly behold we now
On her brow
  Pride enthroned in awful beauty.
Pride? ah no!—but where, my Muse,
Wilt thou choose
  Words to satisfy thy duty?

When abroad on orient wings
Eurus springs
  O'er the summer seas to revel;
And his feet in rapid race
Print their trace,
  Where he skims the watery level;

Curling waves with murmuring sound
Foam around:
  Yet no storm of wrath collected
Speaks that sound; the sign but shows,
Ocean knows
  How to make his power respected!

Thus we on that brow discern,
Sweetly stern,
  Terrors which no pain occasion:
'Tis not anger that is shown;
'Tis alone
  Beauty daunting bold invasion;

And that gentle look severe
Charms endear
  So transporting to the lover,
Not one thought he more employs
On the joys
  Which her beauteous smiles discover!

F. LAURENCE.

SONG.

FROM THE ITALIAN.

YIELD to the spheres that witching strain
  That from their orbs has roll'd;
To eastern climes return again
  Their fragrance, pearls, and gold.

Be to the sun that lustre given,
  Thou borrow'st from his flame:
And render back thy smile to heaven
  From whence its sweetness came.

Owe to the morn that blush no more,
  That from her cheek has flown;
To seraph bands their truth restore,
  Her chasteness to the moon.

What then shall of the charms remain,
  Which thou canst call thine own,
Except the anger and disdain,
  That turn thy slave to stone?

ANONYMOUS.

SONNET.

FROM THE ITALIAN OF MOZARELLO.

YE gales that gently fan the smiling sky, [dews,
  And stealing from the flowers their fragrant
  With wiles of wanton blandishment, diffuse
The gather'd shower of odours as ye fly!
Ye verdant vales, and streams that murmur by;

Fit haunts which amorous sorrow well might
choose;
Who bad your conscious echoes to my Muse
Each whisper'd hope, each flatter'd fear reply!
Those conscious echoes I no more to tales
Of woe shall wake; since o'er my manlier mind
Firm Reason holds again her calm control:
Yet though no more, to lonely grief resign'd,
I wander here to weep, not less my soul
This cool, this murmur loves, these verdant
vales! F. LAURENCE.

SONNET.

FROM THE ITALIAN OF GIAMBATTISTA COTTA.

I saw the' eternal God, in robes of light,
Rise from his throne:—to judgment forth he
came;
His presence pass'd before me like the flame
That fires the forest in the depth of night.
Whirlwind and storm, and horror and affright
Compass'd his path, and shook creation's frame,
When from the heaven of heavens, with awful
aim,
To earth he wing'd his instantaneous flight.
As some triumphal oak, whose boughs have shed
Their changing foliage through a thousand years,
Stoops to the rushing wind its glorious head,
The universal arch of yonder spheres
Bow'd with the pressure of its Maker's tread,
And earth's foundations quaked with mortal
fears. MONTGOMERY.

SONNET.

FROM THE ITALIAN OF FILICAJA.

As some fond mother views her infant race,
With tender love o'erflowing while she sees;
She kisses one, one clasps in her embrace,
Her feet supporting one, and one her knees;
Then, as the winning gesture, speaking face,
Or plaintive cry, explain their different pleas,
A look, a word, she deals with various grace,
And smiles, or frowns, as Love alone decrees.
O'er man, frail kind, so Providence divine
Still watches; hears, sustains, and succours all,
With equal eye beholding each that lives.
If Heaven denies, ah! let not man repine!
Heaven but denies to quicken duty's call,
Or feigning to deny, more largely gives!

F. LAURENCE.

ENDYMION SLEEPING.

FROM THE ITALIAN OF TASSONI.

Tired with long toil Endymion lay reposed
Where herbs and flowers an odorous couch composed:
And while the freshening breeze, with amorous play,
Fann'd the fierce beam and burning heat of day,
There the light Loves, a duteous band, descend,
Loose the full quiver and the bow unbend;
For from those eyes so closed, that form so fair,
Cupid himself, they deem'd, their god lay there.

Spread to the gale, by every zephyr blown,
Dark o'er his cheeks his burnish'd locks were thrown; [place,
The' obsequious Loves those straggling locks re-
That oft returning veil'd his heavenly face:
From the fresh flowers that thickly grew beneath,
Chaplets they wove, and many a fragrant wreath,
Sweet garlands to adorn that form design'd,
And with fantastic folds each beauteous limb to bind.

Oft to his lips would the disporting crew
Compare the piony's vermilion hue;
Oft to his cheek the rose and lily's bloom—
But pion, rose, and lily were o'ercome!—
The winds and waves were hush'd in dead repose,
And not a whisper on the plain arose:
Earth, water, air, accordant all confess'd,
And silent seem'd to say, the God of Love's at rest.

ANONYMOUS.

TO SLEEP.

FROM THE ITALIAN OF FRACASTORO.

WITH the pale poppy's nodding flower
These sable violets I braid,
And for my fair, who asks thine aid,
Thy healing balm, O Sleep, implore!
For ah! her bright eyes fade by grief oppress'd,
And thou alone, O Sleep, canst charm her cares to rest.

Soft-soothing Sleep, secure relief
Of every labour, every grief;

Repose of all the peopled earth;
To thee, in Lethe's shades, gave birth
The Night, and taught thee how to bless
Mortals with long forgetfulness.
Thy wings of shadowy gloom diffuse
On all around their balmy dews,
And fan to peace and bland repose
The haggard family of woes.
Calm on old Ocean's placid breast,
Thou soothest the finny train to rest;
And deep amidst the forest glade
Still'st the wild tenants of the shade;
All nature feels thy fostering care,
All own thy bounteous gifts—all but my drooping fair!

ROSCOE.

EPIGRAM.

FROM THE ITALIAN OF PANANTI.

Is beauty to thine outward form denied?
Let virtue's graceful veil its absence hide:
As Cæsar wreathed the laurel round his brow,
And hid the baldness of his head below.

G. M.

CANZONETS,

BY VALLONI, FROM THE SICILIAN DIALECT.

SWEET is the peach's purple bloom,
And grateful its ambrosial rind,
And sweet as is the rare perfume
The rich delicious fruit we find;

But in the midst a stone there lies,
  And bitter will the kernel prove;
My coldness thus my heart belies,
  And throbs with all the pangs of love.

I DREAMT, my fair, that thou and I
  Were dead, and doom'd to lasting pain;
I for my love, that soar'd so high,
  Thou punish'd for thy cold disdain.
But when thou met'st me all in woe,
  It changed to joy thy hapless lot;
And when that lovely face I saw,
  The pains of hell were all forgot.

ROSCOE.

SONG.

FROM THE SPANISH.

FAIR eyes! be not so proudly gay
  In these your golden years:
The smile that gilds the cheek to-day,
  To-morrow turns to tears.

My love, thou knowest not, thou art
  So used to victories,
How heavy on a lover's heart
  His love's unkindness lies.

Soon will thy coldness waste away
  My few remaining years,
And thou, when I have pass'd away,
  Mayst yet lament in tears.

Thou art so strong in loveliness,
  So bright with beauty's arms,
Thy haughty coldness is not less
  Than thy resplendent charms.

Yet think, ere death at rest shall lay
  My sorrows and my fears,
That thou, when I am gone for aye,
  Mayst yet lament in tears.

Thy mirthful mood shall change when thou
  Shalt with sad eye discover
The death, alas! not distant now
  Of thy too faithful lover.

Then shall the cold disdain give way,
  That in thine eyes appears;
Fair eyes! although in smiles ye slay,
  Ye shall repent in tears.

More deep, more bitter grows my care,
  As grows thy cruelty;
My sighs are scatter'd on the air,
  My hopes decay and die.

And can thy cheek be calmly gay
  While mine such sadness wears?
And canst thou bid me die to day,
  To wail that death with tears?

ANONYMOUS.

ODE.

FROM THE SPANISH OF LUIS DE LEON.

WHILE on bright Tago's banks reclined,
And all to love's soft joys resign'd,
Rodrigo* panted on fair Caba's breast,
Sudden, a seer of future woes,
The river's awful god arose,
And thus with boding groans the fearless chief
address'd—

'In vain, while horrors round thee rise,
Thy arms enfold their ravish'd prize,
The prize so fatal to thy princely line:
Soon shall the Moor, so fate has said,
Avenge the violated maid,
And wrest Iberia's throne from Odin's race divine.

'In vain, with Gothic pride elate,
To suit thy shadowy dream of state,
Corduba rears her gilded roof on high:
No child of thine in years to come
Shall revel in the gorgeous dome:
Its alter'd echoes now to barbarous tongues reply.

'On Calpe's rocks with threatening hand
I see the injured father stand,
All torn his beard, and rent his hoary hair:
See, now he points to Libya's coast,
Now hails aloud the turban'd host,
And waves his purple flag of vengeance in the air.

* Don Rodrigo, the last of the Gothic kings of Spain, having offered violence to Caba, the daughter of Count Julian, that nobleman brought over the Saracens from Africa, who defeated Rodrigo in battle, and made themselves masters of his kingdom.

'With oars, that sparkle to the sun,
Swift o'er the level waves they run,
Their broad sails whiten on the crowded main;
And now their clashing arms I hear,
The trumpet's clang invades my ear, [plain.
Loud neigh the fiery steeds, and paw the rattling

'With Ceuta's race, renown'd in fight,
Fierce Barca's swarthy sons unite;
Tunis her mooned ensigns wide displays;
With flaming scimitar and shield
Morocco's squadrons shake the field,
On Alla's name they call, and shout the prophet's praise.

'O'er her rich meads with lifted lance
Fair Betis sees their ranks advance,
Proud Seville hears, Granada shakes with dread,
And Douro listens to the roar,
Ill fated Minho foams with gore, [dead.
And distant Ebro groans with mountains of the

'To arms, great chief, to arms with speed!
Let the sword rage, the battle bleed! [far?
Kenn'st thou not yet the' approaching storm from
Bid, bid thy knights their falchions wave,
Nor thou be slow the day to save,
But like a comet blaze in the dark van of war!

'Yet ah! in vain: nor spear nor spell
The ruthless Saracen can quell,
That crush'd stern Afric with his iron yoke:
He, safely sheath'd in ribs of mail,
Defies thy sharpest arrowy hail,
Laughs at the javelin's hiss, and mocks the sabre's stroke.

'Five bloody suns with headlong rage
Each host an equal war shall wage,
Each see by turns his doubtful scale ascend;
The sixth shall view thy flight forlorn,
Thy shatter'd arms, thy banners torn,
While Spain's proud neck beneath the victor's heel
shall bend.' RUSSELL.

LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT.

FROM THE SPANISH OF LOPE DE VEGA.

LET no one say that there is need
Of time for love to grow;
Ah no! the love that kills indeed
Dispatches at a blow.

The spark which but by slow degrees
Is nursed into a flame,
Is habit, friendship, what you please;
But love is not its name.

For love to be completely true,
It death at sight should deal,
Should be the first one ever knew,
In short, be that I feel.

To write, to sigh, and to converse,
For years to play the fool;
'Tis to put passion out to nurse,
And send one's heart to school.

Love all at once should from the earth
Start up full grown and tall;
If not an Adam at his birth,
He is no love at all.

LORD HOLLAND.

ZARA'S EARRINGS.

FROM THE SPANISH.

My earrings! my earrings! they've dropp'd into the well,
And what to say to Muça, I cannot, cannot tell—
'Twas thus Granada's fountain by, spoke Albuharez' daughter, [blue water—
The well is deep, far down they lie beneath the cold
To me did Muça give them, when he spake his sad farewell, [cannot tell.
And what to say when he comes back, alas! I

My earrings! my earrings! they were pearls in silver set, [him forget;
That when my Moor was far away I ne'er should
That I ne'er to other tongue should list, nor smile on other's tale; [earrings pale—
But remember he my lips had kiss'd, pure as those
When he comes back and hears that I have dropp'd them in the well— [tell.
Oh, what will Muça think of me, I cannot, cannot

My earrings! my earrings! he'll say they should have been, [ing sheen;
Not of pearl and of silver, but of gold and glitter-
Of jasper and of onyx, and of diamond shining clear, [insincere—
Changing to the changing light, with radiance
That changing mind unchanging gems are not befitting well— [not tell.
Thus will he think—and what to say, alas! I can-

He'll think when I to market went, I loiter'd by the way— [might say—
He'll think a willing ear I lent to all the lads

He'll think some other lover's hand, among my tresses noosed, [of pearl unloosed—
From the ears where he had placed them, my rings
He'll think when I was sporting so beside this marble well [not tell.
My pearls fell in,—and what to say, alas! I can-

He'll say I am a woman, and we are all the same—
He'll say I loved when he was here to whisper of his flame—
But when he went to Tunis, my virgin troth had broken, [his token.
And thought no more of Muça, and cared not for
My earrings! my earrings! oh! luckless, luckless well!
For what to say to Muça, alas! I cannot tell.

I'll tell the truth to Muça, and I hope he will believe, [him at eve;
That I thought of him at morning, and thought of
Thus musing on my lover, when down the sun was gone, [all alone;
His earrings in my hand I held, by the fountain
And that my mind was o'er the sea, when from my hand they fell;
And that deep his love lies in my heart as they lie in the well. LOCKHART.

ROMANCE.

FROM THE SPANISH.

AWAKE, sweet life, awake!
See the bright morning break!
Busy footsteps, hurrying by,
Tell that now the sun is high;

Borne on wings of purest white,
The morning spreads its fullest light.
Sore thou fear'st, and sore I fear,
Prying strangers roaming near
May divulge the rumour free,
How thee I love, and thou lovest me.
  Awake, sweet life, awake!
  See the bright morning break!
If the rising sun destroy
Dewy pearls, the meadow's joy,
From my side it hastes to tear
A gem, that shines more bright and fair:
Beams, that bring to mortals light,
Show to me like blackest night;
When the dawn's first blushes glow,
Thine absence spreads the gloom of woe.
  Awake, sweet life, awake!
  See the bright morning break!
Wouldst thou root the present bliss
Springing from each secret kiss,
Firm, that envious gales which blow
May not our budding joys o'erthrow?
Wouldst thou, love, we thus should meet
Oft in this secure retreat,
Where at sight we pay so free
What thee I owe, and thou owest me?
  Awake, sweet life, awake!
  See the bright morning break!
Take those circling arms away!
Linger not with fond delay!
One dear moment of delight
May rouse misfortune's bitter spite.
Short I deem the day of grief,
When the night brings quick relief,

And the hope of coming pleasure
Steals from sorrow half its measure.
Awake, sweet life, awake!
See the bright morning break!

HON. W. HERBERT.

LINES.

FROM THE SPANISH OF BARTOLOMÉ LEONARDO.

As the deep river swift and silent flows
Towards the ocean, I am borne adown
The quiet tide of time. Nought now remains
Of the past years; and for the years to come,
Their dark and undiscoverable deeds
Elude the mortal eye. Beholding thus
How daily life wanes on, so may I learn,
Not with an unprovided mind, to meet
That hour, when Death shall gather up the old
And wither'd plant, whose season is gone by.
The spring flowers fade, the' autumnal fruits decay,
And gray old Winter, with his clouds and storms,
Comes on; the leaves, whose calm cool murmuring
Made pleasant music to our green-wood walks,
Now rustle dry beneath our sinking feet.
So all things rise and perish; we the while
Do, with a dull and profitless eye, behold
All this, and think not of our latter end.
My friend! we will not let that soil, which oft
Impregnate with the rains and dews of heaven,
Is barren still and stubborn to the plough,
Emblem our thankless hearts; nor of our God
Forgetful be, as is the thankless vine,
That in due season brings not forth its fruits.
Think'st thou, that God created man alone

To wander o'er the world and ocean waste,
Or for the blasting thunderbolt of war?
Was this his being's end? Oh! how he errs,
Who of his godlike nature and his God
Thus poorly, basely, blasphemously deems!
For higher actions, and for loftier ends,
Our better part, the deathless and divine,
Was formed. The fire that animates my breast
May not be quench'd, and when that breast is cold,
The unextinguishable fire shall burn
With brighter splendour: till that hour arrive,
Obedient to my better part, my friend,
Be it my lot to live, and through the world,
Careless of human praise, pass quietly.
The Eastern despot, he whose silver towers
Shot back a rival radiance to the sun,
He was too poor for Sin's extravagance;
But Virtue, like the air and light of Heaven,
To all accessible, at every heart
Entreats admittance. Wretched fool is he
Who, through the perils of the earth and waves,
Toils on for wealth! A little peaceful home
Bounds all my wants and wishes, add to this
My book and friend, and this is happiness.

T. Y.

CANZON.

FROM THE SPANISH OF CAMOENS.

O, WEEP not thus—we both shall know
  Ere long a happier doom;
There is a place of rest below,
Where thou and I shall surely go,
And sweetly sleep, released from woe,
  Within the tomb.

My cradle was the couch of Care,
  And Sorrow rock'd me in it;
Fate seem'd her saddest robe to wear
On the first day that saw me there,
And darkly shadow'd with despair
  My earliest minute.

E'en then the griefs I now possess,
  As natal boons were given;
And the fair form of Happiness,
Which hover'd round, intent to bless,
Scared by the phantoms of distress,
  Flew back to heaven!

For I was made in Joy's despite,
  And meant for Misery's slave;
And all my hours of brief delight
Fled, like the speedy winds of night,
Which soon shall wheel their sullen flight
  Across my grave!

LORD STRANGFORD.

ODE TO INES DE GUETE.

FROM THE SPANISH OF RIACHAELO *.

DEAREST, wouldst thou but believe
A heart that knows not to deceive,
  Alas, nor longer free:
That faithful heart should truly tell
The secret charm, the tender spell,
  That bound it first to thee!

* The best account of Riachaelo and his far-famed mistress is to be found in the second edition of his works, printed at Madrid, in 4to. 1601, page 22—37.

'Tis not, that cradled in thine eyes
The baby Love for ever lies
On couches dipp'd in dew.
'Tis not because those eyes have won
Their temper'd light from April's sun,
From heaven—their tints of blue!

'Tis not that o'er a bank of snow
Thy parted tresses lightly flow
In bands of braided gold;
Nor yet because the hand of Grace
Has form'd that dear enchanting face
In Beauty's happier mould.

No—dearest, no—but, from my soul,
It was a little smile that stole
The cherish'd sweets of rest.
And ever since, from morn till night,
That little smile still haunts my sight,
In dimples gaily dress'd.

E'en now, by Fancy's eyes, are seen
The polish'd rows that break between
Two lips that breathe of May.
E'en now—but oh—by Passion taught,
Young Fancy forms too bold a thought
For timid love to say.

Yet, dearest, wouldst thou but believe
A heart that knows not to deceive,
Alas, nor longer free;
'Twould tell thee thou couldst ne'er impart
A smile of thine to cheer a heart
More truly bound to thee!

'Twould beg, with a beseeching sigh,
One glance from Pity's meaning eye
Its every pang to pay.
'Twould hint, perchance, at happier hours,
When Hope may strew her fairy flowers
O'er Life's bewildered way.

Yet—should my days in sorrow flow,
Nor Fortune's loitering hand bestow
A single boon to me,
The frowns of Care I'd bravely meet,
And never deem my woes complete
Till banish'd far from thee!

LORD STRANGFORD.

SONNET.

FROM THE SPANISH OF BARTOLOMÉ LEONARDO.

PARENT of good! since all thy laws are just,
Say, why permits thy judging providence
Oppression's hand to bow meek innocence,
And gives prevailing strength to fraud and lust?
Who steels with stubborn force the arm unjust,
That proudly wars against Omnipotence?
Who bids thy faithful sons, that reverence
Thine holy will, be humbled in the dust?
Amid the din of joy fair Virtue sighs,
While the fierce conqueror binds his impious head
With laurel, and the car of triumph rolls! [eyes
Thus I;—when radiant 'fore my wondering
A heavenly spirit stood, and smiling said—
'Blind moralist, is earth the sphere of souls?'

HON. W. HERBERT.

SONNETS FROM THE SPANISH.

The sun has chased away the early shower,
  And now upon the mountain's clearer height
  Pours o'er the clouds, aslant, his glowing light.
The husbandman, loathing the idle hour,
Starts to his rest, and to his daily toil
  Light-hearted man goes forth; and patient now
  As the slow ox drags on the heavy plough,
With the young harvest fills the reeking soil.
  Domestic love his due return awaits,
  With the clean board bespread with country [cates;
And clustering round his knee his children press;
  His days are pleasant, and his nights secure.
Oh cities! haunts of power and wretchedness,
  Who would your busy vanities endure?

LUPERCIO. T. Y.

Zephyr returns, and sheds with liberal hand
  Foliage and buds around and odorous flowers;
  Nurses the purple rose with dewy showers,
Gilds the bright sky, and clothes the verdant land;
The stream flows clear, by temperate breezes fann'd,
  And sweetly sing the birds in shady bowers,
  Cheerless and mute while angry winter lours,
Now blithely ringing with the feather'd band.
  Never, O ruthless Time, implored in vain,
  Beams forth thy spring to my unalter'd fate,
Nor decks my wither'd hopes with bloom again!
  Some fondly dread the changes of thy state,
Who hold the treasure which they strove to gain;
  I mourn thy steadfast unrelenting hate.

QUEVEDO. HON. W. HERBERT.

To go, and yet to linger on the way;
  To linger, and look back, and yet to go;
  To hear a siren's pleasant voice, and know
The winds of Fortune waft you far away;
To build gay fabrics in the baseless air;
  Like Lucifer, to fall precipitate [state;
  From heaven's high bliss even to a demon's
To sink despairing, nor regret despair;
From Friendship's voice affectionate to fly;
  Wildly to rove, and talk in solitude;
To think each passing hour eternity;
  All ill expecting, nor to hope for good;
And all the hell of jealousy to prove,
Is to be absent from the maid we love.

LOPE DE VEGA. T. Y.

As when the mother, weak in tenderness,
  Hears her sick child with prayers and tears implore
Some seeming good, that makes his pain the less,
  Yet, with short ease! the future evil more;
Even as her fondness yields to his vain will
  She hastes to gratify her sickly son—
Anticipating then the coming ill,
  Sadly she sits, and weeps what she has done:—
Thus have I pamper'd my distemper'd mind,
  And yielded thus to Fancy's wayward mood.
Poor dupe of Fancy! self-condemn'd to find
  The future anguish in the present good.—
Thus do I waste a wretched life away,
And nightly weep the errors of the day.

GARCILASO DE LA VEGA. T. Y.

THE SPIRIT OF THE CAPE.

FROM THE PORTUGUESE OF CAMOENS.

Now prosperous gales the bending canvass swell'd;
From these rude shores our fearless course we
held:
Beneath the glistening wave the god of day
Had now five times withdrawn the parting ray,
When o'er the prow a sudden darkness spread,
And slowly floating o'er the mast's tall head
A black cloud hover'd: nor appear'd from far
The moon's pale glimpse, nor faintly twinkling star;
So deep a gloom the louring vapour cast,
Transfix'd with awe the bravest stood aghast.
Meanwhile a hollow bursting roar resounds,
As when hoarse surges lash their rocky mounds;
Nor had the blackening wave nor frowning heaven
The wonted signs of gathering tempest given.
Amazed we stood—'O thou, our fortune's guide,
Avert this omen, mighty God,' I cried;
'Or through forbidden climes adventurous stray'd,
Have we the secrets of the deep survey'd,
Which these wide solitudes of sea and sky
Were doom'd to hide from man's unhallow'd eye?
Whate'er this prodigy, it threatens more
Than midnight tempests and the mingled roar,
When sea and sky combine to rock the marble
shore.'
I spoke, when rising through the darken'd air,
Appall'd we saw a hideous phantom glare:
High and enormous o'er the flood he tower'd,
And thwart our way with sullen aspect lour'd:
An earthly paleness o'er his cheeks was spread,
Erect uprose his hairs of wither'd red;

Writhing to speak, his sable lips disclose,
Sharp and disjoin'd, his gnashing teeth's blue rows;
His haggard beard flow'd quivering on the wind,
Revenge and horror in his mien combined;
His clouded front, by withering lightnings scarred,
The inward anguish of his soul declared.
His red eyes glowing from their dusky caves
Shot livid fires: far echoing o'er the waves
His voice resounded, as the cavern'd shore
With hollow groan repeats the tempest's roar.
Cold gliding horrors thrill'd each hero's breast,
Our bristling hair and tottering knees confess'd
Wild dread; the while with visage ghastly wan,
His black lips trembling, thus the fiend began:

'O you, the boldest of the nations, fired
By daring pride, by lust of fame inspired,
Who, scornful of the bowers of sweet repose,
Through these my waves advance your fearless prows,
Regardless of the lengthening watery way,
And all the storms that own my sovereign sway,
Who mid surrounding rocks and shelves explore
Where never hero braved my rage before;
Ye sons of Lusus, who with eyes profane
Have view'd the secrets of my awful reign,
Have pass'd the bounds which jealous Nature drew
To veil her secret shrine from mortal view;
Hear from my lips what direful woes attend,
And bursting soon shall o'er your race descend.

'With every bounding keel that dares my rage,
Eternal war my rocks and storms shall wage.
The next proud fleet that through my drear domain
With daring search shall hoist the streaming vane,
That gallant navy, by my whirlwinds toss'd,
And raging seas, shall perish on my coast:

Then he who first my secret reign descried,
A naked corse wide floating o'er the tide
Shall drive—Unless my heart's full raptures fail,
O Lusus! oft shalt thou thy children wail;
Each year thy shipwreck'd sons shalt thou deplore,
Each year thy sheeted masts shall strew my shore.
'With trophies plumed behold a hero come,
Ye dreary wilds, prepare his yawning tomb.
Though smiling fortune bless his youthful morn,
Though glory's rays his laurel'd brows adorn,
Full oft though he beheld with sparkling eye
The Turkish moons in wild confusion fly,
While he, proud victor, thunder'd in the rear,
All, all his mighty fame shall vanish here.
Quiloa's sons, and thine, Mombaze, shall see
Their conqueror bend his laurel'd head to me;
While, proudly mingling with the tempest's sound,
Their shouts of joy from every cliff rebound.
'The howling blast, ye slumbering storms pre-
A youthful lover, and his beauteous fair, [pare,
Triumphant sail from India's ravaged land;
His evil angel leads him to my strand.
Through the torn hulk the dashing waves shall roar,
The shatter'd wrecks shall blacken all my shore.
Themselves escaped, despoil'd by savage hands,
Shall naked wander o'er the burning sands,
Spared by the waves far deeper woes to bear,
Woes e'en by me acknowledged with a tear.
Their infant race, the promised heirs of joy,
Shall now no more a hundred hands employ;
By cruel want, beneath the parents' eye,
In these wide wastes their infant race shall die.
Through dreary wilds where never pilgrim trod,
Where caverns yawn, and rocky fragments nod,

The hapless lover and his bride shall stray,
By night unshelter'd, and forlorn by day.
In vain the lover o'er the trackless plain
Shall dart his eyes, and cheer his spouse in vain.
Her tender limbs, and breast of mountain snow,
Where ne'er before intruding blast might blow,
Parch'd by the sun, and shrivel'd by the cold
Of dewy night, shall he, fond man, behold.
Thus wandering wide, a thousand ills o'erpast,
In fond embraces they shall sink at last;
While pitying tears their dying eyes o'erflow,
And the last sigh shall wail each other's woe.
'Some few, the sad companions of their fate,
Shall yet survive, protected by my hate,
On Tagus' banks the dismal tale to tell,
How, blasted by my frown, your heroes fell.'
He paused, in act still further to disclose
A long, a dreary prophecy of woes:
When, springing onward, loud my voice resounds,
And midst his rage the threatening shade confounds:
'What art thou, horrid form, that ridest the air?
By Heaven's eternal light, stern fiend, declare.'
His lips he writhes, his eyes far round he throws,
And from his breast deep hollow groans arose;
Sternly askance he stood: with wounded pride
And anguish torn, 'In me, behold,' he cried,
While dark red sparkles from his eyeballs roll'd
'In me the spirit of the Cape behold,
That rock by you the Cape of Tempests named,
By Neptune's rage in horrid earthquakes framed,
When Jove's red bolts o'er Titan's offspring flamed.
With wide-stretch'd piles I guard the pathless strand,
And Afric's southern mound unmoved I stand:

Nor Roman prow nor daring Tyrian oar
E'er dash'd the white wave foaming to my shore;
Nor Greece nor Carthage ever spread the sail
On these my seas to catch the trading gale.
You, you alone have dared to plough my main,
And with the human voice disturb my lonesome
reign.'

He spoke, and deep a lengthen'd sigh he drew,
A doleful sound, and vanish'd from the view:
The frighten'd billows gave a rolling swell,
And distant far prolong'd the dismal yell;
Faint and more faint the howling echoes die,
And the black cloud dispersing leaves the sky.
High to the angel host, whose guardian care
Had ever round us watch'd, my hands I rear,
And Heaven's dread king implore, as o'er our head
The fiend, dissolved, an empty shadow fled;
So may his curses by the winds of Heaven
Far o'er the deep, their idle sport, be driven!

MICKLE.

THE ISLE OF LOVE.

FROM THE PORTUGUESE OF CAMOENS.

As now triumphant to their native shore
Through the wide deep the joyful navy bore,
Earnest the pilot's eyes sought cape or bay,
For long was yet the various watery way;
Sought cape or isle from whence their boats might
bring
The healthful bounty of the crystal spring;
When sudden, all in Nature's pride array'd,
The Isle of Love its glowing breast display'd.

O'er the green bosom of the dewy lawn
Soft blazing flow'd the silver of the dawn,
The gentle waves the glowing lustre share,
Arabia's balm was sprinkled o'er the air.
Before the fleet, to catch the heroes' view,
The floating isle fair Acidalia drew;
Soon as the floating verdure caught their sight,
She fix'd, unmoved, the island of delight.
So when in childbirth of her Jove-sprung load,
The silvan goddess and the bowyer god,
In friendly pity of Latona's woes,
Amid the waves the Delian isle arose.
And now led smoothly o'er the furrow'd tide,
Right to the Isle of Joy the vessels glide:
The bay they enter, where on every hand
Around them clasps the flower-enamel'd land;
A safe retreat, where not a blast may shake
Its fluttering pinions o'er the stilly lake.
With purple shells, transfused as marble veins,
The yellow sands celestial Venus stains.
With graceful pride three hills of softest green
Rear their fair bosoms o'er the silvan scene:
Their sides embroider'd boast the rich array
Of flowery shrubs in all the pride of May;
The purple lotos and the snowy thorn,
And yellow pod-flowers every slope adorn.
From the green summits of the leafy hills
Descend with murmuring lapse three limpid rills;
Beneath the rose-trees loitering slow they glide,
Now tumbles o'er some rock their crystal pride;
Sonorous now they roll adown the glade,
Now plaintive tinkle in the secret shade,
Now from the darkling grove, beneath the beam
Of ruddy morn, like melted silver, stream,

Edging the painted margins of the bowers,
And breathing liquid freshness on the flowers.
Here bright reflected in the pool below
The vermil apples tremble on the bough;
Where o'er the yellow sands the waters sleep,
The primrosed banks, inverted, dewdrops weep;
Where murmuring o'er the pebbles purls the stream
The silver trouts in playful curvings gleam.
Long thus and various every rivulet strays,
Till closing now their long meandering maze,
Where in a smiling vale the mountains end,
Form'd in a crystal lake the waters blend:
Fringed was the border with a woodland shade,
In every leaf of various green array'd,
Each yellow tinged, each mingling tint between
The dark ash verdure and the silvery green.
The trees now bending forward slowly shake
Their lofty honours o'er the crystal lake;
Now from the flood the graceful boughs retire
With coy reserve, and now again admire
Their various liveries by the summer dress'd,
Smooth-gloss'd and soften'd in the mirror's breast.
So by her glass the wishful virgin stays,
And oft retiring steals the lingering gaze.
A thousand boughs aloft to heaven display
Their fragrant apples shining to the day;
The orange here perfumes the buxom air,
And boasts the golden hue of Daphne's hair,
Near to the ground each spreading bough descends,
Beneath her yellow load the citron bends;
The fragrant lemon scents the cooling grove;
Fair as when ripening for the days of love
The virgin's breasts the gentle swell avow,
So the twin fruitage swell on every bough.

Wild forest trees the mountain sides array'd
With curling foliage and romantic shade:
Here spreads the poplar, to Alcides dear;
And dear to Phœbus, ever verdant here,
The laurel joins the bowers for ever green,
The myrtle bowers beloved of beauty's queen.
To Jove the oak his wide-spread branches rears;
And high to heaven the fragrant cedar bears;
Where through the glades appear the cavern'd rocks,
The lofty pine-tree waves her sable locks;
Sacred to Cybele the whispering pine
Loves the wild grottoes where the white cliffs shine;
Here towers the cypress, preacher to the wise,
Lessening from earth her spiral honours rise,
Till, as a spear-point rear'd, the topmost spray
Points to the Eden of eternal day.
Here round her fostering elm the smiling vine
In fond embraces gives her arms to twine;
The numerous clusters pendent from the boughs,
The green here glistens, here the purple glows:
For here the genial Seasons of the year
Danced hand in hand, no place for Winter here;
His grisly visage from the shore expell'd,
United sway the smiling Seasons held.
Around the swelling fruits of deepening red,
Their snowy hues the fragrant blossoms spread;
Between the bursting buds of lucid green
The apple's ripe vermilion blush is seen;
For here each gift Pomona's hand bestows
In cultured garden, free, uncultured flows,
The flavour sweeter, and the hue more fair,
Than e'er was foster'd by the hand of care.
The cherry here in shining crimson glows;
And stain'd with lover's blood, in pendent rows,

The bending boughs the mulberries o'erload;
The bending boughs caress'd by Zephyr nod.
The generous peach, that strengthens in exile
Far from his native earth, the Persian soil,
The velvet peach of softest glossy blue,
Hangs by the pomegranate of orange hue,
Whose open heart a brighter red displays
Than that which sparkles in the ruby's blaze.
Here, trembling with their weight, the branches
Delicious as profuse, the tapering pear. [bear,
For thee, fair fruit, the songsters of the grove
With hungry bills from bower to arbour rove.
Ah, if ambitious thou wilt own the care
To grace the feast of heroes and the fair,
Soft let the leaves with grateful umbrage hide
The green-tinged orange of thy mellow side.
A thousand flowers of gold, of white and red,
Far o'er the shadowy vale their carpets spread,
Of fairer tapestry, and of richer bloom,
Than ever glow'd in Persia's boasted loom:
As glittering rainbows o'er the verdure thrown,
O'er every woodland walk the' embroidery shone.
Here o'er the watery mirror's lucid bed
Narcissus, self-enamour'd, hangs the head;
And here, bedew'd with love's celestial tears,
The woe-mark'd flower of slain Adonis rears
Its purple head, prophetic of the reign
When lost Adonis shall revive again.
At strife appear the lawns and purpled skies,
Which from each other stole the beauteous dyes.
The lawn in all Aurora's lustre glows,
Aurora steals the blushes of the rose,
The rose displays the blushes that adorn
The spotless virgin on the nuptial morn.

Zephyr and Flora emulous conspire
To breathe their graces o'er the field's attire;
The one gives healthful freshness, one the hue,
Fairer than e'er creative pencil drew.
Pale as the lovesick hopeless maid they dye
The modest violet; from the curious eye
The modest violet turns her gentle head,
And by the thorn weeps o'er her lowly bed;
Bending beneath the tears of pearly dawn
The snow-white lily glitters o'er the lawn;
Lo, from the bough reclines the damask rose,
And o'er the lily's milk-white bosom glows;
Fresh in the dew far o'er the painted dales,
Each fragrant herb her sweetest scent exhales;
The hyacinth bewrays the doleful Ai,
And calls the tribute of Apollo's sigh;
Still on its bloom the mournful flower retains
The lovely blue that dyed the stripling's veins.
Pomona fired with rival envy views
The glaring pride of Flora's darling hues;
Where Flora bids the purple iris spread,
She hangs the wilding's blossom white and red;
Where wild thyme purples, where the daisy snows
The curving slopes, the melon's pride she throws;
Where by the stream the lily of the vale,
Primrose, and cowslip meek, perfume the gale,
Beneath the lily and the cowslip's bell
The scarlet strawberries luxuriant swell.
Nor these alone the teeming Eden yields,
Each harmless bestial crops the flowery fields;
And birds of every note and every wing
Their loves responsive through the branches sing;
In sweet vibration thrilling o'er the skies,
High-poised in air the lark his warbling tries;

The swan slow sailing o'er the crystal lake
Tunes his melodious note; from every brake
The glowing strain the nightingale returns,
And in the bowers of love the turtle mourns.
Pleased to behold his branching horns appear,
O'er the bright fountain bends the fearless deer;
The hare starts trembling from the bushy shade,
And, swiftly circling, crosses oft the glade.
Where from the rocks the bubbling founts distill,
The milkwhite lambs come bleating down the hill;
The dappled heifer seeks the vales below,
And from the thicket springs the bounding doe.
To his loved nest, on fondly fluttering wings,
In chirping bill the little songster brings
The food untasted; transport thrills his breast;
'Tis nature's touch; 'tis instinct's heavenlike feast.
Thus bower and lawn were deck'd with Eden's flowers,
And song and joy imparadised the bowers.

MICKLE.

ODE.

FROM THE PORTUGUESE OF CAMOENS.

Ever gliding to the sea
Flow the waters fair and free
Of clear Mondego tranquil through the plain:
Anxious thoughts and growing care
Bound my youthful bosom there,
And slowly fixed their ever during reign.
Along the pleasant margin green,
Where now I mourn the alter'd scene,
First did my eyes a nymph behold
Brighter than snow, and pure as gold;

Sweet smiles serene, and grace so well display'd,
That from my heart its form will never fade.

In this country, deck'd with flowers,
Blithely roll'd my peaceful hours,
In calm contentment, unalloy'd with sighs:
Then I gloried in my cares;
Rapture sweeten'd even the tears
Drawn by the beam of those love-darting eyes.
Time flowed, nor I its lapse perceived,
Long by delusive hope deceived;
I sported in life's cheerful ray,
And dream'd of bliss from day to day.
What now avail those joys too quickly flown!
Those eyes that with unrival'd lustre shone!

Who could then have bade me deem
Time would break our pleasant dream,
And the deep spell of love at once divide!
Or that in this world forlorn
I from thee should e'er be torn,
From thee, dear lady, from my bosom's pride!
At that dark hour fate's adverse strife
For ever closed my scene of life;
All hope in one sad moment flown,
Vain thoughts of bliss for ever gone;
And nothing left, save memory of joy,
Which ne'er will quit me, but at length destroy.

Still beneath this weight of woe
Some fond thoughts of comfort grow,
Some cheering rays amid the darkness shine:
While in happier hours of youth
Love approved our constant truth,
Thy soul was calm, thy breast ne'er glow'd like [mine;

The fatal hour which bade us part
Wounds not alike thy tender heart;
And light to me the pangs I bear,
Compared with knowing thy despair:
My knell will soon be rung; thou, lady, live,
And taste the joys which youth and beauty give!

HON. W. HERBERT.

STANZAS.

FROM THE PORTUGUESE OF CAMOENS.

I saw the virtuous man contend
With life's unnumber'd woes;
And he was poor—without a friend—
Press'd by a thousand foes.

I saw the Passions' pliant slave
In gallant trim, and gay;
His course was Pleasure's placid wave,
His life a summer's day.

And I was caught in Folly's snare,
And join'd her giddy train—
But found her soon the nurse of Care,
And Punishment, and Pain.

There surely is some guiding Power
Which rightly suffers wrong—
Gives Vice to bloom its little hour—
But Virtue, late and long.

LORD STRANGFORD.

SONNETS FROM CAMOENS.

WATERS of Tejo, gentle streams, that flow
Through these fair meads, refreshing as ye go
Herbage and flowers and flocks, and with delight
Soothing the nymphs and shepherds on your shore,
I know not, gentle river, when my sight
Shall linger on your pleasant waters more.
And now I turn me from you, sad at heart,
Hopeless that fate my future lot will bless;
That evil fate which bids me now depart
Converts remember'd joy to wretchedness.
The thought of you, dear waters! oft will rise;
And Memory oft will see you in her dreams,
When I on other airs shall breathe my sighs,
And drop far off my tears in other streams.

WHEN I behold you, lady! when my eyes
Dwell on the deep enjoyment of your sight,
I give my spirit to that one delight,
And earth appears to me a paradise.
And when I hear you speak, and see you smile,
Full, satisfied, absorb'd, my centred mind
Deems all the world's vain hopes and joys the
As empty as the unsubstantial wind: [while
Lady, I feel your charms, yet dare not raise
To that high theme, the unequal song of praise,
A power for that to language was not given;
Nor marvel I, when I those beauties view,
Lady, that he whose power created you
Could form the stars and yonder glorious heaven.

MEEK spirit, who so early didst depart,
Thou art at rest in heaven! I linger here,
And feed the lonely anguish of my heart,
Thinking of all that made existence dear,
All lost! If in the happy world above,
Remembrance of this mortal life endure,
Thou wilt not there forget the perfect love
Which still thou seest in me, O spirit pure!
And if the irremediable grief,
The woe which never hopes on earth relief,
May merit aught of thee, prefer thy prayer
To God, who took thee early to his rest,
That it may please him soon amid the bless'd
To summon me, dear maid, to meet thee there.

SOUTHEY.

CANZONETS.

FROM THE PORTUGUESE OF CAMOENS.

I WHISPER'D her my last adieu,
I gave a mournful kiss;
Cold showers of sorrow bathed her eyes,
And her poor heart was torn with sighs;
Yet—strange to tell—'twas then I knew
Most perfect bliss.—

For Love, at other times suppress'd,
Was all betray'd at this—
I saw him weeping in her eyes,
I heard him breathe among her sighs,
And every sob which shook her breast
Thrill'd mine with bliss.

The sight which keen affection clears,
How can it judge amiss?
To me it pictured hope, and taught
My spirit this consoling thought,
That Love's sun, though it rise in tears,
May set in bliss.

When day has smiled a soft farewell,
And nightdrops bathe each shutting bell,
And shadows sail along the green,
And birds are still, and winds serene,
I wander silently.

And while my lone step prints the dew,
Dear are the dreams that bless my view!
To Memory's eye the maid appears,
For whom have sprung my sweetest tears,
So oft, so tenderly:

I see her, as with graceful care
She binds her braids of sunny hair;
I feel her harp's melodious thrill
Strike to my heart, and thence be still
Reechoed faithfully:

I meet her mild and quiet eye,
Drink the warm spirit of her sigh,
See young Love beating in her breast,
And wish to mine its pulses press'd,
God knows how fervently!

Such are my hours of dear delight,
And morn but makes me long for night,
And think how swift the minutes flew,
When last among the dropping dew
I wander'd silently.

THOU hast an eye of tender blue,
And thou hast locks of Daphne's hue,
And cheeks that shame the morning's break,
And lips that might for redness make
Roses seem pale beside them;
But whether soft or sweet as they,
Lady, alas! I cannot say,
For I have never tried them.

Yet, thus created for delight,
Lady! thou art not lovely quite;
For dost thou not this maxim know,
That Prudery is Beauty's foe,
A stain that mars a jewel!
And e'en that woman's angel face
Loses a portion of its grace,
If woman's heart be cruel!

Love is a sweet and blooming boy,
Yet glowing with the blush of joy,
And (still in youth's delicious prime)
Though aged as patriarchal Time,
The withering god despises:
Lady! wouldst thou for ever be
As fair and young and fresh as he—
Do all that Love advises.

THOU pride of the forest! whose dark branches spread [green,
To the sigh of the south wind their tremulous
And the tinge of whose buds is as rich and as red
As the mellowing blushes of maiden eighteen!

O'er thee may the tempest in gentleness blow,
  And the lightnings of summer pass harmlessly by;
For ever thy buds keep their mellowing glow,
  Thy branches still wave to the southernly sigh.

Because in thy shade, as I lately reclined,
  The sweetest of visions arose to my view;
'Twas the swoon of the soul—'twas the transport of mind—
  'Twas the happiest minute that ever I knew.

For this shalt thou still be my favourite tree,—
  In the heart of the poet thou never canst fade;
It shall often be warm'd by remembering thee,
  And the dream which I dreamt in thy tremulous shade.

LORD STRANGFORD.

SONNET.

FROM THE PORTUGUESE OF DE MATOS.

HIGH in the front of conquering hosts to ride
  Be yours, ye sons of fortune, sons of fame!
  Be yours the triumph of a deathless name,
While spoils of vanquish'd nations swell your pride!
Lift to the breeze your banners streaming wide,
  While captive nations bend the knee below!
  Let the fair galley's lofty gilded prow
Shine o'er the dancing billows of the tide!
With vaunted chiefs of Greece and mighty Rome
  Be yours beneath the sacred shade to march,
  Where palm and laurel form the victor's arch,
While lofty minstrels chant the nations' doom!
  But leave to me the conquest of my fair,
  With her soft azure eyes and auburn hair.

DR. LEYDEN.

THE LAY OF THE LITTLE BIRD.

FROM A FRENCH FABLIAU.

In days of yore, at least a century since,
There lived a carle as wealthy as a prince:
His name I wot not; but his wide domain
Was rich with stream and forest, mead and plain;
To crown the whole, one manor he possess'd,
In choice delight so passing all the rest,
No castle, burgh, or city might compare
With the quaint beauties of that mansion rare.
The sooth to say, I fear my words may seem
Like some strange fabling or fantastic dream,
If, unadvised, the portraiture I trace,
And each brave pleasure of that peerless place;
Foreknow ye then, by necromantic might
Was raised this paradise of all delight;
A good knight own'd it first; he, bow'd with age,
Died, and his son possess'd the heritage:
But the lewd stripling, all to riot bent
(His chattels quickly wasted and forespent),
Was driven to see this patrimony sold
To the base carle of whom I lately told.
Ye wot right well there only needs be sought
One spendthrift heir to bring great wealth to nought.
A lofty tower and strong, the building stood
Midst a vast plain surrounded by a flood;
And hence one pebble-paved channel stray'd,
That compass'd in a clustering orchard's shade:
'Twas a choice charming plat; abundant round
Flowers, roses, odorous spices clothed the ground;
Unnumber'd kinds, and all profusely shower'd
Such aromatic balsam as they flower'd,

Their fragrance might have stay'd man's parting
breath,
And chased the hovering agony of death.
The sward one level held, and close above
Tall shapely trees their leafy mantles wove;
All equal growth, and low their branches came,
Thick set with goodliest fruits of every name:
In midst, to cheer the ravish'd gazer's view,
A gushing fount its waters upward threw,
Thence slowly on with crystal current pass'd,
And crept into the distant flood at last:
But nigh its source a pine's umbrageous head,
Stretch'd far and wide, in deathless verdure spread,
Met with broad shade the summer's sultry gleam,
And through the livelong year shut out the beam.
Such was the scene:—yet still the place was
bless'd
With one rare pleasure passing all the rest:
A wondrous bird of energies divine
Had fix'd his dwelling in the tufted pine;
There still he sat, and there with amorous lay
Waked the dim morn, and closed the parting day:
Match'd with these strains of linked sweetness
wrought,
The violin and full-toned harp were nought;
Of power they were with new-born joy to move
The cheerless heart of long-desponding love;
Of power so strange that should they cease to
sound,
And the blithe songster flee the mystic ground,
That goodly orchard's scene, the pine-tree's shade,
Trees, flowers, and fount would all like vapour
fade.

'Listen, listen to my lay!'
Thus the merry notes did chime;
'All who mighty love obey,
Sadly wasting in your prime,
Clerk and laick, grave and gay!
Yet do ye, before the rest,
Gentle maidens, mark me tell!
Store my lesson in your breast,
Trust me it shall profit well:
Hear, and heed me, and be bless'd!'
So sang the bird of old; but when he spied
The carle draw near, with alter'd tone he cried—
'Back, river to thy source! and thee, tall tower,
Thee castle strong, may gaping earth devour!
Bend down your heads, ye gaudy flowers, and fade,
And wither'd be each fruit-tree's mantling shade!
Beneath these beauteous branches once were seen
Brave gentle knights disporting on the green,
And lovely dames; and oft, these flowers among,
Stay'd the blithe bands, and joy'd to hear my song!
Nor would they hence retire, nor quit the grove,
Till many a vow were past of mutual love;
These more would cherish, those would more deserve;
Cost, courtesy, and arms, and nothing swerve.
O bitter change! for master now we see
A faitour villain carle of low degree;
Foul gluttony employs his livelong day,
Nor heeds nor hears he my melodious lay.'
So spake the bird; and, as he ceased to sing,
Indignantly he clapp'd his downy wing,
And straight was gone; but no abasement stirr'd
In the clown's breast at his reproachful word:

Bent was his wit alone by quaint device
To snare, and sell him for a passing price:
So well he wrought, so craftily he spread
In the thick foliage green his slender thread,
That when at eve the little songster sought
His wonted spray, his heedless foot was caught.
'How have I harm'd you?' straight he 'gan to cry,
And wherefore would you do me thus to die?'—
'Nay, fear not,' quoth the clown, 'for death or wrong;
I only seek to profit by thy song:
I'll get thee a fine cage; nor shalt thou lack
Good store of kernels and of seeds to crack;
But sing thou shalt; for if thou play'st the mute,
I'll spit thee, bird, and pick thy bones to boot.'
'Ah, woe is me!' the little thrall replied,
Who thinks of song in prison doom'd to bide?
And were I cook'd, my bulk might scarce afford
One scanty mouthful to my hungry lord.'
What may I more relate?—The captive wight
Assay'd to melt the villain all he might;
And fairly promised, were he once set free,
In gratitude to teach him secrets three;
Three secrets, all so marvellous and rare,
His race knew nought that might with these compare.
The carle prick'd up his ears amain: he loosed
The songster thrall, by love of gain seduced:
Up to the summit of the pine-tree's shade
Sped the blithe bird, and there at ease he stay'd,
And trick'd his plumes full leisurely, I trow,
Till the carle claim'd his promise from below:
'Right gladly,' quoth the bird; 'now grow thee wise:
All human prudence few brief lines comprise:

First then, lest haply in the event it fail,
Yield not a ready faith to every tale.'
'Is this thy secret?' quoth the moody elf;
Keep then thy silly lesson for thyself;
I need it not.'—'Howbe 'tis not amiss
To prick thy memory with advice like this:
But late, meseems, thou hadst forgot the lore;
Now mayst thou hold it fast for evermore.
Mark next my second rule, and sadly know,
What's lost, 'tis wise with patience to forego.'
The carle, though rude of wit, now chafed amain,
He felt the mockery of the songster's strain.
'Peace,' quoth the bird; 'my third is far the best;
Store thou the precious treasure in thy breast:
What good thou hast, ne'er lightly from thee cast.'
He spoke, and, twittering, fled away full fast.
Straight, sunk in earth, the gushing fountain dries,
Down fall the fruits, the wither'd pine-tree dies,
Fades all the beauteous plat, so cool, so green,
Into thin air, and never more is seen.
Such was the meed of avarice:—bitter cost!
The carle who all would gather, all has lost.

WAY.

THE NORMAN BACHELOR.

FROM A FRENCH FABLIAU.

When Acre yielded to the hostile host
('Twas but a year or two ago at most),
A pleasant chance in Normandy befell,
Which, as my memory serves, I mean to tell.
A needy Bachelor had dwelling there,
Of worldly means in sooth so passing bare,

He once was fain his dinner meal to make
On the poor pittance of a farthing cake.
To help this miserable morsel down,
He hied him to a tavern in the town,
And bade the vintner, as he meant to dine,
To draw him straight a farthing's worth of wine.
  The vintner, one it seems of churlish kind,
Who cared but little how his neighbour dined,
From the next vessel fill'd his measure up,
And, as he pour'd it thence into the cup,
Slubber'd with such ill grace the business o'er,
That half the draught was spilt upon the floor.
To crown the deed, with supercilious pride,
'You'll soon grow rich, Sir Bachelor!' he cried,
'Wine spilt, they say (be't true or falsely spoken),
Some sequent good doth evermore betoken.'
  The Norman deem'd it were but labour lost,
To chafe or wrangle with his boorish host;
His wit to artifice he wisely bent,
And thus devised the caitiff's punishment.
In his poor purse remain'd one farthing still;
This, with frank guise, as one who thought no ill,
He tender'd to his host, so would he please
To furnish him a farthing slice of cheese.
  Up to the loft where all his cheeses lay
The vintner hied, but muttering all the way:
That selfsame instant turn'd the knight about,
And from the wine-cask pluck'd the spigot out;
Forth gush'd the guggling liquor, bright and good,
And the wide floor was deluged with the flood:
Back sped the host, and, furious at the sight,
First pegg'd his cask, and next assail'd the knight:
But the strong Norman sternly shook the thrall,
Hurl'd back, and crush'd his wine-pots with his fall;

And, but that entering neighbours quell'd the fray,
The vintner then had seen his dying day.
The matter soon was to the king made known
(Count Henry of Champagne possess'd the throne);
And first the plaintive vintner stoutly spoke,
And claim'd redress:—Wine lost, and vessels broke.
The prince doom'd not the knight to recompense,
But will'd him first to argue his defence:
He the plain truth from end to end exposed;
Then with these words his frank recital closed:
'Great sire!' he said, 'this worthy host of mine
Foretold much good would spring from spilling wine;
That I, forsooth, whose cup was half thrown down,
Should soon become the wealthiest wight in town:
My gratitude, I own, o'ercame me here, [dear,
And, weening wealth might ne'er be bought too
I strove to make him richer than myself,
And shed full half a cask to purchase pelf.'
He ceased; loud plaudits rang through all the
No tale was ever told so full of sport: [court:
All ranged them seemly by the Norman's side,
While good King Henry laugh'd until he cried;
Then thus dismiss'd the parties and their suit—
'What's spilt is spilt,—betide or bale or boot.'

WAY.

THE LAND OF COKAIGNE.

FROM THE ANCIENT FRENCH.

WELL I wot 'tis often told,
Wisdom dwells but with the old;
Yet do I, of greener age,
Boast and bear the name of sage:

Briefly, sense was ne'er conferr'd
By the measure of the beard.
  List, for now my tale begins,—
How to rid me of my sins,
Once I journeyed, far from home,
To the gate of holy Rome:
There the Pope, for my offence,
Bade me straight in penance thence,
Wandering onward, to attain
The wondrous land, that hight Cokaigne.
Sooth to say, it was a place
Bless'd with Heaven's especial grace;
For every road and every street
Smoked with food for man to eat:
Pilgrims there might halt at will,
There might sit and feast their fill,
In goodly bowers that lined the way,
Free for all, and nought to pay.
Through that blissful realm divine
Roll'd a sparkling flood of wine:
Clear the sky, and soft the air,
For eternal spring was there;
And, all around, the groves among,
Countless dance, and ceaseless song.
Strife and ire and war were not,
For all was held by common lot;
And every lass that sported there
Still was kind, and still was fair;
Free to each as each desired,
And quitted when the year expired;
For, once the circling seasons past,
Surest vows no more might last.
But the chiefest, choicest treasure,
In that land of peerless pleasure,

Was a well, to saine the sooth,
Cleped the living well of youth.
There, had numb and feeble age
Cross'd you in your pilgrimage,
In those wondrous waters pure
Laved a while, you found a cure:
Lustihed and youth appears
Numbering now but twenty years.
Woe is me! who rue the hour!
Once I own'd both will and power
To have gain'd this precious gift;
But, alas! of little thrift,
From a kind o'erflowing heart
To my fellows to impart
Youth, and joy, and all the lot
Of this rare enchanted spot,
Forth I fared, and now in vain
Seek to find the place again.
Sore regret I now endure!
Sore regret beyond a cure!
List and learn from what is pass'd,
Having bliss, to hold it fast.

WAY.

STANZAS.

FROM THE PROVENÇAL OF RAMBAUD DE VAQUEIRAS.

COMPASS'D with warriors, bound in brilliant arms,
Leaguering strong towns, exulting in the fight,
Mounting the imminent breach mid proud alarms,
Shaking the old towers from their dizzy height—
Such be the rugged tasks which claim me now,
Calling my thoughts from thee, and sweet Love's vow.

Girt in my noble arms, my sole pursuit
  Hath been the combat and the battle strife,
And my reward—oh, vain and worthless fruit!
  Hath been the dross of gold—Alas! my life
Is but a desert, severed from thy side,
And even my song hath lost its wonted pride.

ANONYMOUS.

LINES.

FROM THE PROVENÇAL OF BERTRAND DE BORN.

Not rich viands, nor the cup
With the red wine sparkling up—
Not the sweeter joys of sleep
To eyes that painful vigils keep—
Match the soul-born fierce delight,
When, amid the mingling fight,
We listen to the swelling cry,
'To the rescue! Victory!'
While a thousand hoarse throats shout,
'Courage! Courage!' 'mid the rout.
Oh! 'tis joy to hear the neighing
Of loosen'd steeds, 'mid slain and slaying—
To see the shatter'd standards wave,
O'er the cold and bloody grave
Of chief and soldier, side by side,
Fallen in the battle's pride.

ANONYMOUS.

THE COMPLAINT.

FROM THE PROVENÇAL OF THE COUNTESS DE DIE.

ALAS! alas! my song is sad;
How should it not be so,
When he who used to make me glad,
Now leaves me in my woe?
With him my love, my graciousness,
My beauty all are vain,
I feel as though some guiltiness
Had mark'd me with its stain.

One sweet thought still has power o'er me
In this, my heart's great need,
'Tis that I ne'er was false to thee,
Dear friend! in word or deed.
I own that nobler virtues fill
Thy heart; love only mine:
Yet why are all thy looks so chill
Till they on others shine?

O long-loved friend! I marvel much
Thy heart is so severe,
That it will yield not to the touch
Of love, and sorrow's tear.
No! no! it cannot be that thou
Shouldst seek another love,
Oh! think upon our early vow,
And thou wilt faithful prove.

Thy virtue's pride, thy lofty fame,
Assure me thou art true,
Though fairer ones than I may claim
Thy hand, and deign to sue.

But think, beloved one! that to bless
With perfect blessing, thou
Must seek for trusting tenderness,—
Remember then our vow.

ANONYMOUS.

VERSES TO MY FIRSTBORN.

FROM THE FRENCH OF MADAM DE SURVILLE.

My cherish'd infant! image of thy sire!
Sleep on the bosom which thy small lips presses;
Sleep, little one, and close those eyes of fire,
Those eyelets which the weight of sleep oppresses.

Sweet friend! dear little one! may slumber lend thee
Delights which I must never more enjoy!
I watch o'er thee, to nourish and defend thee,
And count these vigils sweet for thee, my boy.

Sleep, infant, sleep, my solace and my treasure!
Sleep on my breast, the breast which gladly bore thee!
And though thy words can give this heart no pleasure,
It loves to see thy thousand smiles come o'er thee.

Yes, thou wilt smile, young friend! when thou awakest,
Yes, thou wilt smile to see my joyful guise;
Thy mother's face thou never now mistakest,
And thou hast learn'd to look into her eyes.

What! do thy little fingers leave the breast,
  The fountain which thy small lip press'd at pleasure?
Couldst thou exhaust it, pledge of passion bless'd!
  Even then thou couldst not know my fond love's measure.

My gentle son! sweet friend, whom I adore!
  My infant love! my comfort, my delight!
I gaze on thee, and gazing o'er and o'er,
  I blame the quick return of every night.

His little arms stretch forth—sleep o'er him steals—
  His eye is closed—he sleeps—how still his breath!
But for the tints his flowery cheek reveals,
  He seems to slumber in the arms of death.

Awake, my child!—I tremble with affright!—
  Awaken! Fatal thought, thou art no more,
My child! one moment gaze upon the light,
  And e'en with thy repose my life restore.

Bless'd error! still he sleeps—I breathe again—
  May gentle dreams delight his calm repose!
But when will he, for whom I sigh—oh, when
  Will he, beside me, watch thine eyes unclose?

When shall I see *him* who hath given thee life,
  My youthful husband, noblest of his race?
Methinks I see, bless'd mother, and bless'd wife!
  Thy little hands thy father's neck embrace.

How will he revel in thy first caress,
  Disputing with thee for my gentle kiss!
But think not to engross his tenderness,
  Clotilda too shall have her share of bliss.

How will he joy to see his image there,
  The sweetness of his large cerulean eye!
His noble forehead, and his graceful air,
  Which Love himself might view with jealousy.

For me—I am not jealous of his love,
  And gladly I divide it, sweet, with thee;
Thou shalt, like him, a faithful husband prove,
  But not, like him, give this anxiety.

I speak to thee—thou understand'st me not—
  Thou couldst not understand, though sleep were fled—
Poor little child! the tangles of his thought,
  His infant thought, are not unravelled.

We have been happy infants, as thou art;
  Sad reason will destroy the dream too soon;
Sleep in the calm repose that stills thy heart,
  Ere long its very memory will be gone!

R.

ODE TO APRIL.

FROM THE FRENCH OF BELLEAU.

April, sweet month, the daintiest of all,
  Fair thee befall:
April, fond hope of fruits that lie
In buds of swathing cotton wrapp'd,
  There closely lapp'd,
Nursing their tender infancy.

April, that dost thy yellow, green, and blue,
  All round thee strew,

When, as thou goest, the grassy floor
Is with a million flowers depaint,
    Whose colours quaint
Have diaper'd the meadows o'er.

April, at whose glad coming Zephyrs rise
    With whisper'd sighs,
Then on their light wing brush away,
And hang amid the woodlands fresh
    Their aery mesh
To tangle Flora on her way.

April, it is thy hand that doth unlock,
    From plain and rock,
Odours and hues a balmy store,
That breathing lie on Nature's breast,
    So richly bless'd,
That earth or heaven can ask no more.

April, thy blooms, amid the tresses laid
    Of my sweet maid,
Adown her neck and bosom flow;
And in a wild profusion there
    Her shining hair
With them hath blent a golden glow.

April, the dimpled smiles, the playful grace
    That in the face
Of Cytherea haunt, are thine;
And thine the breath, that from their skies
    The deities
Inhale, an offering at thy shrine.

'Tis thou that dost with summons blithe and soft,
    High up aloft

From banishment these heralds bring,
These swallows that along the air
    Scud swift, and bear
Glad tidings of the merry spring.

April, the hawthorn and the eglantine,
    Purple woodbine,
Streak'd pink, and lily-cup, and rose,
And thyme, and marjoram, are spreading,
    Where thou art treading,
And their sweet eyes for thee unclose.

The little nightingale sits singing aye
    On leafy spray,
And in her fitful strain doth run
A thousand and a thousand changes,
    With voice that ranges
Through every sweet division.

April, it is when thou dost come again,
    That love is fain
With gentlest breath the fires to wake
That cover'd up and slumbering lay,
    Through many a day
When winter's chill our veins did slake.

Sweet month, thou seest at this jocund prime
    Of the spring-time,
The hives pour out their lusty young,
And hear'st the yellow bees that ply,
    With laden thigh
Murmuring the flowery wilds among.

May shall with pomp his wavy wealth unfold,
    His fruits of gold,

His fertilizing dews, that swell
In manna on each spike and stem,
And, like a gem,
Red honey in the waxen cell.

Who will may praise him; but my voice shall be,
Sweet month, for thee;
Thou that to her dost owe thy name,
Who saw the sea-wave's foamy tide
Swell and divide,
Whence forth to life and light she came.

ANONYMOUS.

THE MOUNTEBANK.

FROM THE FRENCH OF MESLIN ST. GELAIS.

At market once a Mountebank aloud
Proclaim'd, he'd show the devil to the crowd:
The wondrous news straight through the village flew;
Men, women, children, round the booth it drew:
Not one there was, though old or lame were he,
Who did not hurry the foul fiend to see.
Forth stalk'd the Mountebank with gravest look;
An open purse, with downward mouth, he shook.
'Now stretch your eyes, my friends; look sharp,' he cried—
'And, tell me truly, see you aught inside?'
'There's nought!' they bawl'd, 'there's nothing in the bag.'
'I've kept my promise, then,' exclaim'd the wag:
'For 'tis the devil, you all must own this minute,
One's purse to open, and find nothing in it.'

R. A. DAVENPORT.

ODE.

FROM THE FRENCH OF RONSARD.

WHY dost thou tremble, peasant, say,
Before the men who empires sway,
Who soon will, shadowy sprites, be led,
To swell the number of the dead?
Know'st thou not, that all must go
To the gloomy realms below;
And that an imperial ghost
Must no less the Stygian coast
Visit, than the humble shade
Of him who plies the woodman's trade?
  Courage, tiller of the ground!
Those who hurl war's thunder round
Will not seek their last abode
In arms, as where the battle glow'd.
Naked, like thee, shall they depart;
Nor will the hauberk, sword, or dart
Avail them more, when life shall flee,
Than thy rough ploughshare shall to thee.
  Not more just Rhadamanthus cares
For the mail the warrior wears,
Than for the staff with which the swain
Urges on his lowing train:
By him with equal eye are seen
Thy dusty raiment, rude and mean,
And purfled robes of Tyrian hue,
Enwrought with gems to charm the view,
Or all the costly vestments spread
Around the forms of monarchs dead!

R. A. DAVENPORT.

ODE ON THE RETURN OF SPRING.

FROM THE FRENCH OF RONSARD.

God shield ye, heralds of the spring,
Ye faithful swallows, fleet of wing,
  Houps, cuckoos, nightingales,
Turtles, and every wilder bird
That make your hundred chirpings heard
  Through the green woods and dales.

God shield ye, Easter daisies all,
Fair roses, buds, and blossoms small;
  And ye, whom erst the gore
Of Ajax and Narciss did print,
Ye wild thyme, anise, balm, and mint,
  I welcome ye once more.

God shield ye, bright embroider'd train
Of butterflies, that, on the plain,
  Of each sweet herblet sip;
And ye, new swarms of bees, that go
Where the pink flowers and yellow grow,
  To kiss them with your lip.

A hundred thousand times I call—
A hearty welcome on ye all:
  This season how I love!
This merry din on every shore,
For winds and storms, whose sullen roar
  Forbade my steps to rove.

ANONYMOUS.

ODE TO M. MENARD.

FROM THE FRENCH OF RACAN.

Now that Winter, with gloomy and rigorous sway,
Hurls his tempests, his sleet, and his snow all the
And keeps us besieged by the fire, [day,
Let us drown in the glass all our cares as we ought,
Nor give taxes and parties and statesmen a thought,
Nor who fights and who conquers inquire.

I know, dear Menard, all the works that you write,
Fruits immortal of many a slumberless night,
Will live till the world meets its doom:
But what will it boot you, dear friend, that your
name
Shall surely be read in the temple of Fame,
When you feed the worms of the tomb?

Quit, quit then a toil which in vain you bestow!
Of our nectar delicious in torrents shall flow
The ruby red sparkling stores.
More ruddy and bright will our nectar be found
Than that which young Ganymede, passing around,
In the cups of the deities pours.

'Tis wine that so swiftly speeds onward the years,
That each scarce a day to our fancy appears:
'Tis wine makes us youthful once more:
'Tis wine that alone from the bosom bids fly
The regret and remembrance of things now gone by,
And the dread of the sorrows in store.

Let us drink, dear Menard, let us fill high our
glasses;
For Time, stealing on, imperceptibly passes;

He leads to the close of our course,
'Twere in vain to entreat for a moment of grace,
The years will as little their footsteps retrace,
As rivers run back to their source.

The Spring, clothed with light and with verdure and bloom,
Shall quickly again chase the frost and the gloom;
The sea has its ebb and its rise;
But when that at length rosy youth quits the stage,
And his empire resigns to the sceptre of age,
For ever, for ever he flies!

The laws of stern Death seize resistless on all!
Alike on the sovereign's palace they fall,
And the reed-cover'd hut of the swain.
The Fates, when they please, destine man to the grave,
And the thread of existence in monarch and slave
By the same steel they sever in twain.

By their tyrannous power nought on earth is revered,
It strikes, and the things that eternal appear'd
Like the visions of slumberers sink:
By that power, dear Menard, we too soon shall be led,
In the regions of darkness and silence to tread,
And the stream of oblivion to drink.

R. A. DAVENPORT.

TO A LADY.

FROM THE FRENCH OF DESPORTES.

CURL those auburn locks with care,
That shade thy forehead smooth and fair;
With humble glance my glances seek;
In tones of magic sweetness speak;
Breathe full oft deceitful sighs;
Raise to heaven thine azure eyes;
Weep; and exhaust thy power to feign;
Thy wiles and hopes will all be vain!
Never more, to thee returning,
Shall my heart with love be burning!
So many groans of sad lament,
So many days in anguish spent,
So many nights of sleepless woe,
Thy fatal beauty made me know,
That ne'er again thy spells shall blind me,
Ne'er again thy fetters bind me:
For I, at length, have learn'd to borrow
Wisdom from my former sorrow!
O wretched he! whose captive soul
Owns a faithless fair's control;
And, while she mocks his fond believing,
Trusts her words and oaths deceiving!
Then cease, thou false one, cease to strive
My buried passion to revive!
If ever thy seductive art
To bondage lure again my heart,
Let the hard destiny be mine
Unpitied and unheard to pine:
For he who twice to folly swerves,
No pardon for his fault deserves.

R. A. DAVENPORT.

THE ABBE L'ATTAIGNANT'S FAREWELL.

FROM THE FRENCH.

Soon eighty years shall I have told,
Methinks, now I'm become thus old,
'Tis time this life to slight:
I quit it, then, devoid of care,
And gaily to depart prepare:
Good night, my friends, good night!

All earthly pleasures have I known;
Now, even desire itself is flown:
I'm tired and languid quite.
He who scarce keeps himself awake,
Is wise his parting bow to make.
Good night, my friends, good night!

Whene'er my spirit quits its cell,
What lot awaits I cannot tell;
But Heaven will judge aright:
And, since what Heaven decrees is best,
No doubts, no fears disturb my rest:
Good night, my friends, good night!

R. A. DAVENPORT.

SONG.

FROM THE FRENCH.

"Ah! say," the fair Louisa cried,
"Say where the abode of Love is found?
Pervading nature, I replied,
His influence spreads the world around.
When Morning's arrowy beams arise
He sparkles in the' enlivening ray,
And blushes in the glowing skies
When rosy Evening fades away.

The summer winds that gently blow,
  The flocks that bleat along the glades,
The nightingale, that soft and low
  With music fills the listening shades,
The murmurs of the silver surf,
  All echo Love's enchanting notes;
From violets lurking in the turf,
  His balmy breath through ether floats.

From perfumed flowers and dewy leaves
  Delicious scents he bids exhale;
He smiles amid autumnal sheaves,
  And clothes with green the grassy vale:
But when that throne the God assumes
  Where his most powerful influence lies,
'Tis on Louisa's cheek he blooms,
  And lightens from her radiant eyes!

CHARLOTTE SMITH.

THE EMBLEM OF LOVE.

FROM THE FRENCH OF THE MARQUIS DE PEZAI.

By thee, on the sand of this shore,
  Our ciphers in union were traced,
But the fugitive billows roll'd o'er,
  And the writing was quickly effaced.

Yet thy emblem of love, though so frail
  That the waters soon swept it away,
Not so soon, O thou false one! did fail
  As the passion 'twas meant to display.

R. A. DAVENPORT.

THE ROSE.

FROM THE FRENCH OF BERNARD.

NURSED by the zephyr's balmy sighs,
  And cherish'd by the tears of morn,
Oh flower of flowers! unfold—arise!
  O haste, delicious Rose, be born!

Unheeded wish! no—yet awhile,
  Be yet awhile thy doom delay'd,
Since the same hour that sees thee smile
  In orient bloom, shall see thee fade.

Cecilia thus, an opening flower,
  Must withering droop at Heaven's decree;
Like her thou bloom'st thy little hour,
  And she, alas! must fade like thee.

But go—and on her bosom die;
  At once thy throne and blissful tomb;
While envious heaves my secret sigh,
  To share with thee so sweet a doom.

Love shall thy graceful bent advise,
  Thy blushing tremulous tints reveal;
Go, bright yet hurtless, charm her eyes;
  Go, deck her bosom, not conceal.

Should some bold hand invade thee there,
  From Love's asylum rudely torn;
O Rose, a lover's vengeance bear,
  And let my rival feel thy thorn.

C. A. ELTON.

THE END.

C. Whittingham, College House, Chiswick.

JAN 1 8 1935